

The Real Lord's Prayer

W. B. Hinson

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THE
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REAL LORD'S PRAYER

SERMONS

By

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East Side Baptist Church

Portland, Oregon

Press of

Brockmann Printing & Stationery Co.

Portland, Oregon

BV 234

H66

Dir.

THESE sermons preached in the
East Side Baptist Church are
printed by a class projected by
Rev. Herbert T. Cash and are
issued as a memorial of him.

—W. B. Hinson

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The Hour is Come

JOHN 17:1

"These words spake Jesus; and lifting up His eyes to heaven He said, Father the hour is come; glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee."

This is the real Lord's Prayer. The prayer we call the Lord's Prayer, Jesus never prayed. But this prayer is His, and His alone.

"The hour is come." It had been coming from all eternity. Or ever God lifted the mountains, or scooped out the valleys where the seas rolled, or flung the gold dust athwart the night sky, that hour was on its way. It is co-existent with the life of God, which is to say it always was. And there never was a time when God the Father looked at God the Son, but He saw that approaching hour. And evermore in eternity God the Son might have said to God the Father, "The hour cometh." But it in a sense began to come in the Garden of Eden. When Adam sinned, and the flaming sword waved, and God said to Eve, "Thy seed shall bruise the serpent's head," that hour that was eternal, commenced in time. And that hour struck upon the earth in Bethlehem, when the star led the wise men to the stable, when the angels sang as the melody of heaven came rippling through the night, and when Jesus Christ was born. Then the hour commenced to have definite existence in a human being. Once, before He prayed this prayer, He was talking in the temple at the feast time, and the folk to whom He spoke did not like His speech, either the manner or the matter of it; and they became angered unto murder, and then I read that He, standing alone in that great crowd of hating people, was not molested by them. And as I ask why He was safe, I read this strange sentence, "His hour was not yet come." It was getting near, but it had not yet struck. And then I read on another occasion how He

came and preached a sermon from Himself as text, as was His custom, and He said, "I am the Light of the world." And they longed to get their hands on Him and ached to kill Him. But then I read again, "No man did aught to Him for His hour was not yet come." And then there came a time over which my soul has always exulted, when a few Greeks said, "We would see Jesus." And when the word was taken to the Master, He joyed with a great joy, and replied, "There is the beginning of the great harvest of saved men! The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified."

And then He went into the little room where the wonderful Supper of the Lord was instituted; and as He entered upon that night I hear Him saying, "My hour is come." And He washed the disciples' feet, and then comes the statement found in the text, "And Jesus knowing that His hour was come."

It was an awful hour! When God the Father saw the Man concerning whom He had said, "He is my Fellow," and "this is my beloved Son," when He saw Him with spittle on His face, it was an awful hour for God the Father. And it was an awful hour for Jesus. The Son of God was the sanest strongest soul that ever walked this earth. He had looked hostility in the eyes for three long years, and His face had never whitened with fear, nor had His eye ever drooped. But when that hour came with its testing fruition, He said, "Now is my soul troubled: What shall I say?" It was an awful hour; for hell was let loose during that one hour. "This is your hour," said Jesus to the powers of darkness, talking out of the dark experience of His own hour. "This is your hour." Hell never had one before, it will never have one again; but just for one hour the devil was allowed to wreak his spite on Jesus Christ. And you who think lightly of sin remember in the one hour of its freedom, sin slew the Son of God.

Well now, all this is introductory to the consciousness in my mind and I hope in yours, that we have an hour approaching. There it comes; nothing can delay it; nothing can hasten it; it moves as the stars move, as the great ocean moves, as God moves. It is coming, the hour! What will characterize it I know not. Possibly some great sacrifice; it may be that for you a cross is uplifted and you are moving all the

time nearer and nearer to that cross. And as you approach it you too will say, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful." It is coming. It may be some suffering. It may be that suddenly in all your prided strength you will be laid low, and the hand that always did the bidding of the will will hang impotent and useless, and the eye that always looked its challenge will express nothing but the weariness of the body, and the voice that had in it the ring of a trumpet will become a whisper. And that will be your hour. Or it may be some great surrender. You have made minor sacrifices many; but there is some one thing in your life to which you have held and said, "Take everything, my God, except that." And the hour is coming! Listen man, you can hear the pattering of its feet. It is coming, when you will have to make the great surrender and you will limp ever afterward. "His hour was come." Sometime of you a kindly heaven will say, "His hour has come."

Now how did He behave in His hour? That is what I want to know as a clue to the way I must behave when my hour comes. He "lifted up His eyes to heaven." The Son of God could not face that hour without the gaze uplifted to heaven. He would have failed, He would have been crushed by that gathering together of hostilities, human and Satanic, but for the upcast eye. "I will lift up my eyes unto the hills." Any help there? No, no, no! But that is the right direction, is what the Psalmist means. "My help cometh from the Lord," but I have to look up to the hills, not to the valleys. I tell you there come hours in life when if a man be looking down or merely around, his soul will go into collapse for the need of the upward glance. But what else? Why the verse preceding the text says, "I have overcome the world." Do you tell me my strength is all a forgotten thing from henceforth? Well I have overcome the world's vaunted estimate of human strength. Do you tell me henceforth men will speak of me with hissing? Well, I have overcome the world's applause and the world's criticism. Do you tell me that henceforth I shall be poor and dependent? But I have always been independent of the world, aught it could give or aught it could take away. I have overcome the world. Ah,

we must get there too. I remember how in this very city when Sam Jones was here a reporter waited on the evangelist at an inconvenient time. "I cannot give you an interview," said the evangelist. And the man replied, "Do you know we reporters made you?" "Well, go and make another," said Sam Jones. That was the way he had overcome the world. But is there anything else? Yes. He said, "Father." Oh Jesus Christ homed His soul in the Fatherhood of God. If you want to see the face of Christ wreathed in smiles and hear His very heart exult, you just hear Him say, "Father." There was all music in the word for Him, there was all heaven in the word "Father." Have you learned that God is your Father as a preparation for your approaching hour? Oh I do not mean a great power that made the world, for that could be the devil. But I mean the God who is your Father, a God you can trust, a God from whom you can receive no ill, a God who will very likely chasten you; but He will always chasten you under the influence of the highest motive that could stir the loving heart of Jehovah. Ah you say, it was natural to Jesus to repose in the Fatherhood of God, and it is unnatural to us. That is true. It is not natural for me to regard God as my Father until I have been born again. But then I come into a new relationship to Him. And mark you, Jesus never told an unconverted man in his life to say, "My Father." He only told His disciples that. Yes, but I may lose my consciousness of the Fatherhood of God. Indeed you may. I have lost it more than once. Poor Peter lost it down there in the judgment hall. But do you know what to do when you have lost your consciousness of the Fatherhood of God? Go back to Jesus, for He too lost it. "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" He did not say, "My Father" then, He said, "My God." So you see

"He leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before."

But He regained His consciousness of the Fatherhood of God. And I have been so thankful all my life Jesus did not die as He said, "My God, my God, why

hast Thou forsaken me?" but he lived on till He had also said, "Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit." And as He emerged from His darkness, we shall emerge from ours if we only keep the heart steady and the soul sure.

Now here is three-fold anchorage for us in our hour whatever it may be. One, the uplifted face. You cannot do very much to a man who has fixed his eyes on God's face. And you cannot do very much to a man who can say in his own degree as Jesus said in His infinite way, "I have overcome the world." Do you not see you get inside an ark better than the ark Noah built when you have overcome the world? And then the Fatherhood of God! To have the great storm take up your life bark and shake it as a dog shakes a bone; to see the white foam flying from the jaws of an angry sea, and to hear a little whisper:

"Wait cheerily then O mariner,
For sunshine and for land;
The breath of God is in your sail,
Your rudder is God's hand."

Why you are picnicing in the midst of a storm, when you have that! But I tell you, you must have God in that hour that is approaching. Then when they slide you along where the white robed surgeons stand, you will be able to look up and be as calm as they, if you know the God who moves the stars is moving you too. When His hour came, He looked up, and having overcome the world He said, "Father."

Now lastly, what did He want in that great hour? Why so strange a thing you would never believe it to be true if I told you! For years I stumbled over that, the thing He wanted in His prayer. What did He want? "The hour is come; Father, glorify Thy Son." Why how it grates on one, does it not. "Glorify me." And I used to think there must be something wrong with the translation. But there is not. He said when His hour came, "Father, glorify Thy Son." Now that is strange. Well but wait a minute. In this same prayer a little lower down He will say, "Glorify Thou me with the glory I had with Thee before the world

was." Now there is a little clue, so let us follow it. He said, "Father, I had glory with Thee before ever the sun shone, or the moon was reflected in the rippling water, or the stars broke up the night. Give me that same glory, the glory I had with Thee throughout eternity." What glory was that? The glory of the God-head—the glory of God. "Give me that glory." What does it mean? "Let me go to the cross as a God should go to the cross." Ah now we are getting at it. "Father, the hour is come, and there are the crossed bits of timber. Glorify Thy Son with the glory I had with Thee before the world was that I may not falter nor fail."

But I listen again and get yet another clue, "Glorify Thou me, that I may glorify Thee. Let me behave in this awful hour as Thy Son should behave." Now I believe we have got down to the naked throbbing heart of it. "Let me behave in this awful hour in a way that should characterize Thy Son and that shall reflect glory on Thee." We understand it better now, do we not? Then Christ could not have the cup pass from Him, for that would not glorify God. God could be glorified alone by Jesus drinking the cup and bearing the cross and dying the death. And so He did drink the cup, and was spread out on the cross, and died the death. "Glorify Thou me with the glory I had with Thee before the world was, that Thy Son may glorify Thee."

Now that is how to win in our hour, whatever may be its characteristics. We have need in that hour to say, "Father help me behave so that Thy glory may be increased." Oh how far up above that foolish Eddyism is this sort of truth. That says, "There is no pain," but instead we say as Miss Havergal:

"I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
From Thine own hand;
The strength to bear it bravely
Thou wilt command."

That is Christian. The other is foolishness. And that is what we have to do. We have to seek His glory.

We'll but what is going to constrain us to seek that

glory? Why, loving Him! Where there is love there is no selfishness.

"Love took up the harp of life
And smote on all its chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self that trembling
Passed in music out of sight."

Now you get that love for God and selfishness is dead. For you want to talk and walk and live so as to glorify God. Oh that is the Christian religion. That is Christianity. It lies there in the first sentence of the real Lord's prayer. And I seem to be a seer belonging to the family of those great Hebrews of the Old Testament and I now see things. And it appears to me as though I could see the hour approaching some of you people. I may not stop to tell you what hour I see or what are its characteristics. That would be speculative. But I do ask you this: Have you got the three-fold preparation for that hour when it comes? Is the habit of your soul looking up? Have you become other-worldly, having overcome this world? Have you a tight grasp on the Fatherhood of God? Have you that three-fold anchorage?

A woman said to a mother, "You should let your girl dance, or she will never be fit for the world." And the mother said, "I am not trying to fit her for the world. I am trying to unfit her for this world and fit her for the world to come."

"The long bazaar may praise, but thou
Heart of my heart, what sayest Thou?"

It does not matter if against you the whole world howls, if you can lie down on your bed at night and hear Jesus Christ's, "Well done." So have you the upward look? And have you hold of your Father? For the hour is coming. I do not know what it is; I do not know how it will come or how it will break. I only know it is coming. And I am as sure as that there is a sky above me and an earth beneath, that if you just let the world go by and have the upward look and close your fingers over the great fact of the Fatherhood of God, whatever the

hour may bring, you will behave becomingly in that hour, and there will come to you the answer that actually came to the Master Himself, even a sufficiency of strength to glorify God, whether it be by life or by death, by health or by sickness, by gain or by loss.

I have been feeling around for three minutes to find out some place to stop. But I cannot find any, so I simply stop. God bless the message to us all.

The Gift of God

JOHN 17:2.

"As Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him."

In our study of the Lord's great prayer we have heard Him say this, "Father the hour is come; Glorify Thy Son that Thy Son also may glorify Thee." And now comes the text, "As Thou hast given Him power over all flesh that He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him."

But I think we should put the exclamation dash and the mark of interrogation also after the words, 'Glory' and 'Power.' For as we look at the Man of Galilee in prayer, there is very little that speaks of glory and of power about Him. A few hours before this He girded Himself with a towel, and took a basin of water and washed the feet of Peter, James and John and the other disciples. Glory, and a towel! Power, and a basin of water! And then He told how one of His disciples would sell Him for about nineteen dollars, and another would deny Him thrice, and they all would desert Him. Glory and power! And while He prays He is on His way to where His face will bear spittle, and His brow will be thorn scarred, and His hands spiked to wood, and He will be held up to the derision of all men; yet He says, Glory and power. Ah, but I listen to Him in prayer until I hear a little word that is to me as clue and light. "Glorify Thou me with Thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was." And then I remember how in the eighth chapter of the Proverbs, under the guise of heavenly wisdom, Jesus is spoken

of as having been with God or ever the great lights of the heaven flamed, or the deep waters were gathered into the seas, or an angel was created. Glory! And I read again this morning as I love often to read, where Moses told of his vision concerning the origin of all things and said, "I heard the voice of God go pealing through the dark as He said, Let there be light, and the light appeared; Let there be a firmament dividing the waters above from the waters beneath, and it was so; Let there be lights in the heaven, sun, moon, and stars, and they shone forth obediently at His command; and I heard Him call the tumultuous waters together in the ocean channels, and bid the dry land appear; and I heard His voice call life into the sea, and the air, and upon the earth; and then I saw Him as He made man." Glory! And I heard Job speak so grandly as he said, "Where wast thou when I lifted up the heavens and spread out the earth and created the stars and made all things that appear." Glory! And then I heard David say, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is this King of Glory? The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory." Glory! And then I heard Isaiah declare, "I too had a vision, and I saw God holding the waters in the hollow of His hand, meting out the heavens with a span, comprehending the dust of the earth and calling all the stars by name." The glory! And then I heard John say, "I also saw One like unto the Son of Man, girt about the breast with a golden girdle, head and hair like wool white as snow, eyes like a flame of fire, voice like the sound of many waters, holding in His hand the great scepter of eternity." Glory! Yes, I know He stood there in His prayer, a man like as we are, and if an outsider had heard Him use the words "glory and power," the lip of that outsider would have curled in a sneer. But O my heart is full as I speak to you about the glory of Jesus. I have a book which was little thought of when published, and it long since went out of print. But the man who wrote that book had some ideas about God that even in the midst of his strangeness are beautiful almost beyond compare. And fixing his mind on Jesus Christ in one part of the book he says:

"God, God, God!

As flames in skies that soar and rise,
And lose themselves in Thee;

Years on years, and naught appears,
Save God to be."

And as I look out through the window of this text upon the great universe and hear Jesus Christ talk about the glory He had with the Father before ever the world was, it seems to me that filling all space and all time I behold the glory of the Son of God!

And I get off the beaten track of my study now to say that the way you are listening is grading you, to my intense enjoyment and the heartening of my very soul. For how enraptured you listen as I am talking about what? About nothing but the glory of Jesus Christ. Oh how restless an unsympathetic audience would be as a man talked of the glory of the Son of God. And you know it reveals the great fact, does this attention of yours, that you are in love with Jesus, and that you are delighted to sit there and hear one of your own number tell how glorious He is, and how infinite are His perfections. Ah, thanks be to God that whereas once we should have listened with cool carelessness to such talk as this, now our hearts burn within us as we realize something of the glory of the Son of God.

But I look into this text of mine to get a second thought. It is the saving glory of Jesus that is the chief star in His crown. Unto "Those whom Thou hast given me," he says, "I have authority to give eternal life." Oh I joined step with the shepherds of Bethlehem last week when I reached this stage in my sermon, and I said, "Let us go to Bethlehem and see the great thing that has happened; see where the glory shines, and the power reigns." And you know in fancy I went along with them until we were joined by the wise men from the East who had seen the star; and then the star hovered over—not the palace of Herod, nor the mansions of the cultured and the great—but it hovered over a stable. And when we went in we saw an ordinary woman whose face had been transfigured by the extraordinary thing that had happened to her. And we saw also a silent man, and then we

saw a little Child lying in a manger. And we heard the Apostle Paul speak in that stable and his voice broke as he said, "He hath emptied Himself." Oh mild He laid His glory by, even the eternal glory that He had with the Father, when He undertook your salvation and mine. For not in pomp or demonstrated power, but as a little child He entered the world to be bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; and to be tried in all things even as we are, that He might be our High Priest, the Brother of our souls, the One who knows by experience how to sympathize and how to help. The saving glory of Jesus!

I wonder if you have ever put His miracles to this high use of disclosing His power and glory. I love to go with Him up and down those streets of Jerusalem and into the villages and watch Him. And when He gives sight to some blind man, I love to say, "Lord, I want a duplicate of that miracle wrought in me, for I am blind, so open Thou my eyes that I may see Thee." And when he goes to somebody who is deaf and says, "Henceforth you can hear sound," I say, "Lord, I am here again, so touch my ears that they may be more sensitive to the monitions of the Unseen, the whispers of the Holy Spirit." And when I see Him giving speech to some dumb man, I like to say, "Lord that is what I need, so open Thou my lips and then I shall testify to Thy goodness and be eager to spread abroad the story of Thy saving renown." And when I see the leper come, why then I go up close to Jesus and say, "There he is and Thou wilt heal him with a word; but I am a leper too, and Thou must cleanse me with the blood that is the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness." And I never stop till I go down to Bethany and stand there and see the Son of God weep, and hear His voice break with emotion, as He says, "Lazarus, come forth!" and I look and see the man appear with the grave clothes about him, and he is loosed and let go, and then I say, "Lord I am dead in trespasses and sins, but speak to me the great life-imparting word." And oh, my friends, He does it. He does it! And I become Lazarus and walk forth into the glory and brightness of a new life. The saving power of Jesus Christ!

Do you know we are in the midst of it in this

church now. There is no sound of it goes out to the outside world, but there is not a service, and there has not been for long, but as the meeting has progressed some soul has found his way to the pierced side of Jesus Christ. And there is a widespread inquiry about the Saviour in the church such as I think I have never seen before. And the saving glory of Jesus is an appropriate theme for us this morning. But do you know how He manifested that saving glory? Oh I am going to tell you the story of the cross in the morning sermon as well as the evening today, because I have been noticing the Lord is saving more people at night than He is in the morning, and that does not seem to be right. I think he should save an equal number in the morning. Do you know how He manifests this saving glory? I wonder how many times I have told the story. I have never told it with as much zest and interest as I shall tell it now, for it has a better sound every passing week, and with every repetition. Why He went to the cross! The Son of God, the One who dared say, "Glorify me with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was," went to the cross. And He allowed men to place Him on two sticks of timber; and the shuddering angels heard the noise of the hammer hitting the spike as men fastened the Son of God to the cross. And men lifted Him up there, and mocked him, and the blazing sun shone on the spittle-stained, blood-marked cheek of the One who prayed this prayer. And there was nobody to sympathize, and nobody to help. I remember in my early life how my hot breath surged as I used to say, Why did not somebody break through that crowd and say, There has been enough of that! And I used to wonder why someone did not wipe away the spittle and blood from that face. For there was not an angel in heaven but would have walked through hell to do it. And men had the opportunity, and they availed themselves not of it. And He hung there—not till he weakened in death, for He could have hung there till now—for "I lay down my life, nobody taketh it from me," was His tremendous statement. But the time came when looking at that saving glory that I am talking about, He saw it to be a completed thing. And then not in a whisper, but

in a loud voice He cried, saying, "It is finished." And when His work was done, why should He longer stay, so He added, "Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit."

That is how He saved us. That is the saving glory of Jesus. Oh they tell me every once in a while yet that they do not care for this religion of the blood. And I read only two weeks ago about a preacher who said, "My people are too esthetic to sing that hymn of Cowper's 'There is a fountain filled with blood.' Now do not you get esthetic, because you will have to sing that a great many times if the Lord spares my life. For I tell you sirs, there is nothing reveals the glory of Christ as that cross. I know David and Isaiah and Ezekiel and Daniel talked about the glory, and what they said was wonderful. But I also know there are more attributes of the God-head manifested at Calvary's cross than in all the rest of the universe put together. And the saving glory of Jesus is His greatest excellency, ornament and charm.

But do you know anything about it by experience? You know I am having a great fear about some of you people. You come here, and your kindness to me sometimes makes the tears stand in my eyes, and I hear of your chivalrous defense of me wherever it is needed, and I watch the ever increasing evidence of your loyalty and your love. But are you loving the Christ I talk about? Are you loyal to Him? I said to one of you not many days ago, "My brother, if you would be as good to my Saviour as you are to me, you would gratify and please me a great deal more than you now do." So is this saving glory of Jesus getting hold of your life? Are you a credit to Him? Do you increase that glory of the Son of God your Saviour by the way you talk and act and live? I do not know how to preach now. I do not know how to keep on. It seems to me as if the power of God had settled down upon this audience, and as though the words of man were almost a vain thing. And what we ought to do is just bow under that saving power of Jesus as I have seen the ears of wheat bow under a summer breeze. And we ought to sternly highly resolve that under the influence of this saving glory of Jesus we will let the old life die and the new life assert its

power. And do you know, even if I may not do it, it is in my heart to just stop and let each of you speak to the other and say, "Do you know anything about this saving glory of Jesus?" and to let you perhaps in the silence say to the Christ who is here this morning, "I have not glorified Thee as I should in the olden time, but here commences a new life." Oh has He given you this eternal life? Has He? You know I have to preach again this afternoon at the Y. M. C. A., and there is a man attending all the meetings there who is my distraction and my despair. He says he joined the church long years ago, and now he sits and listens until three Sundays in succession I have wished he were elsewhere. And I am sorry that I know I have to speak to him again this afternoon. For do you know what he has done? He has encased his life in a hard thick shell of selfishness, until now if I speak to him tenderly as I have done about the great love of Jesus Christ, he has nothing but a cynical sneer. And if I talk to him about the terrors of the Lord, he has a surprised, skeptical look that says, "Are you stupid enough to believe in all that?" And yet who knows but once upon a time that man may have gone to the cross and he may have seen the Saviour. And who knows but when he was baptized he really did dedicate himself to God. And see where he has gone. Oh men, there are some of you who may be going the same way. For you are getting accustomed to these things; familiar with the ways and the utterances and the services of the sanctuary; and they are not breaking your heart as they should; nor are they melting your pride as they ought; neither are they getting hold of you in the way they should. "That He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him."

Now people I believe as firmly as I live, there is coming to us right in these solemn moments an opportunity and a privilege. I think Jesus is drawing near to us in His saving glory. And He is offering us the rare privilege of entering into an apprehension of the eternal life that He gives to all trusting souls; overcoming life, triumphant life, the life that will lift up above the circumstances and the world as the stars are above the fog; the life that will make us

independent of the things the poor world clamors after, because we shall have such an exceeding heritage in Jesus Christ.

Will you not make good use of this opportunity? And you unsaved ones, if God is thus appearing to His people in this extraordinary way at this time, do you not see this is your golden opportunity too? Pretty soon you will see the glory of Jesus Christ in another way than as a saving glory. He is coming soon, and He is coming in dreadful pomp and power. And He is coming to break asunder all who have resisted Him. But this morning He appears in His grace, in His tenderness, in His compassion. He has drawn up close to you and He is saying to you, "My son, give me thine heart." Will you do it? And now we are going to baptize some who have yielded their lives to Jesus, and that will be another sermon. And do you know I have been thinking that Jordan scene is going to be duplicated this morning. For I firmly believe the Holy Spirit has descended upon this congregation even as He descended then. And I know He has come this morning in the form of a dove, the messenger of peace to you. And I believe you have heard the voice of God speaking in your conscience and in your heart. Now as you watch these people confessing their faith, think what a terrible thing if you have no faith to confess! And what a terrible thing if your faith has got such flimsy hold on you that you are afraid or ashamed to make a confession of it.

If it be God's will I do not want ever to preach another sermon like this. It is too hard. Yet if it be God's will I am willing to preach all the sermons of the future like this, for I think this is going to be a service that will minister exceedingly to the glory of Jesus Christ.

The Eternal Life

John 17:3.

"This is life eternal that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

Life eternal! Is that eternal life a fact, or only a fiction? Is it a mocking mirage of the desert, or is it a sure city of God? Is it a sudden spark of hope struck vainly in the night, or is it the light of God's own face assuring us of an eternal home?

Thirty-five centuries have gone by since a man mentioned in the Bible said, "If a man die shall he live again?" And he had no answer to his question. And six millenniums have asked that same question, and six millenniums have had no reply. And we stand this morning with no evidence in the world that any dead man lives; that any one who ever passed down into the grave will ever come out of it. And the finger can be put down on no soul who ever returned from the undiscovered country, and no sure word has ever been spoken in affirmation of an endless life beyond the grave.

I know the reason of man has inferred the hereafter. And so Plato, the wisest man of old Greece, said, "The organ may be destroyed and the organist escape; the boat may be wrecked and the sailor reach the shore." And I know Addison, the English poet, with that in his mind said,

"It must be so, Plato thou reasonest well.
Else whence this hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught?
Why shrinks the soul back on herself

And startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;

'Tis heaven itself that points out a hereafter

And intimates eternity to man."

But I know all that is only guess work, and Plato simply said "The organist MAY escape." And when Addison said, "It must be so," it was only the utterance of a man who knew no more about it than you and I know this morning.

And I know the heart has cried out for continued existence; and the mother as she laid away the little form in God's kindly earth has hoped somewhere there would come a meeting place and time. But I know that mother has no sure foundation for her hope in all the weary world. And I know love has said, "If love lives on in the person who is left behind, is it not likely that it lives on in the person who has gone beyond? And will not love that remembers here, find somewhere the love that has remembered elsewhere?" But that again is only a speculation.

And I know the soul by its instincts has argued the continuance of life, so that the original American believed in a happy hunting ground where again he would roam the forests and ford the streams. And even so men the whole world over have thought there is a future life and hoped for it, and in other cases feared it, and sometimes have expected it. But I also know there is a religion on the earth that says the end of all things is Nirvana—quenched life, cessation of existence. And I also know an interpreter of the loose thought of our own day has said,

"From too much love of living,
From hope and joy made free,
We thank with scant thanksgiving
Whatever gods there be,
That no life lives forever,
That dead men rise up never,
And e'en the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea."

And so the world stands this morning with a great sob in its throat. And when it asks, "If a man die, shall he live again?" and listens for an answer, there

comes back nothing but the faint echo of its cry. As Gray sang—

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

And a singer of our own has answered the English poet by saying:—

“Art is long and time is fleeting;
And our hearts though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.”

And all we have after all the thinking and hoping and dreading, and the inferences and speculations, all we have is Shakespeare's epitaph—

“The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
And all which it inherits shall dissolve,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision
Leave not a wreck behind.”

Eternal life, is it a fact or a fiction, a mirage or a certainty?

Now then comes in my Lord Jesus Christ. And in the midst of all the uncertainty He breaks the silence as He says, “This is life eternal that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.”

I read this morning the prayer that was spoken at the opening of the Disarmament Conference, and I should never know there was such a being as Jesus Christ in existence by that prayer. For there is no mention of Him and no allusion to Him. Oh I think it is pitiful the way we are edging Him out; and I cannot accept as a reason for that omission that everybody in that conference believed in a God if not in Christ. For it is not what everybody believes, but it is what I believe, that dominates my life. And I believe that text, and if that text be true, that life eternal consists in knowing God through Jesus Christ, then Master of my soul, where you cannot go I will not go,

and where I cannot mention your name, I will mention no word at all. So here He stands, the unique Speaker! And where Plato said the sailor may escape though the boat be wrecked, the great Christ comes and says, "This is life eternal." With all the dogmatism of a God he talks! "This is life eternal to know Thee and to know Me." Oh you must allow the supremacy of Jesus. They said nearly two millenniums ago. "He speaks as one having authority." So He does! There He stood, that afternoon under those old skies of Syria; and He was no taller than John, and in His physical limitations no stronger than Simon Peter. And yet standing there He said what never had been said before, for He affirmed, "This is life eternal, even a knowledge of God derived through Me." And He is unique in the matter of His speech as well as in the manner of delivering it. If you want to see the force of this great text, let me put it in contrast by inserting another name than His, and let me recite it thus: "This is life eternal that they might know Thee the only true God, and Simon Peter!" No you must not stop with saying He was a man, and a good man, the best man, even a perfect man, for He deliberately in that text relates Himself to God. And if the statement and affirmation of that text be untrue, He is no longer the best man, nor even a good man. So until you can go the whole length and hear Him say, "And Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent," the knowledge of Him also entering into the eternal life, your quest is not completed.

I stood amazed last week as I thought how He connects eternal life with a knowledge of God. Yet after all we might know He would say that, because is not all life determined by the amount of knowledge we possess. The sunset is there for the animal to see, and the moonlight's ripple breaking on the moving water is open to the brute as to the poet's eye, and the stars are all in the great roof of the world for the animal as for the saint. Where therefore is the difference in the life? It is in the knowledge of the man. We all have the senses, but who would be foolish enough to say that along those avenues comes the same kind of life to us all? The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling, sees things that never were on sea

or shore; but it is the poet's eye that sees them. So may I remind you again of the woman I asked to look at Mount Hood from the little way-station near my home, and she said, "I have seen it once!" Poor soul!

And when you enter the realm of the faculties, the argument remains the same. Memory, imagination, judgment are the common gifts of God. But one has a memory that is a mine wherein are rubies that sparkle and diamonds that gleam and gold that enriches. And the memory of the other is filled with truck! And one has an imagination that can people heaven and hear the wails of the lost in hell and see Jesus Christ moving among the vineyards of old Palestine; and the other's dull eye is but the reflection of his lost imagination. One stands until all the evidence is in ere he delivers his decision; and the other man can be side-tracked by a whim or a prejudice or a passing opinion. And so the amount of life depends upon the knowledge we possess.

Yes, and I will dare to say, life is dependent too upon the emotions. You see men who are incapable of friendship, who are unworthy of trust, who move about as mere non-entities without influence or force. And then you see other men; and when you see one of them approach the whole world makes way for that man because he knows where he is going, and he is going where he intends to go. You see people incapable of love. They have grown sordid and selfish, they believe in no man's honesty, and no woman's purity, and no child's worth. And they have forgotten that—

"The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the whole world dies
With the setting sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
The heart but one;
Yet the light of the whole life dies
When its love is done."

And we have small life because we have small knowledge in these various realms.

Now lift it higher yet, and it is eternal life to know

God and to know Christ. He is not talking about existence like that of the "General Sherman" tree in the forest of California that has lived eight thousand years, and never had a thought and never felt an emotion. He is talking about life—

"The life of which our nerves are scant," even the eternal life that is connected with knowledge of God and knowledge of Christ. Oh it is letting the whole matter down to an ignoble level to ask whether I should continue to live forever and ever. Better is it to ask: What sort of life am I aiming at, that I may possess forever and ever? I do not want an immortality such as I see illustrated by people about me day after day who might as well have been dead a decade ago. I want life that has some purpose, some thrill and throb in it, some dynamic and objective and goal. I desire to live in regions that are higher than getting some money, building a house, and establishing a business. I would fain rise up till I think a little as God thinks, and feel a little as Christ feels, and come into an intimacy with God the Father and God the Son. This is life eternal! He is not talking for a moment in that marvelous prayer about whether I shall live on always, but it is how I shall live. Shall I live the life that is worth while? Shall I live the overcoming, the triumphant, the high life, or shall I merely exist?

Now mark you, and with joy I tell it to you, He connects that life with Himself. Do not believe for a moment that eternal life is a gift that rolls off the palm of Jesus into your hand. He cannot give this eternal life that way. "I am come that they might have life," He said. And without the reception of the Christ, there can be no receiving of the eternal life He is talking about. "And the life was the light of men," says the inspired historian. And until you have the life of Jesus Christ in you, you cannot possess the light that will enable you to see the glory and the triumph and the heavenliness of this eternal life of which He speaks in the text. Oh let somebody sound a clear note regarding this in the midst of all the mist and fog that has settled down upon us like the Egyptian plague of darkness, so that a lot of nonsense about modern thought and Eddyism and Russell-

ism and all kinds of isms are being considered by us, and we are choosing whether it shall be this or that that shall claim our attention and our allegiance. I tell you I stand in the midst of all that and affirm the whole thing is of the devil, and the only way to obtain eternal life is by the possession of Jesus Christ; that outside Him you have mere existence and you have not commenced to live. And while I could not prove this to the worldling because he does not move in the high circles in which this reasoning obtains, yet I could come to every Christian person in this house and say, Is it not true you never began to live until you were rightly adjusted to Jesus Christ? George Whitfield was wise when he had carved on his tomb the date of his birth and the date of his spiritual birth; for "This is life eternal that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." Yes, but I can know God apart from Jesus Christ. You cannot! For "No man knoweth the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him," and "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." These are the assertions of the Lord Himself, and they close every other door and shut up every other avenue whereby a man can move into a knowledge of God. And they all demonstrate the certitude of the Lord's own statement when He said, "I am the Door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved." Il-liberal, do you term this? That has nothing to do with me. Narrow and bigoted, is that your criticism? That has nothing to do with me. Is it true? Is it in the Bible? Is it the assurance of Christ? If it is, I will live by it, die by it, and go to the judgment and stand by it! For we have to get some certitude in this world. We cannot afford to live on these husks and speculations of the cults. I am not going to lose my soul, so I want a clear distinct utterance of the authoritative God. Then I am safe, and then I am strong, and then I do not care for all hell.

And so let us this morning take as we have never taken before this magnificent utterance from our Lord's prayer into our lives, and let us see to it that we have eternal life because we have knowledge of God, and we have knowledge of God in and through Jesus Christ. Oh I know out there apart from the

revelation of the Bible you can see that somebody made the world who was infinite in power and wisdom. Paul admits that in Romans one. But I know you can never come into the understanding of God the Father who loved you enough to give His Son for your salvation until you see Jesus Christ on the cross. And all you can find out about God if you search the universe through, is as mole hill to mountain compared with what you can find out about God if you stand at Calvary for five minutes, and say, "My Lord and my God" to the dying Christ.

So then I call you to Christ that you may know God. I call you to Christ who reveals God. I call you to Christ who is God. I call you to Christ who says, "Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out."

Have you life eternal? Have you life of which the world knew not until Jesus Christ came and stood in the midst and said, "I am come with a mission that only God Himself can execute, I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

Do you want more of this eternal life to abound towards you and thrill and throb within you? Then increase your knowledge of God through your increasing knowledge of Jesus Christ His Son, our Saviour and our Lord.

The Finished Work

John 17:4

"I have glorified Thee on the earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

We shall in the first place look at the Work which He finished; and then we shall notice how the Way in which He finished the work glorified the Father.

Now if you have wings of imagination, prepare to use them as you go backward beyond when the seas were made and the stars, beyond the life of an angel or a seraph, into the lone eternity when only God existed; and even then this work that Jesus finished on the cross was occupying the Infinite mind of the Eternal God for Jesus is "the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world;" and there never was a time in that eternity which is the lifetime of God, when the cross was not. I know Luke says, "He set his face stedfastly towards Jerusalem," that He might accomplish His work. But I also know that when the universe was only an intention in the mind of Jehovah, Jesus had His face set, eternally set, towards Calvary. I have seen a picture of how Jesus one morning was standing outside the carpenter shop in Nazareth, and He stretched himself as he faced the sun. And the shadow of the cross fell behind Him, and Mary saw it. But God Almighty saw the shadow of Christ's cross—now how can I end a sentence like that, for comparisons do not exist—He eternally saw the shadow of that cross. And there never was a moment in the everlasting life of Jesus Christ but He was conscious of Golgotha.

But to do a work like that necessitated that He should be God. Oh you have to be able to say, "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever" to Jesus Christ, or you may never call Him your Saviour. And once more let me ring it out, the reason why Unitarianism

has no Saviour is because Unitarianism has no God in Jesus Christ. And so from all eternity this mighty Christ who redeemed us with His own blood was ever moving adown those accumulating ages towards the cross, and His long pilgrimage was never accomplished until He lifted His head on Calvary's tree, and in the triumphant tone of a conqueror shouted in the hearing of heaven, earth and hell, "It is finished!" And then, and only then, He gave up the ghost.

But now let us remember how that work had its commencement in time, when the angels sang in the midnight sky and the wondering shepherds heard the melodies of heaven, and the little Babe lay in a manger inside a stable and about Him were the lowing oxen. And Paul says as he stands contemplating that manger, "Jesus Christ emptied Himself." And the great God of Eternity became a baby who might, humanly speaking, be trampled under the feet of the oxen, and whose feeble cry in no wise differed from the cry of your baby in the night time. He emptied Himself!

But the processes of that emptying were continuous. For He might have come to the great and the noble and the rich; but instead He came in lowly form, the poor man's Christ, the lowly Jesus. And He went on thus emptying Himself. Dignity after dignity He laid aside; privilege after privilege He surrendered; cross after cross He shouldered; until there came the great culminating moment when with dry blood and spittle on His bow, and His hands and feet nailed fast to the cross, He completed the work that had been the eternal project of God.

But the completion of that work staggered even Jesus. Oh I cannot help feeling as I stand in dark Gethsemane and hear Him say, "If it be possible," that the human Jesus was shrinking back; that it looked to Him—as probably it was—impossible for flesh and blood to sustain that awful load of a world's guilt. But yet He persisted. Yes He held the rudder true though His hand was blistered and burned. And He kept on His way, though the shuddering angels wondered how many hours longer He could sustain the pain, the load, the shame, and the sin which He voluntarily had assumed. And He held on, Hero that He was, until He opened a gate wide enough for a

whole world to pass through into heaven. For as a potentiality the universe was saved when Jesus Christ finished His work. And now God's messengers can go to any man or woman, famous or infamous, and to every single soul unhesitatingly say, "There is a place at the right hand of God for you, because Jesus Christ died, and He bore away in potentiality the sin of the whole world, and therefore the sin of every man."

And does not that, my hearers, show you how awful and enormous is your sin if you refuse a salvation that Jesus Christ alone could work out by emptying Himself and enduring what He could not despise? For He despised the shame; but the inspired writer talking about the cross can find but one word, and that word, "He endured the cross." Even God the Son could not despise it, it was too heavy. He could simply gather Himself together and stand up under the weight of it, until He made a bridge from earth to heaven across which every soul might be saved. Now that is the work He did.

But now let us notice how the doing of that work glorified God. I hope I may be forgiven if I am wrong, but I could not help thinking last week that God cried out in His gratification, "Deliver man from going down into the pit, for I have found a ransom!" I know how slow we should be to reason from man to God, and yet I know Jesus Himself the great Teacher did thus reason as He said, "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?" And so I will be bold enough to say that God had a moment of intense pride when He cried out, "I have found a ransom for every sin, for all sin; for every sinner, for all sinners; for the ages, the generations, for a universe of sinners. I have found a ransom," cried God in His glorious pride. And Jesus Christ came and picked up the very word that had fallen from the lip of Jehovah as He said, "The Son of Man will give His life a ransom for many." And fitting Himself into the eternal purpose of the Father, He picked the word "ransom" off the lip of the Father as He said, "I have come to be what my Father has desired me to be, to do what my Father has desired to have done; I have come to give my life

a ransom." But He could only do it by giving His life. Oh we are not saved by Bethlehem, we are only saved by Calvary. And the man who all the time dwells on the Sermon on the Mount, had better go to the cross; for the cross is the door through which you get to the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount. The world was not dying for a good example, but for a Saviour. The world does not want today a Plato to instruct but a Jesus to redeem it. And when He gave His life a ransom, He in the only way known to God effected the salvation of you and of me.

And I think we should pause a moment to see how He gave that life. Do you know, as you read the Bible, you find as you find in no other book how continuously sentences are opening themselves to you, and you see in them what you never saw before. I was reading this morning in Hebrews five, and I thought I never quite saw the meaning of the seventh verse as I saw it then—"Jesus in the days of His flesh when He had offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears, unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and He was heard in that He feared, and He prayed." What does that mean? Oh I am slow to venture where angels might fear to tread, yet it seems to me as though through that verse I can see the awful fact that Jesus Christ wondered whether His endurance was sufficient for the task He had undertaken, and whether He would not in His humanity actually die before the debt had been paid and the work had been finished. And so He prays with strong crying and tears that God will enable His feet to hold out until they reach the cross; that God will enable His head to retain all its functions until it becomes thorn-crowned; that God will fortify that strong heart lest it fail before it reaches the cross. Ah the way in which the Son endured! The way in which He held to His task! The way in which He kept His face towards His goal! The way in which He marched, all sore wounded though He was, until He reached His journey's end! This enabled Him to say in satisfied triumphant mood, "I have glorified Thee on the earth." And so the way in which He finished His work glorified His Father.

Now I shall finish my work soon, and you will

finish your work. So here comes in the pertinent application. When the moment arrives and I say, "It is done," when I shall nevermore lift a burden from any life, nevermore speak a word made musical by God's inspiration to any ear, never press another hand in sympathetic fellowship, when it is done and I have finished the work, shall I be able to say of that work two things: "I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do;" and the other thing, "I have glorified Thee in the way I finished that work." So I call upon you very seriously to ponder the question—Is the work in which you are engaged the work God gave you to do? Oh it does not matter whether it is keeping stars in their orbits or sweeping out a schoolhouse, if only you are doing the work given you by God. It does not matter whether you are preaching a sermon or digging potatoes, if you are only doing the God-appointed task,—“the work Thou gavest me to do.” Are you doing it? But, you say, if you were working where I am in a mill, in a logging camp, in a store, in a school, how could you finish the work God gave you to do? Yet He did it whose life went out on a bloody cross. That forever settles the question of our ability to do it anywhere. And I say to you again, it is not the nature of the task, it is not the thing you are doing. Hear George Herbert—

“A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as with Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.”

And let me tell you a story of a cobbler of Edinburgh, who when the new preacher made his first round of calls was found by the preacher in the cobbler's shop. And after the preaching man had uttered a few sentences, the cobbler talked back. And in astonishment the preacher said to the cobbler, "You should not be engaged in secular work, a man with your outlook, a man with your power." And the man said, "Take that back, sir! I am not engaged in secular work. Those shoes there belong to Widow Smith's son. His father died a few months ago, his mother nearly went too. She would die if she lost her boy.

That boy has a paper route. The winter is coming on with the wind and the snow. And God Almighty said to me, 'Will you cobble Widow Smith's boy's shoes so that his feet may be dry through the winter?' And I said, 'I will.' And in the last great day, Mr. Preacher, when He says to you as a preacher; 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' He will say to me, the cobbler, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' Yes, a cobbler or a clergyman or an angel can go no higher than doing the work given by God in a manner satisfactory to the God who gave the task.

And then can we also say about our work, "I have glorified Thee" by the way in which we did it. Oh I think God gets His will done grudgingly by some people. Let no man think he can escape the long reach of the will of God. I tell you, sirs, there never came into my mind a more suggestive thought than this, that if I will not do the will of God graciously and voluntarily and willingly and lovingly, I shall be made to do it by the iron grip of God's law. But oh to do it graciously; to do this work, this assigned task, continuously under the high consciousness that the way I am doing it is glorifying God. It is that makes life dignified and noble. It may not be much, just going to and fro across a field, plowing a furrow and then scattering among the ridges the seeds; but the way I do it glorifies God. It is only packing up the groceries and handing them out; but it is packing them up justly and handing them out graciously that can glorify and honor God. It is not much, so the pampered thing of fashion and wealth says of the mother who is training some little children. But what a thing Jochebed did when she trained Moses, and Elizabeth when she trained John the Baptist, and what a thing Mary did when she taught Jesus the Psalms of David and the prophecies of Isaiah! "I have finished the work," He says. "There it lies, and it is all done." And then to God Himself He says, "I have glorified Thee by the way in which I finished it."

Do you recall how Paul the Apostle said as he passed away singing his swan song, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course." Yes, but we are not Pauls. That is very true. But it is no more certain that Paul was not called to do your work, than

that you were not called to do Paul's work. That eye glass of mine has its particular function in giving me vision, and the bridge that holds that glass in place has its particular function. And the gold may not say to the glass nor the glass to the gold, "I have no need of thee." But when each in its own place works out its appointed destiny, each is doing the right, the proper thing. You remember Luther heard the sparrow chirp, and as it chirped it seemed to say to him, the oppressed and persecuted reformer,—

"I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the great God thinks of me."

And that is the way to chirp and the way to work.

I had the good fortune to meet a man last week, eccentric they called him; and he was rebuked by the church to which he belongs for the assiduous way in which he sought to get men saved. I wish I might have occasion for rebuking some of you for that. And that man said to me, "I tell you, Mr. Hinson, when I get them into the dental chair, I have a chance at them. And during all the years I have been in this city, nobody ever sat in that chair for a sufficient length of time for me to do it, but I have introduced Christ to that patient." That is the way to do the work and glorify God while you are doing it. Now I do not think all of you can do that service, for I believe there are some of you whose lips are sealed by temperament or perhaps by circumstances. But if your lips are sealed, you can use your life. "How is Jackson getting along?" they asked. And the reply is immortal, "He is standing over there like a stone wall," and henceforth he was Stonewall Jackson. A man can do that. It is not given to all men all the time to withstand the foe, but it is the proud privilege of every man to stand. I may not be able to advance sometimes, but I can grimly say in God's name, "I hold what I have." Thus you can make your life tell, even if your lip has to be silent. And the testimony, the massive strong testimony of a life has yet to be discovered, still more to be described. "How did you stand?" they said to some

soldiers during an awful assault. And those soldiers through their spokesman said, "We looked at the Colonel, and we stood fast."

"The sexton tolling his bell at noon
Dreams not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse and lists with delight
As his troops file round the Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent."

I uttered a solemn and self-accusing word when to a gathering of preachers last week I said, "Under ordinary circumstances a church can never rise up above the level of its preacher." Oh there are little churches scattered this nation over, and they are true and loyal because there is a man behind the Book who does not know how to retreat, who has never learned how to ask for quarter, and who is so much Christ's fool he will go on blindly battling for the truth until the great day dawns upon his astonished vision. You can do that, and in doing that you can glorify God while you live.

I had intended to say more, but will close with this sentence, "That thou doest, do quickly." You have not all eternity to work down here. For aught you know, the setting sun tonight will determine all the work you will ever do in the world. So start right in, and take as the goal of your ambitious effort the possibility of being able to say after Christ, "I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do; and the manner in which I have done that work has glorified Thee." No one in heaven will ask you how much money you have made, or how many rooms were in the house you dwelt in, or the newspaper's opinion of you. Up there, there is only one encomium they long for and love, and that is the "Well done" of Jesus Christ.

The Eternal Glory

John 17:5.

"And now, O Father, glorify Thou me with Thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was."

I call your attention first to the Eternal glory of the Infinite Son of God. He possesses great glory today. For He has gone into the realm of music and art and poetry and of general literature. Millions pore over His Book, millions are gathered into the churches to listen to His Word, millions will surround His communion table. Oh He is no longer the despised Christ; but with authoritative voice He talks, and His fist is more powerful than a shivering shattering earthquake.

And He had great glory yesterday during all those ages when the martyrs testified to His saving power and to His sustaining grace; while He has been upsetting dynasties, putting down kings from their thrones, conquering philosophies, overcoming paganisms. Surely He is the many crowned Jesus.

Wonderful too was the glory into which He entered when He ascended from earth to heaven to take the seat unoccupied for thirty-three years at the right hand of the Majesty on high, and to receive from the Father all the gifts that come from heaven to the children of men. Glorious was His triumphant ascension through the opened heavens into the great glory of God, when in His own right He majestically left the world, and supported by no power save that of His essential God-head, He went beyond the moon and sun and stars into the visible presence of His Father. And glorious was His resurrection with its demonstrated power when up from the grave He arose, Jesus the glorified Lord, fulfilling His great word that He spoke aforetime, "I

have power to lay down my life, and I have power to take it up again."

And certainly we should never lose sight of the glory of His crucifixion; when He held on, as was His wont; when He endured, as became the Son of God, fulfilling the high behest of His Father; when He lifted up His head upon that cross after the dreary hours had passed by, and with the triumphant ring of a conqueror shouted in the hearing of earth, hell, and heaven, "It is finished!" And man's redemption was a consummated thing.

Wonderful was the glory of His life, the life for which no man has to make excuse, explanation, extenuation, or apology; the life that had in it no word to be taken back or changed, no deed requiring repentance; the unique life, which is the despair and hope and triumph and glory of all believing men throughout the ages.

And marvelous the glory of His utterances! Why I only dare trust myself to think of one, but that sometimes looms out larger and shines brighter than any other utterance that fell from His lip. That marvelous day when He said, "There is no height in God the Father I cannot climb—There are depths in me that only God the Father can sound—No man until the end of the world shall ever be able to find out God the Father except through me—Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh the majestic musical utterances of the great Christ!

Glorious too was He in His deeds! We ever remember how He walked the yielding wave, rebuked the boisterous wind, bade the tree swiftly die, multiplied the loaves and fishes, told the deaf man to listen, the dumb man to talk, the blind man to see, the leprous man to be clean, the dead man to come out from the grave, and the devil to go back to hell! Oh the glory of the life He lived in old Palestine!

And the glory of that Transfiguration Mountain, when Moses of Sinai and Elijah of Carmel came and talked with the Christ concerning Calvary! When the glory shone about the astonished disciples, and the great voice of God was heard saying, "This is my beloved Son: Hear ye Him!" Equal to that was the glory of that opposite mountain Quarentine, that place

of testing, where the winds of hell blew about Jesus as though they would blow Him off the foundation of rectitude on which he forever stood. But you remember how in that greatest duel of all eternity He not only held His own, but discomfited the devil and stood there in his righteousness and glory when the struggle was over.

Great too was the glory of His baptism, when the eagle eye of the forerunner of Jesus fell and his vision dropped as he stood before the anointed Son of God when heaven opened, and the Holy Spirit descended like a dove, and God the Father spoke in triumph regarding His own Son, while Jesus Christ enunciated the great law that righteousness should always govern life.

Yes, and piercing farther back, great was the glory of that Nazareth life when the Creator of the ends of the earth became the Carpenter; when God crowded Himself within the limits of humanity and pushed the plane and drove the nail; and when He lived there among His own folk the perfect life, the life I say again for which no one, even his dearest and his nearest, ever had to make a single apologetic remark.

Yes, and the glory of Bethlehem—we shall be singing about that in a few days now—how

“Mild He laid His glory by,
Born that man no more should die—”

how low on His cradle the dewdrops were falling, while the angels wondered what was the next thing to be disclosed in the marvelous program of the redeeming grace of Jesus Christ.

And when you push beyond Bethlehem, you come into the realm of the wonderful prophecies, where the gates are commanded to open themselves wide so the King of Glory may come in. And when the question comes, “Who is the King of Glory?” then with quick assent the answer comes back, “The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory!”

But backward you still go till you appear in full view of the creative glory of Jesus Christ. Never a star moves in its orbit, never a wave curls on any ocean, but Jesus Christ is the Lord of it! Never

a mountain lifts itself above the plain but Jesus Christ bade it stand fast until the heavens shall be no more. And then you come into the realm of the text where Jesus in His prayer says, "Glorify Thou me with the glory, the eternal glory, that I had with Thee before the world was; the glory of Deity that is mine by right; the glory of Deity that it is not robbery for me to grasp at and hold; the eternal glory of the infinite Son of God!"

And then, secondly, I bid you notice from the text the infinite glory of the eternal Son of God. But how shall mortal tongue speak of that? How shall the finite address itself to the task of describing the Infinite? How shall man venture up to the effulgence of God and come back bringing a description of the radiance? Oh I tell you, last week over and over again I faltered and said, "I cannot do that." And when I let my mind run along the line of our present study, I said, "I have described Thine eternal glory as best I might. Now what is there left to say about the infinite glory of the eternal Jesus Christ?" And I went back to my old friends the hymns, the hundreds of them I know and delight in and love, and I saw them marshaling to my assistance and support, and they said to me—

"Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever living God
Were all the nations dead."

But I found little help even in the hymns. And then I remembered the Book that never has failed me yet, and my thought went over here to the letter of the Hebrews, and I remembered how in that Letter to the Hebrews the Apostle says of Jesus the eternal Son of God, "He is the effulgence of God." He is the scattered rays of Deity gathered together and focused in a personality. And after you have looked at the glory of creation, the glory of divine conquest, the glory of His providence, the glory of His grace, if you want to see a higher peak yet and a brighter sun yet, fix your eyes upon Jesus Christ Himself, for He is the effulgence of the very glory and being of God! And then that same Apostle in that first chapter—that as a plum-

met goes down to a deeper deep yet—says, “And Jesus is the express image of God’s person.” And then I looked into those words to see what they might mean, and I found as a die in the olden time impressed itself on the molten metal, so the character of God still is impressed on Jesus Christ. And then I went down deeper till I found my Lord Jesus is the character of God incarnated so that man may behold that which would otherwise be invisible. Jesus the Infinite has the glory of being the express disclosure, the image, the very incarnation of the great God of eternity and infinitude. And then as I still pondered that letter to the Hebrews, I heard the writer of it say, “Thou Lord in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heaven is the work of Thy hand. It shall perish, but Thou remainest, and Thou shalt fold it up as men fold up a garment and lay it aside; but Thy years are unfailing.” And then I heard God Himself speak. And God looked at His Son Jesus Christ, and said, “Thou, Lord, art my Fellow; Thou art my Son. All the angels ever created must worship Thee.” And God the Father looking at Christ the eternal Son used the word “God,” as He addressed the infinite Jesus Christ. And I remembered how Paul in Colossians says, “Jesus is the fullness of the Godhead bodily;” that Jesus has in Himself not parts, not large parts, but Jesus has the oceanic infinite fullness of God in Him, and it dwells in Him bodily. And then I remembered how there is nothing I know of God that is of very much importance to me except that which I have learned through gazing on the expressed character of God, even Jesus Christ my Saviour and my Lord. And I remembered how in his letter to the Ephesians this same Apostle goes on to say that “It hath pleased God to hand over to Jesus Christ everything that is in this world or in any other world, that is seen or that is unseen, that is material, or is spiritual and eternal.” And how could anybody hold the fullness of the Infinite, without being infinite? And so the Apostle helped me where the hymn writer failed, and where I was clean aghast and discomfited. And I perceived somewhat of the infinite glory of the eternal Son of God; for infinite glory it is that ever more surrounds Jesus.

Now is omnipotence an attribute of the Infinite?

Well you remember how in His Lordly way He one day said, "Go preach my gospel all the world over. Tell the people to do literally and absolutely what I have commanded you. I will be with you." And then I have always thought He looked at them strangely as He said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." Go now to your task with glad and light and happy hearts, because your Unseen Ally has omnipotence in His arm, and He can evermore suffice you.

And is omnipresence an attribute of the infinite God? Well how often do I think about the wonderful saying of Jesus, "Wherever two or three are met together in my name—on the sea, on the mountain, in the lumber camp, down in the mine, in the jail, in the cathedral, on the windy city street, out in the country—wherever two or three souls come together in my Name, there am I." Not out on the margin either, but "I am in the midst of those two or three souls." You remember how His accusers said, "Well, He forgave sin: But none but God can forgive sin." They were right, profoundly, gloriously, eternally right. None can forgive sin but God only. And Jesus forgave sin, therefore He is God. Jesus forgives sin, therefore He has the infinite glory of being the One who can forgive transgression and sin. "Do not worship me," said the angel, "Worship God." But when men worshipped Jesus Christ, He said, "Flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto you, but my Father." "Blessed art thou, Thomas, for bowing the soul to me, but more largely blessed is the man who bows his soul to me without seeing my face." So you see Unitarianism is silenced because Jesus eulogized and blessed people for doing that which is an act of blasphemy for me to render, or for Him to receive if He were not the infinite Son of God.

And then I went back, after moving with Paul through his Epistles, to Jesus Himself and asked, "Master have you anything I can communicate to the people next Sunday morning?" And He said, "Now you sit still and I will say over in your hearing some little bits of what you call John fourteen, so do you now listen." And I did listen and heard Him say, "Let not your heart be troubled." Then I said, "To whom are you talking?" And He replied, "To you and to everybody else under heaven." And I stopped and said,

"Do you undertake to ease from trouble all the hearts of all time?" I did not say it, but I thought it. "Then you are possessed of infinitude, my Lord." And then He went on, "You believe in God, believe also in me." And I thought, suppose John had said that. Suppose I heard John say, "Let not your heart be troubled. You believe in God, believe also in me." Why I should have smiled and said, "Does he dare stand alongside God, represent God and say, 'I am God.'" And then I saw the infinite glory begin to flash again, as He said, "In my Father's house." Moses never talked like that, nor Isaiah, David, Peter, Paul, nor John. Who is this, who like some proprietor talks about His Father's house? And He continued, "In my Father's house I am preparing abiding places, and I hand out the title deeds to those mansions to whomsoever I see fit." And then He challenged my attention yet more as He said, "Now I will not leave you orphans." Why, does He think I am an orphan if I lack Him? Then certainly He has an opinion of Himself that is absolutely unique. Suppose everybody in this church—and I have hundreds of friends here—suppose they came to me in a body and said, "We will not leave you an orphan," I should say, "What is the matter with you now? Have you any impression that I shall sag in my shoulders and give at my knees and lower my gaze and drop my head, because forsooth you no longer will stand by me? I tell you, Nay!" And suppose all the mighty ones of all the ages, whose utterances have gone into the fiber of my soul and blood of my veins, suppose they all came and said, "We will not leave you an orphan," I think I should with a bit of sarcasm say, "I will not leave you orphans either!" But if He looked in my eyes and said, "I will not leave you comfortless," which means an orphan, I would look into His eyes and answer, "I should surely be an orphan if you left me."

And I looked at Him as He went to heaven, and heard him say through John in Revelation, "I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive forever more." And He crushed Unitarianism and Eddyism, as from heaven He affirmed, "I am the Almighty." And then I said, "The eternal glory is but the infinite, and the infinite glory is but the eternal, and so both the infinite and the eternal glory which are one in

the last analysis, necessitate Deity." And that is all wrapped up, aye and a heavenful beside, in that fifth verse of the chapter which contains the wonderful prayer of Jesus.

And then I said to myself this one thing, and I stop with it. Why are you preaching that sermon? And I looked at it as I look at every sermon I do preach and said, "Now what are you about really?" And I laughed aloud. It is about nothing—it is nothing—so I saw it and so I hope you have seen it—it is nothing but what might be called a eulogy of Jesus Christ. And then I said, Thank God I have succeeded at last in preaching a sermon, which is what every sermon ought to be, just a lavish out-pouring of laud and honor and glory and dominion and majesty and power upon Jesus Christ. And I sat on there pursuing this study in my own wild way, and said, "Jesus, there are a good many mistakes in my life, and I have gone down a great many blind alleys from which you have had to rescue me, and sometimes I think if you are only just at the last, and forget the infinite mercy, you will have, by necessity, to damn me, but I want you, Hero of my mind, Lover of my soul, I want you to remember when I was down there on your earth, I diverted every single stream of eulogy I could away from everything else and everybody else, and let every one of those streams flow into the infinite lake of your glory. And then I had a hope that if somebody said to you this morning, "What was the sermon about? Where did it lead? What is your opinion of it?"—I had a great hope that you would reply, "I only know this—

'Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.'"

"Now, O Father, glorify Thou me with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was." The Eternal glory of the Infinite Son of God! The Infinite glory of the Eternal Son of God! He is my Saviour! He is my Lord!

The Declared Name

John 17:6

"I have manifested Thy name unto the men whom Thou gavest me out of the world. Thine they were, and Thou gavest them me; and they have kept Thy Word."

Affirmation number one regarding those people for whom He was praying is this, "They were Thine." Now they were His by virtue of creation, for "All souls are mine" is the sublime utterance of God regarding humanity. And we answer back if we are wise—

**"His sovereign power without our aid
Made us of clay and formed us men."**

But they were the property of God the Father by selection as well as by creation. For Jesus in this prayer says, "Thou gavest them me out of the world." Thus God scanned the world of men and women and He made selection of those whom He would, and He gave those select souls to His Son Jesus Christ. Now that selection of God the Scripture calls election, and of election men are strangely afraid. And I was a little amused to notice some of you looking toward me with solicitude when I said, "God looked over the world of people and He selected whom He would." But whatever may be your opinion or mine concerning this matter of election, it is a great doctrine of the Word of God. It contains strong meat for men; and it has in it tremendous comfort. Oh what joy to know that we have been selected by God, and that in the eternal fact of His electing grace we have a part!

— Now some base this election on the sovereignty of God. They say if all souls belong to Him, He being the infinite and therefore the perfect God, has a right

to do as He sees fit with all those souls, and being the infinitely Perfect He can become guilty of no injustice regarding anyone. And that is right. For the Lord our God is King. But this is the day of the uplift of man's importance. It is man's day. And we are talking about our rights. My masters, will you write it down where you can always see it, that you have no rights at all outside the sovereignty of God; that Jehovah is King; that God rules; and all He wills is rightly willed, because His judgments are unsullied as never was falling snowflake or an angel's thought.

But others base this election on God's foreknowledge, and they say that God foresaw that certain people would accept His grace and believe in His salvation, and He made choice of those to form the number of His elect. So that in the thinking of these people it was not so much God's election that was first, as man's preparedness to accept that which He offered, and therefore seeing some would accept salvation, He elected them to it's possession.

But now I will tell you where to base your thinking concerning election—on Romans eight. "Whom He did foreknow He also did predestinate—foreordain—to be conformed to the image of His Son. For whom He did foreordain, those He called; and whom He called, He justified; and whom He justified, He glorified." That is being bound up in the bundle of life with God's elective grace. He foresaw, and for Him to foresee was for Him to foreordain to saintliness; and He called in process of time by His Spirit, and He justified by the infinite perfection of Christ's atonement; and then in His own time He glorified all who had been called and foreordained and foreknown. Ah that is a mountain top, and you are above the storms of man's fickleness and you breathe the rare air of God's unswerving purposes of grace, and upon it your horizon is wonderfully wide. And on that mountain top you are able with the Psalmist to say, "In Thy book all my members were written," for known unto God from the beginning are all His works. And you are able to say with the Apostle, "We were chosen in Christ before the foundations of the world were laid." And we have the unspeakable glory of knowing we were in the plan and purpose and love of God before ever the sea thun-

dered on a shore, or a star moved in its orbit, or a mountain was established upon the plain. Yea or ever there was light to rule the day and another light to rule the night, or ever there was an angel, arch-angel or flaming seraph, we were in the mind and heart and love of God. That is where Jesus leads us by this first affirmation of the text, "They were Thine."

Now comes the second affirmation. "Thou gavest them to Me." And this is God-like talk. I delight to listen to Jesus in this real Lord's prayer of John seventeen, because He is talking like a God speaking to a God. And He was God! I noticed last week looking back over my entire ministry that I am ever emphasizing the deity of Jesus even as I should—and I know the reason why. For it seems to me the deity of Jesus needs evidencing no more than you need to emphasize the fact that you are on the earth with the sky above you. It appears to me to be one of the self evident facts of Christian experience. And yet there are people abroad today so benighted they say He was only a man. Now no man has any right to ask the attention of the eternal God in prayer and then say, "All Thine are mine, and mine are Thine." That is no speech for a man. And if Jesus Christ who made that speech is only a man, He is an insolent blasphemer and not the Son of God and the Saviour of all trusting souls. But He is God. For even my Unitarian friend says Jesus was a good man, and a good man does not lie. So when He said, "I and my Father are one," He was God. But we have not only one testimony even that of Jesus; for God the Father one day looked at God the Son and He said this, "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever." That is written down in Hebrews one, and if there were no other sentence in all the Bible concerning the deity of Jesus, that one utterance of God the Father demonstrates that Jesus Christ was God.

Now then we have a gift from God to God. For Jesus talking about those disciples, and through them talking about us, says, "Thine they were." They were the possession of God; "Thou gavest them to me." It is Christmas time—and God gives a gift to God. "Thine they were and Thou gavest them to me." Well now a gift God gives to God will assuredly be a wonderful gift. If God the Father has a gift for God the Son, what

will it be? Flaming worlds, massive heavens? No! Let us look into our text again. "Thine they were." Who? Why Peter and James and John. "And Thou gavest them to me." Is that God's gift to God? It is. Well then we must stand up a little straighter, and we must think a little more of ourselves—humbly yet certainly in the grace of God. If my life was possessed by God in His purpose from all eternity, and if He handed over that life of mine as a gift to God the Son, there must be an inherent value about me that God the Son most certainly has in view when He thanks the Father for the gift of which I am a part. And then God the Father loved God the Son, and Jesus Christ loved the Father. Now if the Father has given a gift to the Son, the Son will prize and safeguard the gift. He will love the gift not only for its intrinsic value; but also because it is the gift of His Father. I have a Bible in my study at the front of this church, and I suppose the cost of it may have been five dollars. But it has my father's name in it and my name under my father's, and it has my child's name to whom that book goes when I cease to read it. It is only worth five dollars, did you say? You could not buy it with the church full of gold! Oh we may not appear to be much, but when God hands over His eternal possession to Jesus Christ as a gift, Christ values us because we are the gift of His Father. So I find in this prayer two or three times over Jesus says, "My Father, I am on my way to Calvary, and there will soon come the little period when I shall be treading the wine-press alone. Keep through Thine own name those whom Thou has given me." And He commends the gift which includes you and me, to the safe-guarding of the God who presented us as the Church to Jesus Christ.

But there is a third affirmation in the text. He says, "I have manifested unto them Thy name." What does He mean by that? When Moses went down into Egypt, Moses the mighty became weak and said, "God I am insufficient for my task." And God said, "Did you ever hear me suggest that you were not? You have just found that out, have you? Well I knew it all along! I know your insufficiency, Moses. But when you get down there in the land of Egypt among the many gods of the Nile, and when they ask you the name of your

God, you say, 'I AM hath sent me.' " What a strange name! "Who is your God, Moses?" "I AM." "Is that His name?" "Yes." But how significant. I am ignorant, thought Moses; well the I AM who is infinitely wise is my God. I am ridiculously weak, thought Moses; but the I AM is infinite in strength, and He is my God. You see Moses had a Name for God and he used it among those people. Now Jesus comes to manifest the name of God. What name? We do not need the I AM. That has been brought to us by Moses. Well what name does Jesus give? Why, "Father." For He says, I have given, told, disclosed, revealed Thy name to these people, even the name of Father.

Now of general Fatherhood of God there is none. Therefore my Socialist friend who speaks of the brotherhood of man, and bases it in a general Fatherhood of God is far from the truth. For Jesus taught the Fatherhood of God as no one else ever did. Jesus taught the disciples to say, "Our Father," but He never said it. He always said, "My Father," or "Your Father." He did not say, "It is our Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom," but He said, "It is your Father's good pleasure." But when He said, "I and my Father are one," you notice He did not say, "I and our Father are one." And in His great utterance toward the end of His stay in the world He spoke this magnificent sentence, "I ascend to my Father and your Father, my God and your God," as though He would say, His relationship to me as Father is unique, and quite other than His relationship to you as Father. So just puncture that little bubble of the equal divinity of all men including Jesus by clearly understanding there is a deity of Christ that connects Him with the Fatherhood of God as it connects nobody else in the universe.

And then we have a Fatherhood in God peculiar to Christians. For He told us we are of our Father in heaven. And when we pray we are not to pray to the I AM of Moses, but to the Father; and when we say, "Our Father," we put our arms of prayer around all those who are in the church and about nobody else. This is the Fatherhood of those who are in Christ.

So here in this prayer He declares he has manifested to us the great name of God, even the name Father. Ah but it is a beautiful word, and there is a

lovely sound about it as it falls off your lip. Father! And it is not only beautiful in its sound, but beautiful in its sense too. Father! I remember in Montreal reading of a French Canadian who was walking on the shore and his little boy ran out and fell through the ice. And the man saw his boy drown and did nothing to save him. And a man said, "That was not his father." And they said, "He was." That may have been his father according to the flesh, but that is a poor weak thing. The man who stood on the shore and saw his boy die was not a father in spirit. Do you think my old father would do that? He would go to hell first! Ah, Jesus said a great thing when He said, "You have a Father in heaven." I once incurred some opprobrium from a deacon who remonstrated with me because I said, "If my child and I ever stand at the gate of heaven and word comes to me, 'There is only room for one of us two,' I should kiss my child Goodbye and say, 'You go to heaven and I will go to hell!'" And the deacon thought that was very wicked. And he thought I should have said, "Child, you go to hell, and I will go to heaven." Wicked or not, that is what I should say. I should pass away from all the harpers harping on their golden harps, and I should solace myself out in the dark with the thought that through my being in the dark, my child was in the light. Ah, do not get inhuman and think you are getting religious. But keep your feet down on the earth and understand what Jesus meant to convey to you when He said, "You have a Father in heaven," for "I have manifested Thy name unto them."

And then the last affirmation of the text is this. "And they have kept Thy word." Jesus had keen appreciation for those disciples. We have not. We do not think much of them, but He did. There was a time when on the roadside He put some questions to that little band as He said, "Now who am I?" And Simon Peter said, "We know Thou art the Christ." And Jesus said, "Blessed art thou, for flesh and blood did not reveal this unto you, but my Father who is in heaven." And I do not wonder Jesus looked at Simon Peter later and broke his heart with the love that shot across the judgment hall where the three denials had been made. For I tell you Peter made Jesus' heart

dance that day on the highway when he said, "I know who you are."

And those disciples were heroic, although we often fail to see it. For when all the notable folk of Palestine turned their backs on Him, this handful of men stood up and said, "He is God to us." For you remember how the Pharisees talked to Nicodemus and said, "Have any of us believed in Him?" Not one! But those men believed in Him. Mohammed when getting along in years took unto himself another wife who said, "Do you not love me more than you love all the others?" And he said, "By Allah, I do not. I love most the woman who believed in me when nobody else did." And Ayesha went away discomfited. And I tell you Jesus had great regard for those men who, as He proceeded to disclose Himself to them, looked on wonderingly but yet they held to Him. And though their allegiance was sorely tested, yet as needle to pole they always turned back to Him. And you know one day with pride He said, "They have been with me from the beginning." He appreciated them. I say well He might. He would not have been man if He had not, and He certainly would not have been God. Let us not dismiss this fact too lightly. But see again how when people came up who apparently were well qualified to judge, and said, "He is a glutton, he is a wine-bibber, he is a seditionist, he is crazy, and he has a devil, and he is a blasphemer," Peter said, "That is not true for He is God," and so said the other disciples. For one day Jesus said, "I am going to Bethany," and Thomas said to his fellow disciples, "Let us also go with Him, doubtless they will kill Him, but let us die with Him!" And Jesus had great appreciation for that man who was prepared to go to the death for Him.

"They have kept Thy word." But did He not know how often they had wavered? He did, for He looked at them one day when the pressure was extra strong and said, "Will ye also go away?" He knew how they wavered. But He also knew they never went away! And He knew how they would waver in a few hours time. He knew they would all be scattered like sheep. He knew one would stand up and three times over say, "I do not know the One you are talking about." But Jesus had the far vision and saw beyond the cross,

and saw that handful of scattered men rallying after the resurrection and going into the upper room to put on the whole armor of God and go out and assail paganisms and false philosophies, so that inside one generation they almost captured the entire Roman world. He saw all that as he said, "They have kept Thy word." Ah, they suffered in the conflict, but they still followed the flag. And so the Lord says, "They are mine, Father, they are Thy gift, and I have manifested to them Thy name, and they have kept Thy word."

Now as we close let us ask, Are we in that prayer? Why of course we are. For later on He said, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them who believe on me through them." And thus the four things are true of us. Did we belong to God? We did. Are we on our way to heaven? Then we were selected by God, and God's selection is God's election. And we were given to Jesus Christ, and are the gift of God to Jesus, and He has manifested unto us the name of the Father.

True we may have been in the judgment hall with Simon Peter, but we went out of the judgment hall and walked along the seashore, and when Jesus came and said, "Do you love me," we harked back to three lies and an oath, but we said, "Lord, Thou knowest all things, and Thou knowest that we love Thee." And so we are in the Lord's prayer—in the real Lord's prayer. Then let us go out to walk like conquering kings, realizing that we are God's possession, and He gave us to His Son, and we belong to Jesus, and to us Jesus has manifested the name of God, and we have kept His word.

The Christ of God

John 17:7

"Now they have known that all things whatsoever Thou hast given me are of Thee."

In this prayer of Jesus Christ it is pathetic to notice how Jesus takes the love and homage and faith of his disciples, and wraps it around Himself like a garment to keep out the cold. I say it is pathetic that the Son of God with an alien world about Him and hostile forces closing in with every passing hour, with body, mind, heart, soul all threatened by the foe, sought shelter inside the trust and faith of this little band of men, and solaced Himself in view of His awful coming conflict by assuring Himself that they believed in Him.

Yet He knew what they were. He knew how they had blundered in the days that had gone, and how frail was their courage, and what fluctuations would come to their trust, and how they would all forsake Him and run away like scattered sheep in the great hurricane about to break around them. But he knew they were men who in the midst of the whirling eddies and swirling currents and grievous storms had kept their helms steady towards Himself. And while they wavered, they never forsook. An enemy might taunt Him to "Come down from the cross," but they would never do that. And so I say again, because the fact has a tight hold on my imagination and my sympathy, He gathers the garment of their faith and winds it about Himself as though it were some small protection against the tempest whose thundering voice He could already hear.

And I think Jesus did well to so appreciate and value the trust of those men. For if we think ourselves back into their condition we shall perceive how the rulers of the Jews—and the ordinary Jew placed great trust in his rulers—were all opposed to Jesus. With a fine sneer one day the Pharisees said, "Have any of the rulers believed in Him?" And the vindictive hounds of hell that they were, even when His poor limp body had been taken down from the cross, still in cruel scorn said to Pilate, "This deceiver said, After three days I will rise again." And yet in the teeth of all that hostility on the part of the ecclesiasticism of Jerusalem, those simple minded fishermēn still remained loyal to the Son of God.

And not only the rulers, but the common people also were against Christ. I was amazed last week, as I read three or four chapters of John's Gospel, how in quick succession the people said four times over, "He has a devil; Why do you hear Him;" yet with the cry of the populace concerning Jesus that He was aided and abetted by hell, those disciples still retained their firm trust in Him and believed He was what He said He was and that the powers which were in His possession were the gifts of the eternal God. Ah yes, they stood firm! Have not I often thought about it, how when Jesus preached His great sermon on the Living Bread, and the people began to murmur and grumble and curse until at last literally by the thousand they went away from Him, and He stood there alone save for a bodyguard of eleven true men, yet when He turned to them—and I never hear Him ask this question but in my heart there is a sadness—and said, "Will you also go away?" the mouthpiece of those eleven loyalists replied, "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we believe and are sure that Thou art the Christ of God who should come into the world." I tell you that was sweeter than is honey to the tongue to the heart of Jesus Christ, this loyalty in the midst of so much that tended to make them recreant to their high trust reposed in Him! And you know we must never forget that Christ was the Son of God within the limitations of our human nature. It must have been hard for them to believe the Son of God could have a bruised foot,

and get so tired that as He sat down his head fell forward in slumber; and to see the tears overflow the lids of his eyes and drop upon his long flowing robe. Ah yes I will do obeisance to those men in my mind, as I remember how in spite of all that—that they saw Him when He was asleep, when he ate the common food, when his shoulders sagged and his feet dragged on the dusty highway—yet through it all these men had eyes to see God in that human form. And so I do not wonder that He took their faith and wrapped it around His very soul as a protection against the chilling blast of a world's hostility. Oh they could not soar with Him up into the heights where He occasionally passed; nor could they go down with Him into those depths into which His path dipped; but they went with Him as far upward and as far downward as they could, and when He came down from the height or up from the depth, He found them standing there with their hearts beating true as of yore. And He loved them for it. You know very proudly Jesus Christ one day said, "Ye have been with me from the beginning." He did not mean to make a mark in chronology when He said that. But He meant He was loving them with all His heart because from the A right along to the Z they followed the Teacher in his instruction, and they never had gone away from it. "Ye have been with me," He says, and you can see His hand go out towards them and you can feel His heart go out towards them too—"Ye have been with me from the beginning." He loved them, and so with His own soul all aflame He says to them, "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me: I am going to prepare a place for you: In my Father's house I will get mansions ready, and I will not leave you orphans, for I will come for you and we shall all be together again."

And they were very honored, those people; because you see they believed in Jesus Christ before His resurrection from the dead. Therein they take precedence over us all. He walked up and down there in Palestine and men looked at Him coldly, and as He talked, men's faces wore the scowl of disapproval, and all the ecclesiasticism of Jerusalem said He was from the devil and not from heaven. And if the mob gathered about

Him that they might partake of the marvelous repast He provided for them, just as soon as their appetites were satiated, they turned away. Yet these men, these eleven great men, stood by the Christ. Oh to have been among them! And I tell you they are honored in heaven this morning. I think the angels look envyingly at them, at the fisherman Peter, and the tax gatherer Matthew, the men who down here before ever the marvel of the resurrection was a fact or the ascension into glory had taken place, believed and knew and were certain that He was what He proclaimed Himself to be, the Son of God. And they are going to be very greatly honored on this earth yet. For there is a day coming when the restitution of all things shall take place, and Jesus Christ shall be seated upon the throne of His glory; then shall these men occupy thrones with Him, judging the twelve tribes of Israel, as a partial compensation for the trust they reposed in Him when He walked the earth as the Son of Man despised and rejected by his kind.

Now I want to stop a moment to ask: Has Jesus Christ a like satisfaction as He beholds you and me? For still the world is hostile to Jesus. Oh they assail me for saying this, but they cannot contradict it nor disprove its truthfulness, that all these isms on the earth today are but echoes of the old cry, "Away with Him! Away with Him!" Your Eddyism wants to destroy Christ; your Russelism has no use for Christ; your Unitarianism would take the deity out of Christ. It is a hostile world. And if a man will stand four-square for all the truth, he shall know what isolation of spirit is; he shall have an aching heart; he shall have an anxious brow; and he shall at times have need to say, "Gather me up in your love, O God, for cold grows all the world." Can we do it? Are we doing it? Are we faithful to Him? And when they say "He is only a man like the rest of us," are we prepared to hurl back the denunciation and the lie that has left their lips? And when they say "He was divine, yes, so am I, so are you," are we prepared to say, "That utterance is blasphemy, even though spoken under the roof of the Christian church." And when a man says, "I would like to take that blood atonement and destroy it," do we say, "That blood atonement is the

salvation of my soul?" Are we among the people who comfort the great Christ, enabling Him to see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied?

But lastly, I want to show you how they got that faith that was the delight of Jesus Christ. Well they companioned with Him and felt the massive force of His unique personality. And what a personality must that have been of a man who knew no sin! Of a man who was unwarped by a single evil thought, unvitiated by a single wrong impulse! Oh we know, dull scholars that we are, that it is the impact of the personality of the man that strikes through his utterances. We know the old saying is correct, "I cannot hear what you say, because what you are thunders so." What must it have been to have lived a week, a month, a year, three years, under the domination of so massive a personality as that of Jesus Christ? Why the leonine John of the Jordan fixed his blazing eye upon Pharisee, Sadducee, scribe, or soldier, and his mighty heart emphasized the ringing utterances of his lips until all men stood abashed before him; but when he saw the Christ, his gaze fell and his heart fluttered and he said, "I am not fit to baptize Thee." And from that extreme you can go right over to its opposite, when the rabble with Roman soldiers attempted His arrest and He said, "Whom seek ye?" and they said, "Jesus of Nazareth," He said, "I am He," and as He moved toward them they all fell backward to the ground! The personality of Jesus! The personality that enabled Him to walk through a crowd of men, stones in their hands all ready to batter the life out of Him, and no one flung a stone! That massive personality that we follow as we read the closing chapters of the Gospel, and see how superior He is to Annas and Caiaphas and Pilate and Herod and all the ecclesiastics of Jerusalem and all the rabble of the great city; how He stands there, the mountain among the fluctuating clouds that beat themselves to bits upon His rugged slope! They had the advantage of living under the impress of that personality, and they knew He was not of hell nor was He of earth, but He essentially must be of heaven.

And they had the advantage of listening to His speech. Oh we are so familiar with that marvelous Book that sometimes I fear we are losing conscious-

ness of its high content. Can you imagine how those men listened when He closed that great Sermon on the Mount from which I have made two quotations, and He said with His divine audacity, "Whoso heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man who built his house upon the rock. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house; and it fell not; for it was founded on the rock. And whoso heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not, I will liken him unto a foolish man who built his house upon the sand. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell; and great was the fall of it." The common people went away and said, "He speaks with authority." And I wonder what Peter said to John at the close of the Sermon on the Mount? And then one day He stood, this same Man, and said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." Now His executioners said, "This man made out He could forgive sins, but none can forgive sins but God only," which was a truth. And if He forgave sin, who was He? He was God! And then on another occasion they heard Him say the word that we so often repeat, to me the heaviest word He ever spoke concerning Himself. He said, "No man knoweth the Son save the Father. No man," He said, "knows me—no man can scale my heights, sound my depths, measure my horizon—nobody but God can do it." And then He went on to say, "And there is nobody knows the Father except myself." Moses does not, nor Gabriel, but I can ascend every mountain in Deity; and I can descend into every remote recess of Deity; and I can take the wings that belong to myself and fly to the very border of Deity. And then He adds this third fact. "Nobody can ever know the Father unless I reveal the Father to that person." They heard all that, and what they thought of His wonderful language you can infer as you read the first chapter of John, where John says, "We beheld the glory of the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." And then if you ask the old disciple, "What is your opinion of Jesus?", he says, "Jesus was the Word of God; and in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." They had that advantage.

And then they were witnesses of His mighty works. They aroused Him on the storm-threatened boat, and they saw Him stand up on its reeling deck and say, "Wave go back, Wind be quiet!" And they were amazed, not so much by the calm, but by the Christ who produced it. They saw Him when He said, "Pour out the water from the water pots," and they poured out ruby wine, for the conscious water had seen its God and blushed. They heard Him say, "Let no more fruit grow on that fig tree," and when they saw it they all marveled, not at the destruction of the fig tree so much, but at the powerful utterance of the Christ. They saw His deeds. They heard Him say to the lame man, "Walk home," bid the blind man look into His face, and the dead man to listen to His voice! They heard Him bid the dumb man speak, and tell the leper to go home cleansed and whole! And they heard him when He said, "Lazarus come forth," and the sheeted dead walked out from the grave! Yes, and they remembered long years after He had gone back to heaven how on the Mount of Transfiguration, when Moses and Elijah talked with Him, that the great glory of God shone about Him. For afterward, you remember, Peter says, "We saw that glory in the Mount," and he could never forget that morning when heaven came down Christ's soul to greet.

And you know they were Jews and knew the prophecies of this old Hebrew Book, and saw them being fulfilled in that Jesus of Nazareth day after day. Oh modernism cannot understand the supernatural birth of Jesus, but those disciples could. Modernism cannot understand His coming again, but those disciples could. They knew how in that Book it said, "He shall be born of a virgin," and they believed it to be a fact. They knew in that Book it said, "He shall be born in Bethlehem of Judea," and with pride they pointed to the stable and the manger as they said, "In Bethlehem of Judea He was born." They knew how that Book affirmed, "He shall be called a Nazarene," and they pointed to Nazareth where He was brought up. And they saw this Jesus deliberately fitting Himself into the mould of prophetic truth, and so they grew up in the conviction that He was the one of whom David sang, and Isaiah talked, and whom Ezekiel saw in ecstatic

vision, and they knew Him to be the Son of God.

And so they stood in possession of a faith and were firm in all the tumult, calm in all the strife, which great fact Christ was pleased to possess when He uttered His great prayer preceding His terrific agony.

A word of application again, and we are done. Is that the kind of disciple I am? Is that the kind of disciple you are? Have we gone through the same school? Have we arrived at the same high knowledge? His personality still affects us, if we will be affected by it. The prophecies are there that He fulfilled. His words we possess. His mighty deeds are recorded in the Book. And then we have another thing. We have two thousand years of church history in which we can see the stately steppings of the Son of God, as He has been trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored, where He has loosed the fateful lightnings of His terrible swift sword, and where He has gone on conquering and to conquer among the nations of the earth, and the philosophies and paganisms of men.

And then we have the personal experience. I do not understand very many things in that Book, and my little grandchild can puzzle me when she asks me questions. But there is nothing in earth or hell can bewilder me when I talk about my experience. For I know! I know the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed me from all sin. And I know the bridge that carried me over from hell to heaven, from condemnation to justification. And if I were the only one in all the world who knew it, well what has the ignorance of all the world got to do with me? What I know, I know! And what I know, I will affirm I know. And if the world should be so unfortunate as to differ with me, why it only means that I differ with the world, and I hold my faith, I against the world!

The Believing Men

John 17:8

"I have given unto them the words which Thou gavest me; and they have received them and have known of a truth that I came from Thee, and they have believed that Thou did'st send me."

Jesus in that text makes the affirmation that His words are the words of God. Now they sound a great deal like the words of God. There is about them a sublimity, and a majesty; there are in them such depths, and such heights; they have about them such glittering glories, that when I am told they are God's words, I find in my mind no surprise at all; but I am by the very Godlike sound of the words inclined to the belief that they proceeded from God. For I find it to be less difficult to believe they are of God those wonderful words of Jesus, than to believe they came from any other than God. For Moses I know, and David I know, and Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel I know, and Peter and Paul and John I am acquainted with, but it never would occur to my mind that the words of Jesus came from any of those. And so I say if these words are not the words of God, I am baffled in my spirit as well as bewildered in my mind—and I cannot place them, unless they had their origin in God.

And the people who heard Him speak those words believed they were the words of God. Now they were monotheistic Jews, and with great difficulty did they learn the lesson of the Trinity. And yet I find those Jews who were continuously saying, "The Lord our God is one God," stood quiet when Jesus affirmed that He possessed the words of the eternal God. And they were not staggered in their allegiance when He went on to assert, "I and my Father are one." And then I remember how the Speaker of those words, Jesus the

incomparable, the sinless, the unique, affirmed that they were the words of God He was uttering to the people. And nineteen centuries of careful critical scrutiny have all revealed to us the glowing fact that Christ is the living truth, and whatsoever He said is rightly said and contains the fact. And so when He comes and tells me, "The words I speak unto you are the words of God," I am compelled by His character, by Himself, to receive His affirmation as being correct, or else the horrible suspicion that He has told a lie shatters the entire edifice and it falls in ruins to the ground, and there is not even a good man left where the Son of God stood.

Ah yes, when He said, "Thy sins though many are all forgiven Thee, go in peace and sin no more," the world was listening to the voice of One who had the very words and prerogatives of God, or it was listening to the arch-blasphemer of the whole six millenniums of history. And that is unthinkable—that latter supposition—because we remember how the Man whose words I have read as a text dared say, "I do always the things that please my Father"—a sentence that was never uttered by any other lip since God made Adam. And we recall how He said, "The prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me"—a lie on any other lip save His. And we know how He went on to say, "The world has no charge it can bring against me; for I was among you and you heard me and saw me, but which of you accuseth me of sin?" Mere camouflage on your lip and mine, but credible fact on Christ's lip! And so He stands in our presence too this morning, and He says, "The words that I speak unto you are the words God gave unto me." And I am refreshed by the thought that whenever I hear Jesus utter a sentence, I am hearing God's announcement. And I think of the little children—your children, my grandchildren—and when we would take them to God, what do we hear? Why we hear the lips of Jesus say, "Suffer them to come; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." And these are not the words of a Galilean peasant, else they were only poetry; nor are they merely the words of a good man, else we should place little dependence on them. So if your little one lies underneath the snow of an Eastern state, or underneath the

green grass in one of these Oregon cemeteries, why you have the healing balm for your heart this morning that the great God of the seas, mountains, and eternity is the One who said, "Suffer that little one to come unto me." And if there is any bruised life in this house hardly daring to lift its eyes towards the sunny sky, remember how Jesus Christ said to a man when the candle of his life had burned down into the socket and was sputtering out into the darkness, "Today thou shalt be with me in Paradise." And those were not the words of a poor dying man abandoned of his kind, but they were the words of the Son of God who in the beginning said, "Let there be light, let there be sea, let there be earth, let there be life." "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself," He said, "but my Father speaks through my lip." They are God's words.

And so I find opportunity, though I did not see it before in my study of the text, to indulge in my old hobby and say, After all this book is the unique book because it contains the words of God. I know how a university and the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. have combined together to give us a Shorter Bible, and I looked into it for one five minutes a week or two ago, and I have no more time to devote to their Shorter Bible! Take your impious hands off the Bible, you blundering fools! Those are the words of God. Do not dare any more to say, "If the Bible is authoritative, then this is so." There is no "if" there, my masters. "The words that I speak unto you are the words I received from God," and they are being uttered by the lips of the Son of God; and they are authoritative and final though the heavens fall and the seas be licked up and the whole universe rattle down to its final ruin. Here is the authoritative book. Here is the court of final appeal. Beyond it there is nothing in the shape of compelling authority and binding power.

The words of God! I cannot get away from the pleasing musical lilt of that expression. That is what I have been wanting to get—the music of God. I have heard words a-plenty that were like my own. I have read the suggestions and fancies of the poets. I have read the meditations of the philosophers and great thinkers, but I want something else. I want what Jesus

says He has. I want the words of God. And I tell you again, whenever you hear them you have only to rightly listen, and there shall be such a God-like tone run through them that you shall know they have in them the melody of the upper skies and none of the discords of the earth. And so as I have told you over and over, inspiration shall be self-evidencing. And then when you yield your life to these utterances, there shall be begotten in your spirit such a consciousness that those words have wrought in you what only the words of God could ever effect, that your experience shall stand alongside the avowed inspiration of the Bible, and you shall have the double proof that Jesus Christ was right when He said, "The words I have given them, Thou gavest me."

But then He goes on to make another affirmation which concerns the disciples. And He says, "They have received them and have known of a truth that I came forth from Thee, and they have believed that Thou hast sent me." Now I do not believe any one of us has ever realized how absolutely dumbfounding were the words of Jesus Christ to those men. If you know anything of Jewish history you know with what reverence the Jews regarded Moses and the great ones who were gone. We have nothing in our history or experience that even illustrates that allegiance the Jews gave to the ancients who had spoken. And yet Jesus Christ one day stood up in the hearing of those men and began to talk about the old Judaic economy; and then He sat down on the green grass and they clustered around Him, and He proceeded to give what we call the Sermon on the Mount. And those monotheistic Jews who had such reverence for the past, and were conservative in their spirits listened as He said, "Moses said unto you in the olden time, but I say the opposite." And He takes precedence of Moses! And He went on to say, "You have heard that it hath been said by men of old time you should do thus and so, but I teach you the opposite." And there He steps in front of the ancients! And He said, "You can keep Moses' law to the last letter, and still be adulterers and murderers in the sight of God." And they believed it. And yet as they sat on that green grass, there was no more muscle in His arm than in theirs! But

as He proceeded in the hearing of those Jews to transcend all that had gone before Him and say, "I have the voice that possesses the massive authority that dares say to Moses and the ages, Stand on one side, for your Superior has appeared," they believed Him and received Him. But I say this was dumbfounding speech to those Jews. For on another occasion those men stood with Him when He said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Now they were wise enough to know He was not merely speaking to Jerusalem, but He was speaking to anyone who was weary and heavy laden the whole world over. And He stood there—may I say it again, a man who was no taller than they—and said, "I can give rest to the weary world, and there is no lost man who can ever come to me, so sunk in weariness and distressed by heavy burdens, but I, if he comes, will give him rest." And they said, We believe that you can do it, that you will do it. And when those Jews—monotheistic let me say again they were, believing with a firm and ferocious tenacity there was only one God—yet when Jesus Christ used the plural as He talked about God, they still believed and knew that He came from God. You know, my hearers, we can only dimly imagine what it must have been to those men to have Jesus Christ say, "I will pray the Father and He will give you another Comforter." Or what it meant to them to hear Him say, "I and God, God and I." Just think of how this single sentence must have fallen on their ears, "This is life eternal that they might know Thee the only true God." Surely that is life eternal! But now use your imagination as He goes on to say, "This is life eternal that they might know Thee the only true God—and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." And yet He stood and said those things all the time and they received them. And they knew the Speaker of them came forth from God, and they believed that He had been sent by Jehovah to say those very words. The marvel of them! Why I find myself making obeisance in my soul before the miracle of a Man standing up among men and saying the words that Jesus Christ said! And then the other miracle of men receiving those words, and believing them, and living by them, and dying for them!

Yet He says they have received them! Oh that great city of Jerusalem repudiated them, and that massive Judaism said, "They are all lies." But to their eternal credit a few fishermen said, "They are all the living truths of God, and we believe them." As the Pharisees said, "Have any of our number accepted Him?" these fishermen answered, "We do not care whether any of your number have received Him or not, for we know and are sure that He is the Christ of God who should come into the world." And so Jesus says, I cannot but think with a satisfying pride of soul, "I have given unto them the words which Thou gavest unto me, and they have received them." And He is proud of it and glad of it. And as I said last Sunday, He takes their allegiance and wraps it around His soul as protection against the cold scorn of His foes. "And they have known that I came forth from Thee, and they have believed that Thou did'st send me."

And I would like to call your attention for a moment to that little phrase I have just quoted—"that I came forth from Thee." They knew the story of the supernatural birth of Jesus; and when Jesus speaking on their behalf said, "They have known I came forth from Thee," He was not talking about a mere birth, but He was talking about those men who in their souls believed He came out of the eternal secrets of the infinite Deity, and they were anticipating what the Apostle Paul said afterward, that "great was the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh." They believed all that. And their belief passed into a conviction, and Jesus says proudly, "They have known, and they have known of a truth"—and that is to say, they have known with assurance—"that I came forth from Thee; and they have believed that Thou did'st send me."

Now I stood by those disciples last week, and wondered whether I dare stand there, or must move out from their high companionship. How about myself? He has spoken His great words to me. Have I received them? As the soil receives the seed and proceeds to do as best it can by that seed, and so functions as to produce a harvest, have I in like manner received the words of Jesus, and by their God-like effect in my life have I demonstrated their God-like origin? You

see now we are getting away from the prayer of Jesus in the hearing of a few men; for the Jesus who prayed thus, stands with us and He says, "How about you? Have you received these words? When in your hearing I say, 'I and my Father are one,' have you received the words and do you believe I am very God of very God, or do you inanely talk about a divinity common to Jesus and man and butterflies and humming birds, and such like foolishness? And when I say to you, 'I give my life, I give my flesh, I give my blood for the life of the world,' do you receive those words, or do you stand silent when a preacher—save the mark—says, 'I like to rip the blood atonement up the back' and says it in your city?" Oh you see it is beginning to shift from a matter of bigotry or narrowness or anything such as that; for it is beginning to assume the proportions of a great loyalty to Jesus Christ and an allegiance to the Monarch of our souls. "They have received them," He says in His prayer. Can He say that concerning you and me this morning? "And they have known of a truth that I came out from Thee." Do we know that? Or are we among the people who say we think He is this, and we hope He is that. "They have known." Well every man must reply to his God for himself, and I will reply for myself. I know He has done for me what nobody but a God could ever do, and therefore against all odds I know He came forth from God. I love the Apostle Paul when he says, "Jesus Christ arrested me." That is what Jesus Christ did to me—He arrested me. And He never took His hand off my soul. He said to me a hundred times last week, "I have arrested you." And when I said, "Lord I hope you will keep on arresting me," He said, "I am the same yesterday, today, and forever." "And they believed that Thou did'st send me."

Somebody said concerning me a few days ago they wondered why I was so down on Unitarianism. But I have never said anything about Unitarianism yet that is half so heavy as the things that are said against it in that Bible. Jesus Christ came and said, "I am the Door. By me if any man enter in he shall be saved." If He is not God who says that, the Jews charged Him aright when they put Him to death. Again He said, "He that hath the Son hath life, he that hath not the Son shall

not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him," and no mere man has any right to say that; and so if He were only a man, he had no right to say it. Now I am not talking for any particular view as against any other view, but I am simply listening to the Lord as He prays and says, "The words I have given unto them Thou gavest unto me." And I believe that, and I will believe it in earth, heaven, or hell. And when He says, "They have received them, and have known of a truth that I came from Thee, and they have believed that Thou did'st send me," I sink my voice to a whisper, but all the same that whisper is distinct as I say, "Lord I believe that." And please God I hope I may never have the genius that questions the inspiration of the word of God. And I hope I may go to my grave destitute of the talent that takes the deity out of Jesus Christ, and the glory out of heaven, and the fear out of hell. Yet one man said to me not very long ago, this was the sort of thing that would empty the church. Does it look as if this thing were affecting this crowded church! I will tell you the thing that is emptying the churches. It is an effort to deny the truth concerning which Jesus Christ said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." But suppose it did empty the church? I have never been afraid of an empty church any more than I have of a filled one. I have no masters in the East Side Baptist Church, but I have a Master in the Lord Jesus Christ, and when I please Him, I do not care whom else I displease—though I ought to say in parenthesis, the more I please Jesus Christ the better I please you.

The Exclusive Prayer

John 17:9.

"I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for those whom Thou hast given me; for they are Thine."

There He stood with the long shadows of Gethsemane falling about Him, and even those shadows were insufficient to hide from His gaze the cross. And standing there the center of the greatest tragedy of eternity, He uttered the text. And there they stood, the men who heard Him. And some of their names over these nineteen hundred years have lived, and have become to us more familiar than the names of the people who live next door to us. For who does not know Peter—enthusiastic, impulsive Peter? And who does not know James and John, the sons of thunder? And who is unacquainted with Thomas, the man of many moods? And they stood looking at Him and listening to Him as to God He said my text.

But they were not impulsive sons of thunder then. It is so much to their credit that Jesus said, "Sorrow hath filled your hearts." He had told them He was going away, and their hearts were broken over the thought. I wonder if our hearts would break if we suddenly discovered Christ had vanished! He said they were orphaned men. They were like poor little children, uncertain, unstable, unsolaced. I wonder if we should be like orphaned children if we found out that Christ had gone forever. And you see Jesus looking at them and knowing how orphaned they were, surrounded them with His prayer as one puts a cloak around one's body when the wind is cold. For John's eyes had to see some terrible things. He had to see Judas put his cold traitorous kiss on the cheek of Jesus. He had to see the rough soldiers ungentle handle the One he so firmly and fondly loved. He had to see

bloody welts rise up red on the scourged shoulders of the Son of God. He had to see a man spit in Christ's face. He had to see Jesus hanging up on a cross. And John's ears had to hear some awful sounds. He had to hear the swish of the scourge as it darted through the air and hit the bared back of his Lord. He had to hear the rabble cry, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" He had to hear the sharp click of the hammer on the spike when it went tearing its way through the beautiful hands of Jesus Christ. He had to stand and see this Jesus, who walked the wave and hushed the wind, a captive in the hands of His enemies. He had to see the Lion of the tribe of Judah pulled down by the frothing foaming jackals of hell, and that would tear John's heart asunder. And so as these eleven men stood there Jesus prayed for them and He shut all the world out as He said the suggestive sentence, "I pray not for the world; I pray for them."

Oh it was well He prayed for them. For they were moving out into a storm that would test the stoutest sails and try the staunchest faith. They were putting on the armor for an awful fight in which no quarter would be asked or given, the fight in which a man must die ignobly, or overcome through great stress and storm. They were not to tread the winepress alone as would Jesus, but they had to stand so near to the winepress that the splashing of the red blood would make incarnadine their very souls. And so Jesus as they stood there prayed for them.

Well, and we stand here; and I was debating in my mind last week whether they were more privileged than we, or we more privileged than they. They had the visible Lord, the human Christ, the Man of Sorrows. They could hear His voice and see Him; they could put out their fingers and gently and lovingly touch His robe. We cannot do that. But we have the spiritual presence, and we too can let our lives go out until they become surcharged with the consciousness that He is still the living loving Lord. And I said to twenty-five men this morning, "Could you take your oath that Jesus Christ is a reality to you?" And each one solemnly said he could. And you see we have much that they lacked. We have the story that followed Gethsemane and Golgotha, even the resurrection

and the ascension, while they were looking at the Son of God who had to bleed and die. And we too have the history of Jesus for nearly two millenniums; and we know how He has overcome antagonisms black as the pit, and how paganisms have fallen before Him, and great philosophies tumbled into the dust. And we can sing as they could not—

“Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon the throne.”

They had to see the Lamb upon the cross. And we have the Spirit of God as they did not have Him. You see their next day was Black Friday when He died. But our next day was the Monday of the resurrection, and the Tuesday of the Pentecost, and the Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of the glorious victories achieved by the omnipotent Son of God. So we are unlike them in that.

But I think we are strangely like those people after all. For we have our own perplexities and anxieties and fears. And I think so often how I would love to be able to go up to Him and hear Him say, “Child, what have you to say?” And I would take my heart and open it and answer, “This is what I have to say.” For we have our own troubles, our own difficulties and our own temptations. And then we have a world just as hostile to us, if we are loyal to Jesus, as the world was to Him then. Now I ask nobody’s pardon that I was at a meeting that discussed dancing in the schools the other night. But I was amazed at the venom with which some people spoke of the “obscure people, the men of the cloth.” Well the dazzling radiance of those cynical people has never penetrated into the thick gloom of my obscurity! And yet I do not see why they should be so venomous because I happened to be a preacher and you happened to be Christians. And I want it to be understood that the attitude of this church over one thousand strong, is the attitude of saying, We after all share some amount of the taxation that keeps up the public school system of this city, and if we are obscure individuals, we have some rights under the American flag. And then I say in my name and in your own, they have no more right to teach

dancing under the school system of Portland than they have to teach pool. But the reason I used that fact was to illustrate the statement that still the world is hostile to the disciples of Jesus. For I saw a respected and respectable woman who has given her life to the uplift of humanity, when she spoke of the school board as being "venerable gentlemen" with no scorn at all but with a great pathos in her voice, suffer the indignity of a sneer. I would not have my mother treated that way, and I protest against any other man's mother being treated so. And if that is the dazzling effulgence from which they view the obscurity of other people, the Lord grant that their dazzling effulgence may not spread upon another generation of influence and life.

And now from my illustration I return to my sermon. The world is against us. And the Book says it will be. It says in the last days there will come exactly the condition of affairs that we see today. For they had the same hell to contend with that we have to withstand. A clergyman in this town says he does not know anything about the devil. But if he began to serve God as he should, he would soon find out several things about him. Old Lyman Beecher, a much wiser man, said, "If ever God contemplates a revival in the church, you look out for an exhibition of the devil." And we have that same unseen dark to contend with, for we fight against principalities and powers and great wickedness that spread themselves as epidemic upon the air. And He prays for us. Oh but I have sheltered myself behind those prayers of Jesus so many times in my life! For I have never gained the heights. And many and many a time I have said, "God, I cannot say any prayer tonight, for I am too tired, or I am too sick, or I am too miserable. But just look towards your Son and hear Him pray for me, and give me what He asks." And I believe the great God did it. And I do not walk in this wonderful light that enables some people to see things so clearly. I am like the man in the olden time, I see men as trees walking very often. And then I put up my hand through the fog and—they tell me I am a fool for believing it, but I believe it all the same—I believe Someone lays hold of that hand of mine and makes up for my lack of wisdom and leads me aright. And I am

glad He prays for me, for I have great dependence in the prayers of my Elder Brother. There is a minister I regard very highly, who said, "My heart nearly broke when my mother died, because she said, 'William, every Sunday when you get up to preach I will say, God help my son.'" And he said, "The first time I got up to preach after she died, I could hardly stand it. And I cried, Mother where are you, and where are your prayers?" And I said, Did you not think about Jesus praying for us? For in another part of this prayer He says, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for all those who believe on me through their word." And I know I am in that prayer when He says, "I pray not for the world." I am not among those who are outside when Jesus shuts the door of His heart and says, Now I am going to pray for those who are inside. I wish I could say to you in a way that would make an impression on your heart that you have the prayers of Jesus Christ. Some of you have no work and you tramp the streets. You do not want anybody's charity, you would not take it, but you just want an opportunity to get work. Well, you have the prayers of Jesus Christ as your feet get tired. He remembers you. And then I am not unmindful of the fact that there are women here who do not know how to make ends meet, for the cost of living stays up and the wages down. It is maximum in output and a minimum income. And you have often thought regretfully about the careless days of your childhood and girlhood, have you not? Well will you not take from God this morning the fact that Jesus Christ prays for you? "I pray for you." I am glad He does.

But now I come to my last thought. There He stands today, the same Jesus. You know Christian Science always excites my hostility when it says Jesus has disappeared. Oh I hope not! I would not have Him disappear for all the world. I want the same Jesus. I want the Jesus who put His long tapering fingers on the curls of the little children down in Palestine and said, "Let them come." And I want Him to put His same fingers on the heads of my little grandchildren and say the same thing, "Let them come." I want the Jesus who stooped down and wrote on the ground, when ecclesiastics desired to stone a sinner,

until at last there was nobody but God and the woman left; and God said to the woman, "Where are those people who accused you?" And she said, "They are gone, Lord." And Jesus answered, "Well I am not here to accuse you either. Go in peace and sin no more." And I want the Jesus who said of a man who had denied Him, "Go and tell my disciples and be sure and tell Peter." That is the Jesus I want. The same Jesus who was full of compassion when He walked the earth, who had sympathy for everyone. I wonder what we should do without that sympathetic Jesus today. I wonder how you and I would fare this week if we lacked the compassion of the Son of God. Ah, we want this Jesus who knows all about us as we do not know about ourselves, and to whom having prayed for a thing we think we need, we can say, This may be the very thing I should not have, so just you take care of me in spite of that prayer. Yes we need the Jesus who will always say the right word to us and always do the right thing for us, the Jesus of the infinite knowledge and of the infinite power and love. Ah yes, we all need the Jesus who had the compelling love when He was on the earth, even the Love that endureth all things. And we want Him to have that enduring love for us. Personally, I want Him to smile at me when I am in my worst defeat, with the smile that will say, Pick up your weapon, for there is time to regain the battle that is lost! O my masters, I must have the Jesus whose love bears all the strain and stress of this strange life we are living, and who has pledged to me by many a beautiful promise that shines like a sun, that He will never leave and never forsake and will never see me put to rout, but will always be near to help, encourage and support me. And I must have the Jesus who has pledged Himself to me by His cross. I do not believe He will let me go, because He died for me; and the love that died for me is the love that will never let me go. So I desire the Jesus who has pledged His honor as a God that He will see me safely through this world and see me safe to heaven. As the hymn says—

"His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of His sheep;
All that His heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep."

Oh I can be as self-reliant as the other man when it is outside the realm of the spiritual, but when it comes within I am like a little child and say, "Lord undertake for me, for I cannot do it alone." And so you know I got a real blessing last week, and came here with joy this morning, as I came up to this text where He says, "Now I am not going to pray for the world, but for them whom Thou hast given me." And if my heart is hungry for love, why I wrap His prayer around my poor heart. And if my soul is sad, I take His prayer and it is a solace for all my pain. And you remember how the Old Testament says, "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe." And I am going to run into it and be safe too. Because did you notice how the text ended? "For those whom Thou hast given me, for they are Thine."

Now to whom do you belong this morning? "His servants ye are whom ye obey." Whom do you obey? "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command;" or "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do." To whom do you belong? O man, you will go out of this church this morning and you will plant your heel down a little more firmly on the sidewalk because you know you belong to God. O woman, you will have a light in your eye as you go away because you know you belong to God. And you young people whom I am to baptize, I want you to know that you belong to God, and that will make you feel very glad and very happy, I am sure.

Now just take a look at Jesus standing there praying as He says, "I pray for them, not for the world." Where are you? Are you out in the world? Oh then come from the companionship of the world into the close circle of those for whom Jesus Christ prays.

I wish with all my heart someone would come here to better preach this gospel to you than I am able to do, for I can never tell to you the things I want for you and the things I try to get for you—they never

seem to come out in the sermon. And yet I believe you know after all. And this is what cheers me—that my words are only like index fingers pointing you the way to go, and if you go the way the words indicate, you will come right up to the loving Jesus Christ, and He will be your blessing, your benediction, your enrichment and your life.

The Asserted Lord

John 17:10.

"And all mine are Thine, and Thine are mine; and I am glorified in them."

First I would have you notice the Divine right of God the Father. Twice over the text speaks of those disciples as belonging to God. "Thine," says Jesus to the Father, not once but twice. The sovereignty of God is a truth that has receded very largely from our modern view. Whether we have discarded the Scriptures that teach God's sovereignty, or whether we are ignoring them, the fact remains that today we are not realizing that God has sovereign right over man.

That God has the right of the Maker over the thing that He has made is, I say, dimly apprehended by us today. And I am not without fear that an evil way of presenting this truth of God's sovereignty may have had something to do with our letting it slide into apparent non-existence. It has been preached very brutally, I know that. But I incline to think more than because we no longer accept the Scripture, or because the truth has been illy presented, are we today disinclined to accept the sovereignty of God because of the natural pride and haughtiness of the human heart. "We will not have this man to reign over us." That is man's attitude today, only the word "God" may fittingly take the place of the word "man" in that defiant repudiation.

Well now the Scriptures teach the sovereignty of God. In the ninth chapter of the Romans God distinctly asserts, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy; I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion." Here is the clear assertion that if God has mercy upon a sinner, it is not because of any compulsion towards being merciful outside of His own infinitely glorious nature; and that He is under no

obligation, because man violated the condition through his sin; and so now whatever of good comes to man comes not along the line of compensation or desert, but it comes through the outflowing of the infinite grace of the eternal God.

And we are distinctly told in that same chapter the potter has right over the clay that he has fashioned into pottery, and no man has any right to say as might clay to the potter, "Why did you fashion me like this?" Now my friends, it is well for us in these days of lawlessness, of broken obligation and of haughtiness, when we are in danger of enthroning man and dethroning God, it is well for us to remember there is such a doctrine in the Bible as the sovereignty of God.

Now some people base this sovereignty of God on His fore-knowledge, and they say, a long time ago He foresaw that certain men would accept and certain others reject the provisions of His cross, therefore He elected those who would accept His overtures of mercy, and He left those whom He saw plainly would reject those same overtures. And those people would of course quote Paul in Romans eight, "Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son: Moreover whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified." And some ground this elective choice in the character of God. God is good, and being good He is righteous, holy and just, so that whatever He does is right. And if you can only find out that God has done a certain thing, then there is no need of any more questioning, for the very fact that God has done it contains the assurance that it was right it should be done. Now I think Jesus Christ places this sovereignty of God right there. Do you remember in Matthew eleven, He says, "I thank Thee, O Father, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and has revealed them unto babes." Why should God hide things from the wise and prudent and reveal them unto babes? Listen. "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." Now that was sufficient for Jesus, that it was good in the sight of God. And I think we do well to let that suffice us also, and whatever may be happening in your life and mine that is apparently

discordant, or is certainly unpleasant, and appears to be unexplainable, how would it do just to ground all that in the goodness of the Heavenly Father and say, Well I do not understand it, yet I know it must be right because God allows and permits it. How would that do? To an old preacher all tossed with pain one morning a visitor said, "Well, what sort of a night did you have?" He said, "A fine night!" "I understand you were in great pain." "I was." "Well then, how did you rest?" "I rested beautifully," he said. "I put my poor pained body on three pillows; the pillow of my God's infinite wisdom—He knows what He is doing with me; the pillow of my God's infinite power—He can do what He sees fit with me; the pillow of my God's infinite love—whatever He sees fit to allow must be right, because he loves me with an infinite love." That is the Christian religion. That is assurance Godward. Oh be very careful, for I am trying to steer you over this thin ice without having any breakages. So be very careful not to faultily represent this Divine right of God. Kipling, you may remember, sees a stone and a mountain goat and a tarn, and he says—

"By the hoof of the wild goat up-tossed
From its place where it lay in the sun,"

the stone fell to the depths of the tarn and was lost—and the poet questions whether the stone had been sufficiently safeguarded. But Kipling, marvelous genius that he is, would I am sure never attempt to draw any comparison between the hoof of the wild goat and the loving interposition of the everlasting God. So do not faultily talk about this divine right of God in your life and mine, but rather express it as does a hymn of my childhood—

"The Lord our God is King,
His name, His rule is love;
Let earth with hallelujahs ring,
And heaven respond above.

"Never shall wrong prevail,
Whate'er His foes may do;
His word is given and shall not fail,
For all He saith is true.

"Dread storms may mark His path,
Darkness may o'er it brood;
The round world shake as with His wrath;
But all He doth is good."

The Divine right of the Father! "They are Thine," says Jesus, and then He repeats it, "They are Thine."

But now in the second place I want you to notice the Derived right of the Son to those disciples for whom He prayed. "Thine are mine," says Jesus. I do not know how anyone can read the New Testament and reject the deity of Jesus Christ. I would not be supercilious in my criticism, but I cannot see how it is done, this reading the utterances of Jesus and failing to apprehend that He claimed deity. For just listen to this in the text, "All Thine are mine." If He were only a man who talked thus, the lightning should have struck Him dead. Accentuate what I am enforcing by imagining Simon Peter standing and saying to God, "All Thine are mine." You cannot imagine it. It would be blasphemy. And yet the quiet way in which Jesus says, "All Thine are mine, and mine are Thine," implying that the great sun, and those solemn stars, the rushing winds, the mighty mountains, the forests, the universe is "mine." And He says it to God, "It is mine." And the souls of these men, this fisherman Peter, this tax gatherer Matthew, the souls of these men are mine. And there is not a nook in the universe of matter, and there is not anything in the realm of spirit but it has my autograph on it. It is mine! He must be God who talks like this! And I am putting emphasis on this fact because today at the heart of every fad and foolery that is assailing religion and challenging the attention of Christians is the disposition to deny the deity of Christ. And if Jesus Christ is not the Son of God, I am an idolator—as I have many hundreds of times thought—an idolator beyond the idolatry of the Ganges or the Congo or the Nile. For I have given everything my soul has of adoration and worship and homage to Jesus Christ. And if He is only a man, a deceived man and a deceiving man, He is the worst foe my soul has ever had, he has led me so grievously astray. But He says, "All Thine are mine," and I like to hear that. I like to hear it not merely

because again it shows me my Lord who died for me is God; but I like to hear it because I am longing to know I am not only the property of the Eternal God, but I belong to God in Jesus Christ. For I do not know much about God out of Christ. If Jesus had never appeared in the world, I could have reasoned that somebody made the universe by the evidence of design and intelligence the universe manifests. But oh that would be a poor God, a God who only made things! When I want to find out the real God in whom my spirit trusts; the God who enables me to look down into a grave and say, "It is all right"; the God who helps me to pick up the burden of life again saying, "Some day it will all be straightened out"; the God who holds me when the billows smite, and cheers me in the starless dark; when I want that God I feel around for Jesus Christ, and when I have found Him, I have found the God I need. I went about last Friday, snatching an afternoon out of a life that is filled far too full of work, to visit some sick people. I visited perhaps a dozen—I do not remember the exact number. I went into a home where I saw a strong man writhing in his pain. I went into a home where I saw a woman plaintively wailing out her grief. And so on, all the whole afternoon through without a single omission of pain and perplexity and worry. And when I ended that afternoon's visiting as the darkness dropped, I tell you plainly if I had not believed in Jesus Christ as God, I would not have believed in any God at all. And so I say I am glad that He says, "All Thine are mine." For I am not a novice preaching a trial sermon now, as I say I can trust the God I find in Jesus Christ. I cannot understand Him, I am thankful to say; for aught I can understand is smaller than I, else I could not understand it. And I would not have a God smaller than myself. I cannot explain many mysteries that people bring to me. I know very little about them. But I am not disconcerted by my ignorance any more. I remember how a writer of my youth said, 'If an ant could creep up into the brain of a man, how much would it understand of a man's world?' And the whole universe is only as an ant in intelligence compared to the mind of God. Then how can I, as a little fraction of that world, understand the

great designs of the Master of eternity? I do not understand them. But I thought as I talked with my little grand-daughter, who teaches me in more ways than do the theologians, and noticed her trustfulness, that I possess the same trust in God, for I sometimes say, "What does that mean?" And I get an answer which I do not understand, but I go on my way and do my task. Now some of my wise friends, who are so cultured they do not know how to carry the burden of intelligence they possess, tell me all this is childish, and they say I am an old foggy behind the age. And that may be true, but that does not lessen the satisfaction and the comfort and the peace that flow into my soul as a result of saying, "I do not understand it, but I know you Lord Jesus, and I know you dying for me on the cross would not give me an unnecessary pang in my heart or an unnecessary worry in my mind." And I tell you that does anchor one when the great storms are abroad and the thunders roll and the lightnings are hitting all around. It does hold! And I challenge the whole world to tell me of anything else that holds then. "All Thine are mine." The derived right of the Son to those whom God has given Him in the eternal unbreakable covenant of His infinite undeserved grace!

And then the last thing I shall say this morning is this. The text also contains the Defined right of the Christian. "I am glorified in them." And that is my business and your's to glorify God. You see you belong to Him, and then you belong to God in Christ; and the business of the person who thus belongs to God in Christ is to do the will of the One to whom he belongs, and thus glorify the Lord Jesus. That is your business and you have no other. Do you not have to take care of the house? Certainly! Do you not have to cook the meal? Certainly! Do you not have to clothe the children? Certainly! But you have to do all those things in such a high way that in the doing of them you are a glory to Jesus Christ. What were you doing the other day after the frost? Patching up an old broken pipe in the stove? Well did you do it to the glory of God, If you did not, you failed to rightly do your work. For "I am glorified in them," He says. And that was the right of those people, to glorify Him.

But could He truthfully say He was glorified in them? Oh my friends, if He could not have truthfully said it, He would never have said it! You can depend on that. Well was He glorified in those disciples? Why we read all the time how they were interrupting His great speeches. Oh yes, but there was not a single one of them who ever said, "Crucify Him." They loved Him in spite of all their blundering and their bungling. And when they saw the great crowd going home, as the mist goes after the sun rises, they did not leave Him. Oh I get a lot of comfort out of that. They glorified Him. How we would serve Him if we could, but we fail. Yet the blessed Son of God, whose eyes are like flames of fire, sees us not so much as we are, but as we would be if we could. Was He glorified in them as they stood there listening to His prayer? He was. They did not know the depths into which He walked, nor the heights which He scaled. They did not know the meaning of those separate notes of the mighty music that rolled off His lips in that marvelous prayer. They did not know it all, but they looked on as children might look while some parent painted a picture that might outlast a civilization. The children might not understand it, but they love the father who is painting. And so they stood there looking on with a wonder they could never understand, but loyal so far as their spirits would enable them to be loyal. And just think how solacing that must have been to the great Christ to have eleven men who would not be seduced from Him, nor turn traitor to Him, but who stood there listening to Him praying, praying in the great heights and depths unknown to them and where they could not follow Him. And when He went into the mist they stood there with their eyes on the place where He disappeared; and when He came back, their eyes were there to meet Him. They glorified Him!

Now shall we go out and live this life? Not complaining about the environment in which we are placed, not blaming our dead forebears and talking foolishly about heredity, but just go out and pick up the particular burden we have to carry, and carry it uncomplainingly till He says, "You may drop the burden, child, and come home." Somebody told me the other day that I am getting tautological in one thing, that I

am all the time talking about my conception of life being a plowman plowing out his furrow in the twilight. Well that has been in my mind for years. And that is what I have thought of myself as being. I am not harvesting the golden grain. I am not even anticipating the joy of the harvest. I am just a poor plowman out in a big field that is windswept, plowing my furrow to the end. That is all I can do, but do it I will! Will you live that life? Will you go out this morning to your solitary room whose bare walls are so dreary, or to your insufficient meal, or to the toil you do not like where the employer treats you as though you were a brute and not a man for whom Christ died, or to your life in which there is little of friendship and none of love, but will you go out to live it bravely and unfalteringly realizing that you belong to God? Do this and some day when God has had His will in you and upon you, you shall shine as the stars forever and ever and be a crowned king in the palace of the Eternal.

The Keeping God

John 17:11.

"And now I am no more in the world but these are in the world and I come to Thee. Holy Father keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given me."

Of Himself our Lord says—and if you rightly listen you can hear the sighing of the twilight breeze in the tree-tops as the sun goes down and the day is done—"I am no more in the world." And I shall always believe He said that sentence with a catch in His throat. "I am no more in the world."

He was a young man when He said it. He was only thirty-three years old. He had not been in the world very long. Most of us here have been in it longer. And for thirty years He had very little to do with it. He was almost in seclusion. For three years only had He taken an active part in the workaday life of the world. Yet those thirty-three years had so told on Him that one day His enemies hazarded a guess as to His age, and they concluded He was about fifty. And He was only thirty-three! But you see life is not dated by years and months and weeks.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart-throbs;
He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts
the best."

And if that scale of living be considered, Jesus was very old when He said, "I am no more in the world."

And it was a world He loved, looking at it from one point of view. The four Gospels occupy little space in the New Testament, but I have sometimes thought the face of all the world was revealed in those

same Gospels. He knew all about the red sunrise, and how it portended changeful weather during the day. And He knew how the skies looked when the sun was setting. He had an ear for the blowing of the wind. He saw the clouds scattering athwart the sky. He knew where the lilies bloomed. He had an eye for the grass. He knew about the birds, how they nested, how they depended on God. He knew how men plowed, sowed seed, gathered grain, caught fish, and went about their daily avocations. He watched the women grinding their meal. He saw them hunting for a lost coin. Oh He knew it all, and He loved it all! He went to the mountain top to pray. To be alone? Yes, but to be out there where the great world wrapped Him about, and where the falling dews and the hush of the star-shine laid cool hands of nature on His weary spirit.

But there was a world I think He was very glad to leave—a world of sin. I suppose we shall never throughout eternity know the anguish in which Jesus Christ walked this earth and saw with His sharper keener vision the awful result of sin. As a foul odor, as a jarring discord, as an ugly color, the world appeared to Jesus Christ. Because you see He knew what was in man, what was in the devil, what was in the world, what was in hell; and even the Son of God has only got one experience—and that is short—of living in a human body absolutely pure and yet all the time assailed by the miasma of sin. And I think the spirit of Jesus Christ was very willing to spread its wings and leave all that behind.

And then too I know that He came into this world with a definite work to do, and He never faltered. He went on with the doing of it. No matter what obstacles, what hostilities, onward He pursued His way. But I think that Jesus was rather glad that He was getting near the end of His life work, because, as I have said, He was the unique Person doing the unique thing. And He knew what the consummation of that life work meant, that it meant opening the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers. And I have let the little plummet of my thought go down into the sentence He said regarding the baptism He longed to be baptized with, until I have heard some things there I shall not

relate, and seen some things I shall not describe. And now, He says—and I think there is the emission of a pent up sigh—"I am no more in the world."

"But I come to Thee." That is the way to talk. Oh this is no Elijah with his head on his knees in the desert saying, "Let me die." No! This is the brave Son of God saying, There is no longer need that I remain in the world, for the work I was given by my Father is about accomplished, and I can leave and go home whence I came. "Now come I to Thee." "Jesus knowing that He came from God"—He knew whence He came—"and went to God," so the sentence continues—He knew where He was going—He was going home to His God, His Father who was His delight. Now there He differs from us all. I know on hearsay where I must go. I have heard Jesus tell me where I am going. But He needed no hearsay. He had been there and knew all about it, and home was as familiar to Him as your house is to you this morning. You know how to open the door, where to find the chair you will sit in when you get home. You know the disposition of all the furniture. Well that is the way heaven was to Jesus. And He knew all about God. There was not a recess in God but He had discovered it; not a height in God but He had scaled it; not a depth but He had sounded it. Jesus said, "Now come I to Thee." And yet one man had the audacity and impudence to say he was a mild-eyed Galilean peasant committing an act of martyrdom and going out he knew not where! "Now come I to Thee."

I wonder what heaven was like during the thirty-three years that Jesus was absent. I wonder how God the Father felt when His Son was down here in the world, or what note was missing from the angels' song during those thirty-three years, or did the minor creep into the major of those heavenly notes during that period of time. I know God the Father missed Jesus as I know Jesus missed His Father. And now He says, "I come to Thee." George McDonald finely says:

"I go from life to life,
And I will have no gaps of death between."

And so Jesus goes from life to life, from earth to God;

and He says, "I am no more in the world; I come to Thee."

Now let us stop a moment and learn how to die. For surely that is the way to die. "Now I am no more in the world." Well if we have been living as we are privileged to live, that has been increasingly true of us day by day. I am no more in the world. Why many a man can remember how once upon a time he used to get the morning paper to see if it said anything about his poor performances on the Sunday. But he has not done that for the last thirty years—"I am no more in the world." And many a man used to take the five dollar bill and look at it till it was as big as that hymn book, but now he just lets the five dollars slip through his hands into the hands of somebody who is needy and wishes he could multiply it—"I am no more in the world." And he used to chafe at a whole lot of things he now laughs at; to shoot mosquitoes with gattling guns, and he does not perpetrate that folly now. For the outward man is perishing, and the inward man is being renewed day by day. And when that perishing process has proceeded to a certain length, it is time to say, "Now come I to Thee." Some day we shall sanely and Christianly live, and when we do, we shall sanely and Christianly die. Now we send for the friends and meet them at the train, and we moan and weep, and we think the more wretched we are the more perfectly we show our love to the departing one. And when the spirit has gone we raise a fuss and noise, and are not very far removed from those old Bible folk, who if they could not wail enough themselves, used to hire people to come in and cry. And then we go to the grave and behave as though there were no God in the universe, and we put on the blackest clothes we can find, and look our dreariest; and when we talk of the folk who have gone to God we talk with bated breath. Now that is not the way to do it. The way to do it is to say, Now I am no more in the world, but I come to Thee—Hallelujah! Amen!

Ah yes, you say, that is all very fine, but what about those you leave behind? That is the thing I come to next in my text. "But these are in the world." I seldom read that text of mine but I think of Browning's greatest poem, "The Ring and the Book." When Pom-

pilia was dying, she settled her affairs with God, and then she remembered Caponsacchi the great soldier knight who had rushed to her assistance, championed her cause and loved her with all the pure strength of a great soul. And so after she had settled her affairs with God she said, "Yet there is one thing more." And her thought goes out to Caponsacchi. So Jesus in the text says, "I come to Thee, but these are in the world." Now there is the pang of bereavement that worries you. It is the folk you are leaving behind. For—God have mercy on us and pity us and bless us—it seems to me that where the heart really loves, it has got a sort of conception that toward the people it loves it is a kind of a God itself. It never occurs to me that I could not deliver my children from impending peril, or that aught can happen to permanently harm them so long as I am around. Because if I saw lean Death stalking near I should say, "Here, take me instead, for I am riper and have done my bit." And Jesus brings the same thought in here when He says, "These are in the world." That is the penalty you have to pay for loving. I suppose if a man could go through life and never love a single soul, he would be able to go out as a stone rattles down into a well. No regret, no trouble! But you see, the more folks you love in the world, the keener is the pang of leaving them, not because of the fact that you will not see them, but because you have the instinctive feeling that while you are with them no hurt can come to them. It is a natural and a beautiful feeling, but all the same it makes dying hard. I sometimes have a strange thought that if I could only die in the presence of my foes, I should go out singing. But it is the heart—it is the heart turning toward those who are being left, and thinking, "Now you will not be safeguarded by me any longer," that makes dying hard work. And Jesus had it. Oh I know He is God, but He is man at the same time. "These who are in the world."

And you know I have found out how He looked at them through three of the words He uses. Our trouble is that we read the Bible too fast. I have been reading John for thirty-five years, reading it over and over and over again. And now I sit down and read a verse, and walk the streets and go about my work thinking

about it. So I got hold of three words that Jesus used, and I know how He felt about those men. "They are as sheep without a shepherd." There they were, bronzed bearded men, but Jesus looking at them said, "They are like sheep when the shepherd has gone and present are the wolves and the precipice and a hundred dangers: And I am going away and I am leaving them in the world." And He said, "They are orphans" like wailing little children losing the father or mother, or both. "They are like orphans in the world." And then He said, "They have no comforter." He said, "Sorrow hath filled your hearts because I have told you I am going away." And now let me say in parenthesis, when those you love and who love you are passing away, do not make any more ado than you have to. Bear it bravely. Because as you give them to realize the solitariness of your lot without them, you increase the poignancy of their departure. So Jesus knew they were like sheep unshepherded, and orphans who had lost their parents and they were un comforted folk. And that is why He says, "The Comforter will come." Oh this is like—and this is the only poor way I have to illustrate it—this is like someone passing away and leaving a friend here desolate, and suddenly remembering, Why tomorrow there is another one coming who will take my place! And so Jesus with ardor and ecstasy says, "If I go away—and I am going—I will send you the Comforter, and He shall abide forever." And then He does what we shall do in that hour. He prays for their safeguarding as He says, "Holy Father, keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given me." Why did Jesus use that title? I do not know unless He knew the evils that menaced those disciples were the antithesis of God, and so He says, "Holy Father keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given me."

Now the Apostle Paul teaches you more about spiritism than all the other Apostles put together. For Paul walked this earth with an awful consciousness of impending hellish forces. He walked the streets of Corinth and Ephesus and Galatia with the realization that all about him were the surging armies of the dark. "We wrestle," he says, "against principalities and powers" that are intangible, that are outside us. And

he says unless you put on the whole armor of God you will fail in the presence of these hostile spiritual forces that are outside you. And sometimes you can almost hear the man's teeth chatter as he realizes what a frightful warfare he has got to wage against things he cannot touch or see. The hosts of the unseen dark! But Jesus knew far more about them than Paul. And Jesus looks at those men and says, Holy Father they are menaced and assailed, and there is no power in the whole universe can safeguard them but Thine. Keep them. He does not say, Let Gabriel keep them, for He knew that would be insufficient. He does not say, Let the angels fight for them, for He knew the angels would be defeated. But He says, "Holy Father, keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given me." There is only One who is able to keep us, and He is God. And every one of us here is a striking proof of that statement. You deacons, you Sunday school teachers, you officers of the church, you remember when you tried to keep yourselves and failed. Ah, but "the name of the Lord is a strong tower, and the righteous runneth into it and is safe"—and only safe then.

Well I think this is a good place for us to stop. "Keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given me." Now I am emphasizing that Jesus hands over to the Father—His God and our God—the task of keeping us safe in this wicked world. And He will do it. And so this morning at this particular time we look at all the forces of the dark and we say, "You come to me? Well I come to you! You come to me in the name of your chief, Satan. I come to you in the name of the Holy Father." The victory is won and the foe is discomfited when you do that.

Two things He said about Himself. "I am no more in the world. I come to Thee." Do not forget them and their connection. Two things He says about His disciples. "They are in the world. Keep them from the world and all it stands for." How is it with you this morning? You know there is no melancholy, but solemn high cheer in my reminding you that very soon you will say, "I am no more in the world." Oh when the work is done and the lesson learned, the fine thing is just to go home happy and free. But you can only go that way if you are sure "I come to Thee."

Now are you quite sure you will go to Him? Did you ever analyze the joy of going home? Why the joy of going home is because in the home are the folks the heart naturally loves. And where the heart pulls, the feet run. So the great thing is to have a lot of treasure over there that pulls you toward heaven, and then you will say with a holy alacrity, "I am no more in the world; I come to Thee." Have you ever come to Him down here? Oh you know, people, this is the thing that terrifies me sometimes; that you may sit there and smile with a sort of satisfaction over these great truths from the Word of God, and never have any part in them. You can be moved by them as you are moved by a novel or song or minor soothing music. So I come to tell you to make sure work of your religion. Now you can only do that by being sure of Jesus Christ. If you have Christ, you are a Christian. If you have not Christ, you are an unsaved man, no matter if you belong to a hundred churches. Do you possess Jesus Christ? Is He your Saviour, and are you living for Him, to serve Him, please Him, and eventually spend your eternity with Him?

The One Who Failed

John 17:12.

"Those whom Thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost, but the son of perdition."

Clearly our study divides itself into two parts, and we view the eleven disciples who were kept by Christ, and the one disciple whom He lost.

I ever wonder how Jesus Christ got His hold on His disciples. And I have imagined a man approaching men today and saying to those men, "Follow me." If they rose up to do that, as a bystander I should marvel where was the charm of the speaker. How could he, a man, say to a tax gatherer and some fishermen, "Leave all that and follow me!" And the wonder that Christ was able to gain possession of those men increases as you continue to study it. We know in an incidental way how He captured some of the men who became His followers—but only in a very incidental way after all. But I thought the other week I got a clue to Christ's method of obtaining the heart's allegiance of those men, that I had never seen before. Reading that first chapter of John's gospel I noticed how two disciples followed Jesus—one of them the writer of the gospel himself—and He allowed them to catch up to Him, you may be sure of that; and when they were within speaking distance, He said, "What seek ye?" And they said, "Where dwellest Thou, Lord?" And He said, "Come and see." And when John was an old man and wrote the gospel, he remembered what o'clock it was when Jesus invited them home with Him. Years upon years had gone over John's head, but still he says when he sits down to write his gospel, "It was about the third hour when that happened." When what happened? Well if I am following after you, and you turn to accost me, what is it I see? Your face. And there was something—you

may depend upon it—about that face reflecting the character and soul behind it, and to a large extent becoming as a glass through which the divine personality of the Speaker looked; there was something there that captured and held the loyalty and love of those men. But then I have wondered again how He retained them after He had won them. For I think always the great miracle of Christ is that He, a man, could live among other men for three years and they should believe Him to be God—a thing that never happened before and has never happened since—that He could go to sleep in their presence, and satisfy His hunger in their midst, and bruise His foot as He walked, and stop to readjust His sandals, and yet in spite of all those things so intensely human, He could live among them in such a way that there grew up within them the conviction, stronger than the mountains, that He was God!

Now we know a little of His method. It was not the coercive. Jesus never held a man over hell and said, Unless you believe I am God, I will drop you. No. But He just unveiled Himself, revealed Himself, or, as the Bible loves to say, He manifested forth His glory. They had the charm of His high speech! After reading His words through a thousand times, we read them again and wonder at the music of them, the beauty, the suggestiveness, the God-likeness of them. And as they listened to the charm of that speech, not only when he addressed the multitude as a preacher might; but when He talked to them with all the familiarity of an everyday life; and when He pointed out objects of interest and remarked about the sky, the clouds, the flowers and the birds, the charm of that speech held them as with hooks of steel.

And the charm of His conduct! We talk about grace and say, That person is graceful in every movement. I have wondered what must have been the infinite grace—the gracefulness—of the Son of God. You know the Emmaus disciples detected Him in the way in which He broke the bread. Oh there was something about Him in all that He did, even in the putting on of His sandals in the morning when He went out to tread the dusty roads of old Judea, that made impetuous Peter and doubting Thomas look on in wonder.

And the recollection of the way He broke bread and ministered of the loaves and fishes to the multitude so remained in the minds of those men that long years afterward they talked and wrote about it, and it has become a part of our gospel.

And then the charm of His living! That He lived among them for three years, and never said a word that was as a dissonance in the melody of His announcement, "I am God," what a charm there must have been in that! That watch Him closely as they might, day after day, week after week, until the years had multiplied, He never did a single thing that jarred with His affirmation, "I am the Son of God." I say the charm of that life must have entered into the attraction with which Christ bound those men to Himself.

For they were not men easy to bind, you must remember. They were religious men, and they were men of a religion that was intensely parochial and monotheistic, affirming all the time there was only one God—a far different thing, I bid you notice this morning, than when we can go to China and India where they have gods innumerable and where there is nothing startling about the introduction of another god. But they were men who believed in one God and one only, and Jesus Christ took the risk of saying, After you have heard Moses and them of old time, then listen to me, for what I say is of more importance than all they have said. And to a people whose great slogan for millenniums had been, "The Lord our God is one God," Jesus Christ in human form affirmed, "I am God."

And I should not rightly treat my subject if I did not say He lost thousands of His disciples. They came to Him and then went away from Him. On one single day He lost five thousand men and women. In one day! And many of them were His disciples, but after they heard His great speech about the Bread from heaven sent for their sustentation, they said, "This is a hard saying! Who can hear it? We will not." And they went way and walked no more with Him. And I have wondered many times that He did not lose the eleven. Peter in the impulsiveness of his loving heart said, "Jesus, you shall not go to Jerusalem and die." And Jesus turned and said, "Satan, you stand behind

me, for you are an offense to me." Now that sort of talk shatters loyalty and disturbs relationship. So I wonder He did not lose them. And there must be some charm beyond all we have said, that Jesus had on those men, that made Him succeed in retaining them in spite of all the things that were said and done, which to us appear to have been calculated to disturb their allegiance. "I have kept them," He says.

And, God forgive me if I am wrong, for I do not go wrong intentionally, but I cannot help thinking there was a ring of congratulation in Christ's voice, when with Gethsemane and Golgotha in front of Him He said, "Father, I have kept them." I hardly know how to voice my emotion concerning this statement. He had been three years training, teaching, making those men. And now at the close of the three years He had His life work to look at, and what is it? Eleven men! And in self-congratulation and congratulation to God, He says, I have kept these eleven men. Ah it is a larger thing than any of us have ever thought, to get one man looking heavenward with persistency and dogged determination until at last he looks into the open face of God. It is a great achievement. And I know right well the day is coming when a man will not be proud of the multitude that gathered about him; but he will be proud of the individuals who in the grace of God he was enabled to so introduce to Jesus, that with a divine fascination Jesus held them to the end. "I have kept them." And I found myself last week congratulating Peter, James and John that they kept their allegiance to Jesus throughout those three trying years, and throughout the less trying years that followed His glorious resurrection. And then I found myself doing a strange thing, for I found myself congratulating Jesus Christ on the wonderful fact that He held these eleven men steady through those three years of trial and testing, and was enabled when He came to the end of His earthly ministry to say, "Those whom Thou gavest me I have kept."

But now to the other part of our study. "And I have lost none except the son of perdition." The task we set before us now is manifestly hard, and we need the help of God Himself. I am always amazed at the prominence Judas occupies in the Scripture. I do not

know whether you have ever noticed that Judas—the arch traitor of the six millenniums gone—figures in seven books of the Bible. Away a thousand years before Jesus was born, the prophetic Psalmist, looking ahead to the betrayer of Jesus, and putting the words on the lip of Jesus Himself, wrote down, “Yea, mine own familiar friend, the man with whom I ate bread, who lifted up the heel against me.” And a thousand years before the man was born, he is outlined there in the inspired song, as a man who inflicted such a deadly wound upon the heart of Jesus, that as if in remonstrance the Saviour says, “My familiar friend—not an enemy, else I could have borne it—but a friend hath kicked—lifted up his heel as though to tread me down.” And he figures just as prominently in prophecy. For in the prophecy there is a sentence that I never did know how to read, “A goodly price that I was priced at—thirty pieces of silver.” Now I do not know how God said that to the prophet. I only know how I should say it. If I had been sold for nineteen dollars and a half, I should say, “A goodly price that I was priced at”—thirty pieces of silver, the cost of a dead ox, for that is all it was. And so this man, who went and covenanted with the Pharisees and Scribes for thirty pieces of silver that he might deliver Jesus unto them, is outlined on the prophetic page. And when you come to the gospels you will find each gospel historian has something to say about Judas. Matthew said, “Judas sought opportunity that he might deliver Jesus into the hand of his enemies;” not a man acting under the impulse of a moment, but a plotter, seeing his plans grow day by day, until at last he finds the opportunity which he sought. Mark says, This is the number of the apostles and their names are these—“and Judas Iscariot who should betray Him;” as though upon this man so early in his gospel, the deadly heinous abominable treachery of the deed preyed upon his mind. Luke says this thing could never have been done only “Satan entered” into the man. He actually makes the statement that the personality of Judas became the house in which the devil entered and remained until the awful deed was done. John comes with his contribution and says he was “a thief”; and as he carried the bag, being treasurer of that little wandering band,

he pilfered from the funds given him by religious folk for the aid of those needy ones they met—traveling up and down the countryside. And Jesus spoke in an awful way about Judas, for He said, "The Son of Man is betrayed, but woe unto the man who betrays Him: It were better for that man if he had never been born." Better for that man that he had never been born—so deadly was the offence of Judas in the estimate of Jesus. And I remember how John, speaking of the time when Judas went out to complete his bargain, harked back to that night and said, "Satan entered into him and he went out," and now listen—"It was night." Yes it was, in more senses than one! It was night when he went out to betray Christ.

And if you read carefully the chapters in John that have to do with the Passover Feast and the institution of the Last Supper, you will see how Judas' treachery troubled Jesus. For if you have eyes to see and ears to hear, you will find out as you read that narrative that Jesus was oppressed in spirit by the presence of the arch traitor. He was uncomfortable and ill at ease and said, "What thou doest, do quickly." And after that you can see how Jesus passed out of the fog up into the mountain where the air was clear. But Judas even enters into this prayer, for Jesus says, "Those whom Thou hast given me I have kept," and then the hideous leering vision of Judas rises up in His imagination, and in His very prayer He says, "Except"—now what will He call him—"the son of hell, the son of perdition, the son of destruction, the son of perishing."

Well but was not Judas given by the Father to Jesus Christ? Yes, in a sense he was. And have we not already seen how a thousand years before it was written down that he would betray Christ? We have, there is no denying that. Then was he a mere puppet in the great hand of God, with no will to act on his own initiative, sent into the world and predestined to do the deed he did? No. There never was a word from Jesus' lip fell on the ears of John but it fell on the ears of Judas; all the parables he heard, and the great Sermon on the Mount, and the sermon about the Living Bread. And there never was a miracle laid hold of Simon Peter knitting him more closely to Jesus

Christ, but Judas saw it and might have come under the influence of it. The sun of that glory blazed about Judas. But do you not know the same sun that softens wax will harden clay? And all that flood of divine grace that came to Simon Peter and sent out those eleven men to revolutionize the ages, fell in vain upon a man who could see in Jesus nothing more than a matter of barter and the means by which he might come into the possession of a little money. Ah there are wheels within wheels in the regime of God, and there is a great wheel there that moves around, and it is the purpose of God; and nothing can thwart that purpose or stop that wheel. But inside that large wheel there are a lot of little wheels, and they apparently move of their own volition. And yet the movement of the big outer wheel has taken into consideration all the movements of those subordinate wheels and makes its revolutions accordingly. And so Pilate shall appear, to do, we know what—and Herod and Judas shall all be as the little wheels moving in this vast wheel, the circumference of which is the mind and plan of the eternal God, and Judas shall be free to choose, yet fated to do his part in the accomplishment of the great purpose—fated to be free, as is every man. For anybody knows I can stop in my sermon right here and say I will preach no other word in the name of God while the heavens are above me. But everybody knows if I were foolish enough to do that now, that very fact has been thought of in the revolution of this larger wheel of the eternal purpose of God, and somebody else is ready to take my place. So I too am fated, but I am fated to be free. "And none of them is lost but the son of perdition."

And I cannot stop before I say, that the Lord Jesus knew Judas long before John knew him. For when John asked, "Who is the traitor?" Jesus did not say, "I am unsure," but He said, "The person who dips with me in the dish is the traitor," and Judas dipped. And you know there came over me as I noticed that, a strong consciousness that in the home and in society and in the church we have got to cultivate the habit of Jesus, and put up with some things that in our degree annoy us and disturb us even as did the latent treachery of Judas distress the Son of God. And so I, who

believe in Christ and have hazarded my soul on His Deity and Saviourhood, I, who am lost if He is not what He said He was, come by a strange route into increased confidence in His deity. And I more firmly believe in Him as I see Jesus Christ behaving toward Judas right up to the last as if reaching out after a man falling over the rapids and saying, "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss," in which sentence every single word was calculated to rescue the traitor—"Judas"—calling him by name; "betrayest"—showing him the horrid ghastliness of his treachery; "betrayest thou?"—a man who has eaten with me, "Betrayest thou the Son of Man?"—you know who I am, you cannot but know. And now Judas, do you take the highest act of affection, even the kiss, and prostitute it to become the signal that I am the person the mob must arrest—"Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?" May I be forgiven if I am wrong, but this seems to be like Christ's last despairing effort to pull the man back from the hell he would seek and which he ultimately found!

The Imparted Joy

John 17:13.

"And now come I to Thee; and these things I speak in the world that they might have my joy fulfilled in themselves."

I always wonder at the way the world loomed on the soul of Christ in this great prayer. I think some nineteen times in about fourteen verses He makes mention of the word "world." Right at the commencement of His prayer He says, "Glorify me with the glory I had with Thee before the world was." And standing there with Calvary so near, He lets His thoughts go backward ere time had commenced, and He solaces Himself with the glory which was His, co-eval with the lifetime of God. And then in the next verse He says, "These are the men whom Thou gavest me out of the world." So there lies the world in the thought of Christ, a great seething mass of evil, where the leaven of sin is working its deadly hurt. But out of that strange multitude there are a few choice souls elected by God from all eternity, and in the beneficent purpose of grace given to Jesus Christ. And then in the ninth verse He says, "I pray not for the world"—putting that world distinctly out of His thought in this great intercessory prayer for His people. An appalling fact, that with deliberateness Jesus put the world outside of the scope, function and blessedness of His prayer of intercession!

Then a little lower down He says, "I am coming to Thee out of the world, but these are in the world." And the pang your mother had when she went to heaven and left you behind, is the pang Jesus felt when pathetically He said to God, I am leaving the world, but these are remaining in it. And then He went on to say, "And those Thou gavest me out of the world, I have kept." And I always think there is a

vibrant ringing challenge in the tone of Jesus when He utters that sentence. And if I might in my weakness so phrase it, there is a self-congratulation that those who were given Him by His Father God, He had kept in spite of the pull upon them exercised by the world and by hell.

Then He comes in the text to say, "Now Father, I am coming home, but before I come I say these things in the world, that these men may have my joy"—not like a little stream down in a river bed when the drought has exercised itself upon the land, but like the sea at its flood—"that they may have my joy full in themselves." And then He will go on to say, "I pray for them; I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst perform the mightier miracle upon them of keeping them in the world from the evil." And then He adds, "The world will hate them as it has hated me, and it will hate them for the reason that they do not belong to the world, but they have been called out of it by Thy sovereign discriminating grace." And He further affirms, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." For they have come into such relationship with me, and like has produced like in them so that they are no longer of the world as they once were; and now because of the difference between them and the world, the world will have its heart filled with enmity towards them.

And then He says, "As Thou didst send me into this world, so I send them, even for this same purpose, that they may glorify Thee and reflect the image of God to the men who are round about them." And as a result of that He affirms, "The world will believe that I have exerted an influence over them." And in the next verse He declares, "The world will know that I have effected a separative work in the world by their strange behaviour that sets to shame the ordinary conduct of the world." And then He goes back to the eternity with which He commenced His prayer as He says, "Thou didst love me before the foundation of the world." And I think I will be bold enough to suggest that Christ has loved you so long as God has loved Christ! For He says, "I have loved Thee with an everlasting love." And then the last mention of the world

in the prayer is where Jesus declares, "Father, the world hath not known Thee, but I have known Thee; and these men have known Thee and have known Thee through me, for they have become assured that Thou didst send me into the world." Thus this world, so complex, so baffling, so bad, loomed very large before the eyes of Jesus when He prayed this real Lord's prayer.

Then further He asserts, I am about to depart from the world and come to Thee. Now of some of the deprivations Jesus suffered when He came into this world we are made aware. We know how the bird had her nest and the fox its hole, and He had no home! And we know the confidence, certitude and repose that attaches to a fixed dwelling where is love! But Oh, the greater deprivations of the Son of God we have but dimly guessed, for as you read that New Testament, especially the Gospels, you find now and then how the heart of Jesus goes out in great longing towards the fellowship with His Father that was disturbed when Jesus confined Himself within the limitations of our humanity. The earth has never been the same since Jesus came into it, as it was before, for the daffodils as they swing in the breeze have taken on new suggestiveness and fairness because Jesus talked about them; and the robin I saw this morning building its nest appealed to me as it never would if Jesus had not talked about the birds; and there is an added tenderness in our finger tips as we touch a fallen child because Jesus blessed the children; and so we may never know the change in earth by the fact that Jesus came into the world. But I have often wondered at the change in heaven when Jesus left it. For I have sometimes tried to think what sort of a heaven it was when for those thirty-three years Christ was out of it; and I have wondered how God the Father felt when His Son, the express image of His person, was down here in the world where men hated Him, stoned Him, spat upon His face, and finally did Him to death. And so I have thought that as I put my ear to this prayer of the Lord I could hear a sigh of relief break from His soul as He said, "And now I come to Thee." I have done the task. The work is finished. The fierce battle is fought. The wild storm

is over, and as a storm-driven, rain-drenched, wind-blown man reaches his home and puts his hand upon the latch, so Jesus looks away from the world as He says, "Father, I am coming home." He was man as we are, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh; therefore, I will say He was glad to go home as most people are when God calls them.

But I want you to observe the confidence with which He says, "Now come I to Thee." There is the certitude! Oh, I will be bold again to say that is the way the Son of God should talk. He must not be speaking with hesitation. He must not talk as we ordinary folks talk. But when He will go out from this life by the way of bloody Golgotha, He must say, "Now come I to Thee." But He imparts that confidence to us as He tells us that in Him we may have the same assurance that we too go to God when we depart from the earth. I wonder why these maudlin folk are all the time talking about an intermediate state. Once again let me remind you how a little man informed me that I should go into my grave and stay there till the resurrection. Why if I go into my grave I shall stay there forever! I shall never come out! And to keep from staying in the grave forever, I will keep out of it. If they covered this body as I covered the bulb last Fall, I should not be troubled for I would not be in the grave, for Jesus Christ states, "Now come I to Thee," and adds, "Where I am ye shall be also." And that is the confidence we have concerning those who have gone from us. Life gets poor as we older grow, only we do not say much about it, for only fools wear their hearts on their sleeve for the daws to pick at, and the world has enough trouble of its own, therefore we tell the story and smile at the jest, but sometimes we go apart where the solemn trees are under the night skies, or into the room when we shut the door, and then if we listen, we can hear the blood dropping in our hearts as we think how life has grown so very poverty stricken! And then we murmur—

"Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

And because you smile, and because I go on in my

own life and own way, people say, "They have forgotten those who have gone away." But always they lie in their throats, for it is not because we have forgotten them; it is because we remember them so keenly we dare not mention their names lest a sudden inrush of weakness might make us behave other than we have determined by the help of God we would behave to the very end.

Now He gives us confidence concerning them. Oh go to the grave and keep it green. That is all right, for do you not paint the house you live in, and decorate it in your own way? So we take care of the grave, that little hillock from which you can see farther than from the top of Mount Hood, because you can see how those you loved and cherished are with the One who said to His Father, "Now come I to Thee," and who has authorized us to affirm of all trusting souls that they went to God. Because where Jesus is everybody knows, for He is in heaven with His Father. And where those we love are everybody also knows who believes the Bible, even if there were only the one sentence that Paul wrote, "Absent from the body, we are at home with the Lord." And if we know where Christ is and where those who fell asleep in Jesus are, why we know where we are going. And so I say the day is coming—it is near to you and me—that we can say with Jesus Christ, "Now come I to Thee."

Now the last word I gather from this text is this. With the world impinging on Him as it was, and with Him lifting His thoughts out of the world unto His Father, how strange that He said, "I am speaking these words that they may have my joy in them." Joy? What joy could a man have whose hands were to be pierced with spikes in a few hours? What joy could He have as He prospected that way to the cross, that road of tears? What joy could He possess as He thought of Gethsemane and its bloody sweat and soul agony? What joy could He have as He thought of Golgotha's loneliness—how at last there would be one isolate soul in the universe of God—never another before or since. Men had left Him, His Father had left Him, there He hung alone! What joy? But He had it, for He said, "I am saying these words now that they may have my joy in them." Oh that is the marvel of Jesus, that

He stood there and saw the trial before Annas, Caiaphas, Herod, and Pilate, and the scourge, spittle, shame, and all the agony of the cross, yet in the midst of all that He said, "The greatest wish I have for you disciples is that you may possess my joy." I think that suggests the marvel of Christianity. We sing in our prayer meeting quite often—

"Have Thine own way, Lord,
Have Thine own way;
Thou art the Potter,
I am the clay."

I happened to find out a few days ago how that song was written. It was written by Miss Prentiss, a Canadian woman, if I remember correctly, who had some thought of the foreign mission field, but put it aside. And they told her she must submit to a minor operation. But the anesthetic was insufficient, and she made a move on the operating table, causing the surgeon's hand to slip and so she became an incurable cripple for the rest of her life. Yet lying on her sick bed she wrote that song. And I should not wonder but there has resulted more good from that, than if she had gone to the mission field. But how sublime, that on the bed whence she could never be taken without human hands lifting her, she wrote, "Have Thine own way." Oh, I know the unbelieving man has a louder cackle in his laugh, but I know when the thunder rolls and the lightnings flash and the great storm lifts him up and shakes him violently there is that in the believing man which the unbeliever lacks, for there is the joy existing underneath the seemingly harsh and certainly stern discipline of life, even Christ's joy!

What was that joy? I do not know! I sometimes think I know less about Christ than anybody else in the church, for I cannot see the way some people can see, nor am I privileged to hear the way they hear. I only know I have lived in His mild and magnificent eye, and watched the way He walked about, and seen Him perform His miracles; and I think I would stand up here and be shot for Him with as much composure as I would go home and get my dinner! But I thought

last week that He had joy because He had accomplished His life task. Now if we let Him help us, we can have that joy, and when we come to put our head down on the pillow for the last time, we can have the solemn, gratifying, gladdening assurance in our soul, What God sent me to do I have done, and what God sent me to say I have said. And I tell you a man can pass away as ripened fruit falls, when he has lived to do his appointed task.

And then I think He had the consciousness that He was in the will of His Father. Circumstances do not affect that, for you may be sitting there this morning all pain tormented, but you know all this physical discomfort does not influence God. And He is with you, and holds you when the billows smite and you will not fall! And if the discipline is sharp, it is short; and if it is long, it is light; He will temper all. That is the present joy.

And then He had the future joy. He knew He was going to His Father. A woman asked me a little while ago why Jesus did not talk and tell us more about heaven. If He had, we should have all died of longing. Why, I love to think how when God in the last book of the Bible commissions His servant to write the description of heaven, John under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost could find nothing better to say than that gold is trodden under foot in the glory; and jewels, well they have walls of them up there. Everybody likes music; and they have harpers harping on their golden harps in heaven. Everybody likes light, and they have a light up there that never goes out, and the Lamb is the glory of it. Oh, it is not a glory that can be described by diamonds and rubies, for there is a long list of precious stones in the book of Revelation I cannot quote because I do not know how to pronounce the words; but I have read one fine thing about heaven that I can quote. I know He said, "Where I am, there ye shall be also." And that is my heaven! And that is your heaven also. For we would rather dwell in a barn through which the wind blew and the rain beat with the folks we love, than be in a palace but absent from the beloved; and therefore, to be with Christ is to be in heaven, as you and I very well know.

So let us hearten ourselves this morning with the fact that as Christ overcame in His hours of loneliness and trial, and still possessed joy and peace though in presence of the combined hostilities of earth and hell, we too in our degree have the composure that comes from a serene trust in Him and that remains unshaken in spite of storm and limited vision and impoverished resources. And now let us listen to an appropriate song that may furnish a fitting close to our meditation.

Not now, but in the coming years—

It may be in the better land—

We'll read the meaning of our tears,

And there, sometime, we'll understand

We'll catch the broken threads again,

And finish what we here began;

Heaven will the mysteries explain,

And then, ah then, we'll understand.

We'll know why clouds instead of sun

Were over many a cherished plan:

Why song has ceased when scarce begun;

'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.

God knows the way, He holds the key,

He guides us with unerring hand;

Sometimes with tearless eyes we'll see;

Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

The Alien World

John 17:14

"I have given them Thy word; and the world hated them, because they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."

Statement the first, which concerns Himself—"I am not of the world." It is singularly appropriate that we should study that sentence spoken by Christ concerning Himself on this Palm Sunday morning, for it was then that He neared His withdrawal from the world and stood where dense shadows fell, and looked steadily unto the hour that would take Him out of the world. For but a few hours afterward He stood blood on brow marred with men's spittle, and of Himself affirmed, "I am a King, but my kingdom is not of this world, else would the subjects of that kingdom fight." In all His life He was separate from the world. Had He stood with Pharisees, they would gladly have stood by Him. Had He consorted with Sadducees, they would have defended Him against their old time enemies, the Pharisees. Had He stood where the Herodians were, they would have given to Him their support. But He stood four-square to all the world, and nobody was with Him. But the great Hero of eternity, all lonely as He was, marched on His way—the way whose objective was a grim cross.

At the outset of His career He demonstrated His aloofness from the world. Causing all the kingdoms of the earth to appear before the Master in a moment of time, Satan made the mightiest effort ever made by the devil to capture a soul, offering all the world for a moment's homage. And the great Christ was unmoved by a whole world offered as a bribe to seduce Him from His loyalty to the truth. Oh let us say it again, when the whole world was offered to Him if He would only be warped a little, He showed how He was

not of the world; nor would He accomplish His mighty purpose of controlling the universe by conforming to the world's methods of doing things. And you recall, for you know the Scriptures, how on another occasion He said, "The prince of this world cometh"—not the rightful owner of it, but the accursed usurper who has dared seat himself upon the throne—"The prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me." And the great law of His Kingdom enunciates the same truth. So "Seek ye first," He said, "the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these subsidiary things, all these inferior things, all these other things, shall be added unto you as you need them and are qualified to use them, if first of all you learn to seek the Kingdom that is other than the kingdoms of the earth." And in His great prologue to His demonstration of what the Kingdom would be, he startled all the ages by saying, Happy are the poor, the meek, the helpless, those who make no effort to defend themselves; yea, happy are the persecuted people who are aloof from the prizes and the bribes, the tyrannies and the importunities of the world.

Now this is what your baptism said of you, that you were not of the world. Do you not recall it, man? When your bending form entered that yielding water, you said, "I am dead to the world," and when you emerged from the wave you said, "I am alive to the Kingdom that cometh not by observation and is not maintained by earthly hands." Oh He was not of the world! And when you took upon you His name in that ordinance of baptism that placed you in this church, you stood beside the lonely Christ and said, "I will follow the King whose only crown now is of thorns, whose hand holds no sceptre, because He is not of the world; and I will go without the camp to Him, bearing His reproach."

May I pause a moment to say it is still true of Him, He is not of the world. They talk proudly about Constantine once saying, This Christianity shall become fashionable and universal, and I adopt it, and I compel all my subjects to adopt it. But greater curse has seldom come to the world than when the Church forgot Christ was not of the world, and sought to have Him the crowned king of the subjects of the devil.

And all of us learned this lesson a year or two ago when we consorted with the world and when men placed in our hands a program that said, "Raise so much money for Jesus Christ and go to the men who never enter the church and have no use for the church, and by methods that are inferior, wring and wrench from them their money." And it cost us two and one-half million dollars to get out of the snare of the devil that flatly contradicted this part of my text, and which sought by the world's methods to accomplish the purpose of God. So do not forget it. He is not of the world!

And statement the second concerns the disciples, when it says—"They are not of the world." But O the world allured them! There were times when like their forefathers they thought with desire of the fleshpots of the past in old Egypt. There were times when Demas-like it was urged upon them to forsake the Christ, and follow and love the present world. Are you foolish enough to think those men consorted with Christ three years, without sometimes sitting down in the twilight and saying, "We are playing a losing game; we are fighting a losing fight; there isn't much to this; He shows no sign of being a king, and there is no palpable presence of a kingdom; would it not be wise to go back to the fishing nets and the boats?" Yes the world allured them as it allures you and me. And it assailed them too. Do not ever forget the fine sneer underlying the question that one day fell from the lip of a hater of Jesus Christ? Listen to it—"Have any of the rulers believed in Him?" Who are His followers? The ignominious and the offscouring, the unlettered and the un-influential! And at such times the world assailed the faith of those men who followed the Christ. Yes, and it affected them too, as it necessarily must have done, for there were times when they forgot their high calling and said, Is this the time when Thou wilt restore the kingdom, and shall I be seated on the right and my brother be seated on the left, and shall we now wear crowns and fine raiment, and have dominion over the kingdoms of the earth?

But while it fascinated and charmed, and while it challenged and menaced, it never succeeded in getting them. For evermore they maintained the fact Christ

mentions in the text that they were not of the world. Oh I know what you are thinking, that a few hours afterward they all forsook Him and fled—as He Himself said, “They fled like frightened sheep.” But there was not one of them said, “Crucify Him.” And there was not one of them spat in his face. And there was not one of them but had the heartache and the swollen eye-lid when He passed away. I say I know what you are thinking about. You are recalling Simon Peter, how he stood up and thrice over denied the Lord. Yes, but I want you to recall also that he went out into the darkness of the night, and under the olive trees his whole frame was convulsed with the sobs of a strong man, as he thought how caught in the squall he had forgotten his allegiance to his God. “They are not of the world.” Ah, His prodigal may go down into the far off country; and he may try, poor fool, to fill himself with the husks that the swine of the world eat. But it is written down in Luke fifteen that he cannot possibly succeed in so doing; and he has to arise and leave the swine and go back to his Father’s house before his ravished heart shall hear the sound of heaven’s own laughter over his return. You see He one day said to these men, “I will give you some water to drink, and it shall be in you a well of living water springing up into everlasting life.” Nor can hell stop the bubbling of that fountain of water. Oh a man may go down into the desert where he forgets these supplies of the grace of God; but in the desert he shall not die; for he shall remember and feel the upspringing of the water that necessarily must rise as high as its source, and its source is the heart of God. “They are not of the world.”

And statement three concerns Himself and His disciples—“They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.” What does He mean? Why He means we have the same kind of life in us that He had in Him—and if that statement cannot be substantiated by the Scripture I ought to be compelled to take it back and publicly apologize for ever making it—the same quality of life in the disciple that was in the Lord. Can I prove it? I can. By whom? By a man who listened when Christ made the statement about the living water. And what did He say? Why Peter wrote

down in his epistle a sentence before which I have stood with bowed heart for forty years. "We are partakers of the divine nature." Just as in me there runs my father's blood according to the flesh, and just as in me my father lives over again, so the Word of God says there is the divine nature in every regenerated soul, and the same quality of life that was in Christ is in the Christian. And so great is the revolution made in the life by this impartation of the Divine nature, that the Apostle Paul becomes bold as he says, As there was an original creation when out of the chaos God brought the cosmos in all its glory and beauty, so every Christian is a new creation. It is not the old nature pieced up and reformed. It is your baptism over again where you die to the old life and you come up into an apprehension and a realization of the new life. Partakers of the Divine nature! And the Apostle John becomes bolder yet, for he tells how Jesus Christ disconcerted a Pharisee when He said, "You must be born again." And I always love Nicodemus, because in his embarrassment he paused and turned and said the only thing that seemed possible to human speech, "How can that be? Can I be born over again?" And I wonder if the Master did not have a quiet smile on His face when He said, "Nicodemus, as you were born once of the flesh and became a living man; so you must be born again of the Spirit and become a regenerated saved man." Born again in Christ. "They are not of the world even as I am not of the world." Oh I tell you when He took those men He put within their hearts great impulses, surging enthusiasms, throbbing ideals that lifted them up on to the plain where He Himself stood, so that He was able to say, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."

Did He say the truth? Oh He could not say anything but the truth. But is it manifestly a clear truth? It assuredly is. He saw them not as they would be, scattered like sheep when a dog barks and bites; but He saw them when those great remonstrances of God would pull them up and they would begin to realize what they were and whose they were and why they lived. He saw them as they thundered at Pentecost; as they wrote Epistles; as they became the very foundation upon which the Christian church rests. He saw

them and said—may I be pardoned if I am wrong—He said with a holy self congratulation, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."

Is that the way He looks at us? Oh I think so for though we judge by the man's worst deed, yet He judges by the bent of the man's life. We see what the man has grasped. He sees what the man is reaching after. He sees what we would be if suddenly our ideals were realized and our best instincts came to their gratification. He sees what we should be if we could sluff off the stuff we hate and against which we continuously fight. He sees us with other and larger eyes than man's, even with the eyes of God. And He sees what we shall ever be longing to become, until the day break and we enter upon the consummation of all our hopes and our anticipations. And therefore He says, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."

What differentiated those men from the men of the times? Two things: "I have given them Thy word," that is the first; "And the world hath hated them," that is the second. Now then let us come up to these two facts and see whether we take rank amongst the disciples. Has He given us His word? I am a dull scholar, and I read a great word like Matthew eleven, twenty-eight, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and I remember that Jesus said it. But Oh I wish in my heart that I could be quite sure God said it. For if He is only the mild-eyed peasant of Judea that they tell me He is—I love Him for the breadth of His sympathy and the warmth of His heart—but O my Lord, it is no good what you said! How can you lift my burden? You have a burden of your own to be lifted. But if I could just be sure that God said that—the God that thundered on Sinai and drowned the world in a flood—did He say that? Well Jesus Christ taught us that He did, for He said, "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself, but the Father speaks them through me." Then God Almighty says, "Come unto me and I will give you rest." Oh but I am burdened. "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden and I will give you rest." "I have spoken unto them Thy word." As He said before, "They have believed this

word is Thine, and the very fact that they believed this word of mine to be Thine has so separated them from the world that the world sees the difference and hates them. The world hateth them."

Did I say the old Pharisee antagonized Jesus? He is alive today to antagonize the Christian. Do you not know the ritualist is in the world? Do you not know there is a thing called Catholicism in the world? And underneath all its fawning, it has got the same old tiger stripes and the same old tiger teeth. Do not tell me I have no authority for what I say, else I may remind you of something, for I have lived where the Pharisees of the present day burned the Bible in public. And the Sadducee is in the world, who says, "There is nothing to it." The poor miserable fool goes down into a barrel of Northern Spy apples, and he finds one little shriveled thing that fell into the barrel because the packer never knew it, and he judges that whole barrel by that accident of an apple. Yes the Sadducee is here. And the Herodian is here. Well if he is not here now, he will be pretty soon, because the election is coming, and then your Herodian will kiss the dirty face of the child and say how much it resembles its father! And he will be like a man I spoke to the other day, who at certain exigencies of his career is Methodist, Baptist, or Episcopalian—anything you like. And the devil is here. Jesus Christ moved about with a vivid consciousness that He had an antagonist. Forty days He fought him in the wilderness. Never a day did Satan leave the Christ, and never an hour of the day. And the Apostle Paul listened and said, "I hear the thundering feet of a vast army, and they are headed by Beelzebub, prince of the power of the air; and unless I were helped by the great God, I have no chance of succeeding in my warfare against the invisible hosts of the dark." "I have given them Thy word, and the world hateth them." Now just there I stand condemned. A man said to me the other day, "You have more friends and fewer enemies than anybody in this town." I hope that is not true. I would like to have the friends if they are the right kind, but it is a bad thing when burglars like a policeman! "The world hateth them." And the world will, you know, if we only prove we are not of the world as He is not of the world. The

world will hate us. I do not think it is good business to be a Christian. I know a grocer in this city who shut his store on Saturday night and did not open it till Monday morning and tried to conduct his business along the line of the Golden Rule, and I saw him shut up his shop. It was not good business. But it will be when the drunken mountains snap across the valleys' laps, it will be good business then. And if I were addressing a congregation of ministers, I would say it may not make for success to stay by the record, to refuse to round the corners off and tone it down. But I tell you it will become a good thing when the stars scatter as you saw the leaves go whirling in the north wind yesterday.

"I am not of the world," He said; "They are not of the world," He added; and then He asserted, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." And the differentiation lies in the fact that they have received His word and are living it, and therefore the world—challenged and condemned by them—hates them even as it hated Him and ultimately did Him to death.

The Assailing Evil

John 17:15

"I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil."

I pray that Thou shouldest take them out of the world! Suppose He had prayed thus. What a good thing it would have been for Simon Peter! At the time Christ prayed, Simon had made the great confession, his feet had been washed by the Master, and his whole life had been bathed in the blessing of Christ. Could he have been taken out of the world then, He would have missed the tragedy of the three denials and the awful oath and the bitter weeping in the dark night. But would it have been better for Peter to have been taken out of the world at the time of Christ's prayer? For he would have missed Pentecost and many a mighty victory won on the battleground where the right and the wrong contend. And he would never have been the author of two books bound up in the New Testament, had Christ for him prayed—"Take them out of the world."

Would it not have been a great thing had Christ then prayed for Thomas who said to his fellow disciples, "The Lord is going down to Bethany where He will be stoned to death; but let us go and die with Him." Now if Thomas longer lives he will be the man whose heart becomes doubt-infested, and who will incur the criticism of two millenniums by saying, "Unless I put my finger into the print of the nails, I will not believe." Ah, but had Thomas died at the time Christ prayed for him, he would never have fallen at the feet of Jesus and said, "My Lord and my God" in happy confident faith.

Would it not have been a good thing for John had

he gone to heaven while Jesus Christ was in prayer? For he would have missed the agony of witnessing the crucifixion, if from leaning on the bosom of Jesus he had gone into the visible presence of God. But he would also have missed the rare joy of having the dying Lord commend the heart-broken mother to the care of the loving disciple who would be to her as a son. And he would never have been the author of the fourth gospel and the three Epistles and the wonderful Apocalypse.

Oh they throng around me as I speak—the people who are illustrative of what I am saying. How good if Job had died with all his sons and daughters and possessions about him, and not have lived on until the great storm winds blew, and the billows of evil beat repeatedly upon his weary storm-driven heart. Yes, but if he had died before the hurricane broke, he would never have been the man who said, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him; and though after my skin worms devour my body, yet out of my body I shall see God, for I know that my Redeemer liveth." Would it not have been better for Abraham if he had been called straight to heaven instead of having to wander up and down the land of Canaan with the promise of all things, but possessing no single acre of soil? For he would have missed a lot of hardship. But it was only through that hardship that he won claim to the two unique titles that he bears—"The Friend of God," and the "Father of the Faithful." Better, think you, would it have been for Moses had he died down in Egypt, when all about him was fair and prosperous? Ah no, for the forty years in Midian developed the man who could lead the Israelitish host to the very border of Canaan land. And know you not that because of the character he wrought out in the fire, they are singing today on the golden floors of heaven the song of Moses the servant of God and of the Lamb. Better for David, think you would it have been, had he died in Bethlehem an unspoiled shepherd lad, and so not have faced the fury, and fallen into the falseness that marred all his life? Ah no, for only as he lived and fought his fight and voyaged across his rough sea of experience, could he become the writer of the Twenty-third Psalm, and found a dynasty that shall

never end until Christ is seated upon the throne of David. Ah, better for you, you have sometimes thought, had you gone to heaven when first the Lord saved you. For all that devious wandering that crossed your pathway could have been avoided, had the Lord saved you and straightway transferred you to glory. But cease your murmuring, my brother, for had you gone to heaven then, you would have been a very inferior soul to what you are today, when out of the brunt of the battle and out of the grip of the storm you have won a fortitude that amazes men and a poise that all hell can never disturb. Better for yours, you think, had they gone to heaven as children? But I tell you nay. For had it been better for them thus to have gone, Christ would have gathered them unto Himself. And you know not what glories they may yet achieve; nor what serviceableness to God and man shall be theirs; nor do you know how they shall glorify the great God of eternity. So murmur not because they are left to face the world as you know it. Because ever bear in mind the God who has helped you thus far face this world is the God who will be unto them all they require. Oh I have bowed down scores of times over a description of a man found in the prophecy of Isaiah, and I have admired and coveted at the same time—"A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind"—but he cannot shield others from the wind unless he stands where its fury smites him—"A man shall be as a covert from the tempest," but he may never be the covert between the storm-driven life and the tempest unless the slanting hail smite his flesh—"A man shall be as rivers of water in a dry place," but unless he is willing to stand in the dry places he can never be as a refreshing river to those about him—"A man shall be as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," but if a man persist in shunning the weariness, he shall never be as grateful shade to other afflicted souls. Oh my friends, it is better to stay as Christ left us, where through hardship we win reward; and through fierce battling we come into possession of rich trophies; and where the heart of the hurricane infuses its own power into our own resolute wills. I tell you if this world be a place where men and women can receive satisfaction, it is a failure; for the more of it one gets, the less

is one satisfied. But if this world and this life are given to mortals for the achievement of strength, for the coming into possession of patience, for the acquiring of courage, for the development of an all-round complete character concerning which God can say, "Well done;" then the world is a conspicuous success, and life has in it no failure at all. So then, it would not have been good that Christ should pray, "Take them out of the world;" but it was good that instead of that He prayed this way, "Keep them from the evil."

And how those men glorified God as they antagonized the evil, and stood fast and loyal in the midst of all the onslaughts of hell! Take Peter again. The great wind of Pentecost had blown and the fire of Pentecost had flamed and the little church went down the stairway out into the world, the grim awful spiteful world. Then the noise of criticism rose on the air, and the call was for a rock man. And the man to whom Christ had said long months before, "Thou shalt be Cephas, a stone," stood forth, defended the disciples, proclaimed the truth, charged home the murder of the Son of God on his audience and ere he closed his service, three thousand men were saying, "What must we do?" And he went on living that life of combating the evil, standing for the right, and ever tearing the standard out of the grasp of the foe who had obtained temporary possession of it. Oh how Simon glorified the Saviour as he lived his life being kept by God from the evil.

And Stephen stood up to die. What a shame that a life should be thus prematurely cut off! Cease your murmuring. For the man who stands there to die shall see Christ, and talk about Christ, and have in him the spirit of Christ, so that he prays the very prayer for those who slew him that Jesus prayed for his murderers. And see the millions who look at Stephen dying! And for aught you know to the contrary, these millions would never have heard of Stephen but for the fact that the evil sought him, and he stood firm so that the evil could not obtain him.

I cannot forbear from citing Saul of Tarsus, converted on the Damascus Road. What a lot of red welts from scourging on his back would have been missed

by Saul if he had gone to heaven from the Damascus Road. Yes, but he lived to say, "I beat myself until I am black and blue under my eyes, I keep myself in leash, I keep myself under, I endure hardness as a soldier of Jesus Christ." And living in the midst of the evil that he successfully resisted, he wrote the Romans and the Ephesians and all those marvelous Epistles that have made glad the heart of the Christian church for nineteen hundred years.

How these men glorified Christ as they were kept from the evil. And you and I have known men in our own lives who have done the same thing. I used to watch Mr. Spurgeon, living in the midst of scorn and slander and misrepresentation and spite and yet standing there serene in his God, unmoved by all the hostility, not a petulant word falling from his lip, no lowering of the old flag, but a calm defiance characterizing him that made even cowards brave, and caused weak-hearted people to become strong in the faith. Oh how God is glorified in such men!

Yes, and we have not only known of them, but we have known them. Do you remember how your old mother procured her patience, the calm that characterized her, the tender touch, the gentle voice that had in it solace and benediction? You know where she got that! Out where the evil surged and raged, out where the fires of adversity flamed, out where the winds of loss and bereavement moved! But how as you think of your mother, you glorify the God that made your mother what she was. And there are among us these illustrations of the great fact that Christ is glorified by men who stand erect and unmoved and unwarped in the midst of the evil, as they would not if He took them away from the presence of the evil. For unto us it is given to know men who cannot be bought, or shamed, or cowed, men who would as soon stand alone with Christ as with a multitude; women whose word is true, whom gossip can never touch, nor slander ever reach; men and women who keep our faith alive in this wicked world, alive in man and God. How He is glorified by them!

But somebody says—and I must minister to him a comforting word before I close—Yes, but can He keep us from the evil? Now an ounce of fact is worth

a ton of theory, so I say He kept them! Oh they went through great squalls, did those disciples. They saw Christ die. And I have never fathomed the amount of peril that assailed them when they saw the One they believed to be the Saviour of men die. But they stood even that. And they went out to pit themselves, a few dozen men, against a united world in league with a united hell. And those few men stood there untrembling and unafraid. Nothing in the world of equipment had they but the story of the Cross and the Spirit of God. And yet you who know history know inside a generation they came near to capturing the entire Roman dominion. And their enemies said they had turned the world upside down. And they fought the battles of the early church. Oh but He was glorified in them, and He kept them from the evil. And I do not wonder that He did, when I remember two simple things. He prayed for them—that is the first. He said, "I pray for them," and I have lived in this world long enough to appreciate the force of the evil, and I am not among those who say they do not believe in a devil, for I believe in one who is only less strong than God Himself. But I tell you, if you can put the prayer of Jesus Christ between you and hell, it can never possess you. He prayed for them. And as He prays for them, I know down in my soul they will be kept from the evil. And the other thing I leave with you is this: In that prayer He said this, "Holy Father, keep them," and if the Holy Father, even God Himself, undertakes the keeping of a soul from the evil, that soul will be kept no matter how all hell may rage.

And so this morning I come to you to correct an impression you have had and a thought you have expressed to yourself if to nobody else—How much better if I had gone to God the night I was converted. No, my brother, it was better you should live on these years, fighting while the fierce winds were raging, and feeling the foeman's finger on your throat, rather than ask for quarter. And you men, to whom I am talking out of a full heart, who will go tomorrow into the store, the mill, the workshop, or out on the street, and stand there as it is given you to stand for truth and righteousness and the things that are honorable and upright and Christian—do you not see how

that office may become a pulpit from which you shall thunder forth the gospel that glorifies God? And you women, when you set yourself against the slanderous report, the idle gossip, the dissipation of people's reputation through thoughtless idle lips, do you not see how you can be actually answering Christ's prayer as you allow Him to keep you from the evil? And you younger folk, let me say a word to you for you to remember when I am gone. Can you think of a better life, a grander, more successful life, than just to go out into this world filled as it is with the slime of the pit and keep your garments white and your soul unspotted, and live your life and do your work, fight your fight and weather your storm and tread your pilgrimage to the glory of God by being kept from the evil?

My heart has been full as I have preached this sermon. For I have been thinking of the young people I baptized last Sunday. And I have had the thought rise up in my own mind, "Lord, if they had only died in the baptistry." But as I have looked at my text, I have conquered that cowardly thought and have said, No, let them wait. Let them go out where the eddies drag, and the currents swirl, but let them have the anchorage within the veil that will keep them steady and strong in the midst of the storm.

Oh people, these are the heroes of the Christian religion. This is what the cross means. This is what girding on the armor of God stands for. Go out to stand in this high fashion, for, or ever you know it, the fight will be over, and then He will say, "I pray that Thou shouldest take them out of the world." And we shall go out into the eternal day, the unending rest, the tireless ministries of eternity.

But I may not dismiss you ere I say, see that while in the world you make it your serious business to work out your salvation with fear and trembling, with earnestness and a great carefulness, lest in any wise you come short of the grace of God. And I feel I cannot do you a greater good than—ere you pass out—recite you the great Judgment Parable of the Apostle Paul.

"For other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man

build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built there upon he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved: yet so as by fire."

The Lord grant unto us not only to be saved, but also to receive an abundant entrance into the eternal kingdom of Jesus Christ.

The Separate Men

John 17:16

"They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."

When I noticed last week that this text occurs two verses before in the great prayer of Jesus, I thought it would be wise to pass it by and go on in our study of the next verse. But when I remembered that the Lord thought it worth while to put it twice in His marvelous prayer, I concluded I had no right to pass it by because of any prior study, and as I looked into it and thought about it and tried to get it ready for presentation to you, I saw how very good it was that twice over the Lord in His final prayer asserts, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."

And the first great surprise in the text is the initial statement, "They are not of the world." For we have thought Christian people were of the world. They may have a few beliefs that other people lack, and there may be a few things that differentiate them from those about them, and there may be a few forms they observe, or there may be a certain speech that is peculiar to them, but that they are not of the world would never occur to us. And yet the text affirms there is such a gulf between those who believe in Christ and those who do not, that all the skill of all the ages cannot bridge it. But in spite of efforts to make apparent the absence of any such change, the authoritative voice of God loud and clear as thunder affirms, "They are not of the world."

They are not of the world in their origin. A king can make a belted knight, a marquis, duke, and all that, but even the kings of the earth cannot make a Christian. A creed is held by thousands in this city who say of baptism, "Wherein I was made a child of God." But it is not in the power of the church of all the genera-

tions to make a child of God. It has never been done nor can it ever be done. You cannot make a Christian. He has to be born again. For it is not of the will of the flesh nor of the will of man, but of God, that we become Christians. I know the will of man is strong and there is nothing material that it cannot conquer; but I also know when it comes to life, the will of man is impotent as a broken bit of dried grass. Can the will of man make a pansy seed? Then how can the will of man make a Christian? It can not, for they are born from above, born of the Spirit, begotten of God. And the cleavage between the man of the world and the man who belongs to Jesus lies right there in the origin of the Christian. The Apostle Paul, speaking about this abysmal change says, "We are created anew in Christ Jesus." We were created once and we partook of the lineage of Adam. Then there comes the new creation, and we partake of the nature of Jesus Christ. "They are not of the world."

Nor are Christian people of this world in the sustentation of their strange new life. Seated on the curb of the well, Jesus said to His astonished disciples who brought Him meat, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." That is the reply the church makes to the world. That is the reply the Christian makes to the worldling. I have support, sustentation that you know nothing about. Oh the children of the wilderness have to be sustained by the poor food the desert affords, but the children of Israel have the manna, and the water miraculously produced from the rock. And you remember how Paul in Corinthians said the rock that followed them was Christ, alluding perchance to a legend known at that time that in all probability the smitten rock followed them wherever they went, and poured out its cool gushing water. Whether this is true matters little; for Christ has said, "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing forth in great rivers." Or as I told you Wednesday night, the Greek says, "in great torrents." And so I say as I listen to the Lord uttering this sentence in His prayer, the Christian is the strange unique person, because his sustentation depends not upon the world, for he says in the times of the world's drought, "All my springs are in God," and they are unaffected by the changes that transpire upon the earth.

And the Christian is unique in his objective. You take the slogans of the world, and as I passed them in review last week, I saw, "Safety first;" but the Christian says, "I must seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness," regardless of my own safety. A man boasted to me one day of having made a good investment so that he had a bread ticket for life. The Christian has no such thing. Day by day he has to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," and all the promise he has concerning his provision by God is, "As thy day thy strength shall be." And yet in a high deep true sense, the Christian is the only person in the world who has got the bread ticket for life. The poor fool who talked to me had a bread ticket for his existence till his body dropped; but Whoso shall eat the bread that I shall give him, will never die, said Jesus Christ. The man of the world says he wants to become independent. He wants to be so that his supplies are resting upon no means of support at all. And the Christian wants to be dependent, and the more he realizes his dependence on God, the more does this Christian's life thrive and become fruitful. And the ambition of this man who has been brought out of the world by Jesus, is not to glorify self nor to seek his own advancement; but to so live that at last Jesus Christ to him may say, "Well done, for while you were upon the earth you glorified me."

Now it is this fact that separated those people from the world—that they had origin and sustentation and objective in God. And this fact has separated people all down these ages. Sometimes it has been grotesquely caricatured, I grant you, and yet in the very caricature there is an illustration of the truth. Men went away from their fellows out into deserts and lived alone in caves that they might evidence their separation from the world, which illustrates the statement that Christian people are in the world but are not of it. The Salvation Army probably looked in this direction when it introduced the peculiar dress for its officers to distinguish them from the people of the world. An illustration only, and yet it might call us to the consideration of the deep fact that of us Jesus affirms, "They are not of the world." And it is going to differentiate us in the day that will break tomorrow when Christ

shall come in His glory, and the proof that Christian people are not of the world will be made manifest in the fact that they are taken up out of the world, and the world is left behind when the great church rises in its splendor and glory into the visible presence of Jesus Christ.

And it were well, my people, I think to interject a little application right in the middle of the sermon. Is this true of you and me, "they are not of the world?" If the pleasures of the world suddenly passed away, how much happiness would you have left? If the rare gifts of the world literally passed away in a moment, how much treasure would you possess? If suddenly all that pertains to the world were stripped from you, how much would you be worth when all these attritions have passed away? As you pass your life in review as you lived it last week, wherein does it differentiate you from the world? Have you undergone a change so revolutionary that you have become a new man in Christ Jesus?

"Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss;
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross."

I tell you this first word of Jesus is a sharp two-edged sword, and it comes to you and says, Is gold or God uppermost in your life? Is it cash or character after which you strive? Or is selfishness or the Saviour the dominant principle of your life? And if suddenly you became what you most wish to become, what would you be? A bloated millionaire, or a humble saint? "They are not of the world."

But I found the second surprise even larger than the first. "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." And I looked at that and looked and looked, and feared I should never find out its meaning. But I think at last it dawned. There were two natures in Jesus Christ. He was the son of Mary while He was the Son of God. In His human nature there was no sin. That is where it is unlike your nature and mine. And in that divine nature there was the infinite life of the Eternal God, differentiating Him

again from you and me. And yet in a sense those two natures were in those disciples in whose hearing He was praying. Oh they had the human nature, for He had told them a few hours before, "In a little while you will scatter like frightened sheep." And to their spokesman He had said, "The day is coming and the hour and the minute when you will thrice deny me." And yet they had the other nature in them, the nature that was divine. For I see them scatter like silly sheep; but I watch and by and by they all come back, every single one of them. The spasm is done, the squall over, the fear has outworn itself, and they are all seated in that upper room at Pentecost. I see that poor spokesman after his denial and corroborative oath—Oh I see him go out in the darkness and weep as though his very soul were dying, and I see him come up as the rock man and keep step with Jesus Christ. And those two natures are in you and me. Judging you by your worst act, you look like the devil. Judging you by your best act, you look like Christ. I watch you part of the time as your conflict goes on, and I say, "He has gone over to the enemy." And I look at you again and say, "Thank God for his loyalty." The two natures are there. "They are not of the world."

There is one thing Jesus Christ has done for you, if He has done no other thing. He has spoiled you for the world. Oh you can go and dip into it, you can go and pitch your tent in its midst, but now I appeal to your experience to prove me a true voice or a liar, when I say that you cannot get any comfort or happiness or peace while you are out there in that world. What was it I heard them say of a young man, a member of this church, the other day? That he was a kill-joy. Yes he is! Just as the glorious sun kills the poor flame of a taper, so the man who has got in him the great joy of Jesus Christ is a kill-joy to all these little fictitious hiccuping sensations that the world calls happiness. "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."

And I will be bold enough to make a second statement. If you are in Christ, you may go down into that far off country and you may try to satisfy your hunger with the husks of the swine, and you may seek to become a partner with a citizen of that far off

country in his degrading work, but you cannot succeed. Why? Because according to John's Epistle, there is in you the incorruptible seed of God. And as water is never easy till it rises to the level of its source, so that incorruptible seed in you will worry and craze and madden you, until you get back again to your rightful position in the Lord Jesus Christ. "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." Oh they are talking a good deal about evolution, but let me tell you one thing that is not new but is being strangely overlooked—In the beginning God said to every seed, "Bring forth fruit after your kind." And it has been doing it ever since in spite of Mr. Darwin or anyone else. And it is not in the power of all the science of all the ages to cause a pansy seed to produce a primrose. And the same holds good in higher realms; a seed after its kind. And if there has been a change wrought in you which is according to the statement of John, comparable to being "begotten by God," there shall be a similarity between the begotten and the begetter. "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." You can put a sheep's fleece on a swine's back, but you put the sheared sheep and the swine into a bog, and the sheep will have no comfort till it gets out of the mud, and the swine in spite of the sheep's fleece will find happiness in the slough. And you can put a Christian and a worldling in the same circumstances; but when the worldling says, "This is what I have long sought," the Christian will say, "Get me out of this filth." Do you remember the story of a sailor who was given to drink, and a man said to him, "If you could have anything in the world, what would you have?" And he said, "Rum." Then said the man, "If you had a second choice, and you could have all of any one thing in the world, what would you choose?" And the sailor replied, "More rum!" True to his type! And then I heard of an old saint who used to live holily, and who was once watched by a young man as he prayed. And all the young man heard the old saint say was, "More of Thyself, Lord, more of Thyself." Oh there is a heaven and a hell of breadth between "Rum, and more rum," and "More of Thyself, Lord, more of Thyself." And that chasm is illustrative of the fact that Christians

are not of the world, even as Christ is not of the world.

Now pause for the application again before we disperse. Some man is saying—I know it by my own heart—"There is not much gospel for me in that, for I have not lived in Portland as Jesus lived in Palestine." Ah, that is true. For He said, "I do always those things that please Him," and there was nobody in heaven, earth or hell to contradict His statement. But hold on a moment. Maybe there is a region in your life in which you can say, "I do always in intent, in will, in purpose, in hope, in desire, the things that please Him." Hear a deep saying of a great poet—

"It is not what man is which exalts him,
But what man would be."

If you suddenly became what you would be, how would you appear to God? I said to a man once, "Do you love the drink so much that you cannot leave it?" "Love it?", he said, "I hate it as I hate hell. I struggle against it as a man would struggle against mad waves for his life." What would that man be if he suddenly became what he most wishes to be? Why he would be a lecturer on prohibition! Possibly somewhere in your life, there is a region, and standing there among the blossoming flowers and the fruiting trees you too can say, "I do in my will, in my soul, in my wish and purpose, always those things that please Him." As I older grow I wonder more and more at the jangling of the schools over Romans seven. They wonder if it is the saying of an unsaved or a saved man. Well Paul wrote it. And a man has only got to read his own life one single week, and he knows in him there is Romans seven. "The good in me I would do, I do not do, and the bad I do." It is in every man's life. And the man who resolutely has to struggle, often says, "When I was reaching out my hand for the enemy's standard to pull it down, he took mine. And when I thought I had lost my own flag, I possessed it." But, blessed be God, there is a Romans eight, too. And right in the midst of the struggle, I read, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus

hath made me free from the law of sin and death: We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose: For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."

So love not the world nor the things of the world, because ye are not of the world. Be not conformed to the world, because ye are not of it, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds. And get Paul's argument to the Galatians in your life, I am crucified by the cross of Christ. The world put my Saviour to the death, so it cannot be my friend. Did you never hear the logic of friendship when it says, "That man is my friend, and you cannot companion with me unless you speak truthfully of my friend." Well Jesus is my friend. He is my Saviour and my Lord. And the world hated Him and hates Him yet with a deadly hatred, and the hatred of the world for Jesus places a gulf between me and the world.

The Sanctifying Word

John 17:17

“Sanctify them by Thy truth: Thy word is truth.”

It is a strange thing that the word “sanctify” used by Jesus thrice in this prayer and applied once to Himself, has fallen into disuse, and in some quarters into actual disrepute. I carefully choose those two words “disuse” and “disrepute.” When did you hear a sermon on sanctification? And when last you heard such an unusual sermon, was there not rising within your mind a mild resentment against the presentation of any such theme? Yet sanctification is a great truth in God’s book; and without it there can be no progress made in the divine life upon the earth, and apart from it there is no guarantee of reaching heaven. But somehow the very word has become connected with extravagance and excitement, so that as we have said, the use of the word has fallen into disfavor. There has been such arrogance displayed by those prominent in talking about it, and there has been such bitterness and uncharitableness manifested by many of the exponents of this truth, that numbers of people have been driven away from a contemplation of it, and from a participation in the blessing for which it stands. Undue emotionalism connecting the great word and the doctrine for which it stands with ecclesiastical hysteria, or associating it necessarily with divine healing, with the tongues movement, and with all such things as these has tended to cause a gulf to widen between a large number of good people and the serious consideration of this important truth. And I am compelled to say, Scripture has often been wrested from its original meaning and from its context, and has been made to serve the fancies and fads of certain extravagant folk, rather than used to expound the great fact that the will of God is the sanctification of all believers.

Men have been told that unless they can speak so that nobody in the world understands them, they are failing to participate in the full benefit of sanctification. And men have been taught that unless they believe in the elimination of all pain and sickness—and one fails to see why death is not to be mentioned in the same way—there can be no obtaining the full benefits of sanctification. And even the beautiful doctrine of the infinite grace of God has often been so proclaimed as to divorce the doctrine of God's infinite grace from human responsibility and progress in the things of the divine life.

I traveled sometime ago with one of the noted teachers of holiness in America. He had occasion to refer to Portland wherein he had conducted a meeting. He mentioned a prominent minister in this city, and he spoke of him in a way I would scorn to speak as a Republican to a Democrat, or as an American citizen of even the Turk. Now that is not right. If a man has made such advances in the divine life that he is qualified to teach ordinary Christians like us, and from his serene height call us up out of the tumult and the strife, why then he ought to be displaying some of the fruitage of the Spirit, such as compassion and tenderness and a conciliatory frame of mind. And also by the insistence on sinless perfection, much hurt has been done to this great fact about which our Lord prays. There is sinless perfection awaiting you in heaven. You never have found it on the earth, and while it is your continuous and insistent goal, you never will find it here, for Jesus Christ bids you whenever you pray to say, "Forgive," and sinless perfection has passed beyond the use of the word "forgive." And the Apostle John, who talks much about sanctification, has told us if we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us. And I have been pained to notice so often that the person claiming the sinless perfection to be a present attainment, has been most impatient and sometimes insulting concerning the meager attainment of ordinary people who hope through Christ to see God in peace at last.

But I think perhaps more evil has been wrought by the severance of this great doctrine of sanctification from the realm of Christ's salvation, and the con-

necting of it altogether without reference to Jesus, to the ministry of the Holy Ghost. Now let me call your attention to a revolutionary statement in the Bible concerning this matter. "Christ is made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption." So whatever of sanctification you possess this morning, it is yours by virtue of your relationship to Jesus Christ; for apart from justifying grace, you can possess no sanctification, for it is the result of the work Christ did for you, and a work which in the name of Christ is being done within you. "Whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son." And let me suggest that among the multitudinous definitions of sanctification that are abroad—a majority of which no mortal can ever understand—this most excellent definition can be remembered by us all, "To be conformed to the image of His Son." For any sanctification that fails in conformity to Christ-likeness is the wrong brand. And if it does not conform to the great principles and truths and work of Jesus Christ, it is not the sanctification which Jesus bids God the Father impart and bestow upon those disciples.

And I believe great clarity of vision would be induced if we believed that at the root of sanctification is separation. For my friends it is not the continuous insistence on feeling well. For some of the people I have known who manifested such sanctification as was at once my despair, my hope, and my comfort, have been people seldom if ever free from physical pain. And this gift and grace is not expressed by being always comfortable and happy. There are times when it is the believer's privilege and duty to be uncomfortable. You look at the great evils that are prevalent in your own city, and if you are so comfortable in the presence of those evils that you are too holy to vote for the right man and the right question; that you are too selfish to give of your time, money and influence to the amelioration of distress and the correction of wrong; it is not sanctification you have, but it is a reprehensible silliness. And unless your sanctification separates you from everything foreign to a sanctified life, you are using words as a cheat would use them. And while I would refuse to brand

you with being insincere, I would carefully refrain from saying you are sincere. For when God separated the seventh day and consecrated it to holy use, what did He do? He put a gulf between it and the other days. And when God bade the Israelites separate themselves from mentioned evils, in order that He might come upon them in power and blessing, what did He do but widen a gulf between them and the practises He forbade? And His word in the New Testament is distinctly the word "Separate yourselves." Come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord." And unless you are becoming separate from the world, you have the wrong type and kind of sanctification. And separation from the world in a spiritual sense can only be secured by sanctification; for it necessarily separates you from the world. Remember what the Apostle Paul wrote to the Corinthians? "Such were some of you, but ye are washed, sanctified and justified." And what separated them—sanctified them? Why the fact that they had been washed. Was it your privilege last night to bathe a couple of little chaps who had been out in the streets enjoying themselves, picking the ball up out of the mud, and wiping the nose and face with the hand? Well after you had bathed the one, he was separated from the other one, or else you had your work to do over again. Ye have been washed, and because ye have been washed, ye have been separated from the unwashed. And so I say at the root of sanctification there lies not some vague thing that floats about in the air, but there is the concrete fact that by virtue of your sanctification you become separated from the unsanctified. Else how can you understand the nineteenth verse of this same chapter, wherein Jesus says, "I sanctify myself." I set myself apart; I consecrate myself; I solemnly devote myself to this great purpose of expending every energy of my human and divine nature for the salvation and uplift of all believing souls. Well so much for that, and that is all true, whoever says it is not. For the word of God remains faithful.

In the second place, the Saviour in this text shows us the great means of sanctification. "Sanctify them," He says to God the Father; "through Thy truth; Thy word is truth." I sometimes wish I could speak to these

little folk who are making us shorter Bibles and spending a lot of time in telling us Isaiah is dual and not single, and Daniel never saw a lion in his life, and Jonah was not on the sea, and John did not write the fourth gospel, and tell them to devote more time to finding out what Jesus Christ thought about the Old Testament. He said with the august majesty of His own sovereign right to speak, "It is written." And the very book that has been one of the chief battlegrounds of these manikins who call themselves higher critics, Deuteronomy, is the very book to which the Saviour went to find the sword with which He discomfited the great enemy of His life and of our souls. Now the purpose of the Old Testament is to sanctify. And I go to the Old Testament men themselves, and ask David; What did the Word of the Lord do for you? And he says, "Thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against Thee." And so thus early in the study of the Bible you find the truth of God has a sanctifying effect. Now what the truth spoken by Christ did in the lives of these Apostles we know right well. For it turned Simon into Peter the rock man; and it turned Thomas into a believing trusting soul; and it made of fiery James the martyr. It set them apart, made them separate from all the men of their time. Now what does the New Testament declare itself to be? Why the Word of God. And God's words must necessarily minister to our sanctification. And so you ever find the strongest saint is the saint most rooted and grounded and built up in the Word of God.

I had occasion sometime ago to speak in a church that was occupied by a man who had been a Unitarian twice and a Baptist—I forget whether it was once or three times. What was the trouble with the man? He knew nothing about the Bible. And if a man does not know the truth of God, he is going to be caught by everything that happens to be blowing on the winds of the world. I had a man in my church once who had a habit of picking up all the fads that lay loose, and one day when I met him on the street, instead of saying, "How are you?" or, "It's a nice day," I said, "What are you believing now?" And if he had answered me truthfully, he would have told me something other than he had believed before. The Bible says they

are never able to come to a knowledge of the truth! So let me know something, and know it is so. For we may know the truth, and the truth shall make us free from all the uncertainty and fickleness that characterizes an age that cannot get along without God and yet will not have God, and therefore is in a continuous turmoil of unrest. Ah Jesus Christ sets a high estimate on the Word of God. They tell us that we are not in line with scholarship. And it is a funny thing to me that every little man just out of a seminary, when he assails the Bible talks about standing in the line of all the recent scholarship. The Scotchman prayed, "Lord give me an unca' good opinion of myself." Verily some of these little men have prayed that prayer themselves! But whether in the line of scholarship or not, we are in the line of Scripture. For you cannot read the Bible without seeing how Jesus put an estimate on the Word of God high as heaven and more solid than the foundations of the earth. And Jesus Christ explicitly says, "My prayer is that these men shall be sanctified." And He knew the alone way by which they can be sanctified—"Sanctify them through Thy truth! Thy Word is truth."

Now hear me say a practical word before I stop. I never saw a case of backsliding in my life but it originated in a lack of Bible study. And I never saw a man or woman in my life begin to recede from an advanced position in the church, but that man or woman had to say if questioned, "I no longer read the Bible." Let me further say, backsliding has already set in when you begin to neglect the study of the Bible. You need not wait to see whether you are backsliding or not. If you are reading less of the Bible than you did a year ago, you are a backslider already. And then again, I never heard of a backslider returning to God, but he returned by way of the Scripture. And there is no backsliding prevented successfully except along lines which include the persistent, faithful, prayerful obedient study of the Word of God. "Sanctify them," said Jesus, "through Thy truth. Thy word is truth." Pick me out the one hundred most sanctified people in this church this morning, and you have already selected the hundred men and women who most sedulously study the Word of God. Pick me out

the hundred most indifferent people in the house this morning, and you have selected the hundred people most neglectful of the Word of God. Why Jesus Himself said, "The words I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." And if you want live words to get into your brain, heart and soul, you have to know the words of God. And this word of the Lord ministers to sanctification. Oh yes, you have to go to some places to get sanctified—they are all telling you that. And that is true, for you must go to Sinai, to the Garden of Eden, to Bethany, to Nazareth, to Gethsemane, to Olivet, and to Calvary. You have to go to places, there is no doubt about that, but all those places are in the Word of God. And you have to go to certain teachers, or you cannot know much of sanctification. But the best of them date back two millenniums. For you have to go to Peter, James and John, Matthew, Mark and Luke; to those who hung on the lips of Jesus Christ until His words fell on their lives and produced a harvest of holiness. I am tired of people handing me nostrums of man's devising calculated to destroy faith in that Book. Let me alone with the Word of God. I have not long to live, and I am not going to turn aside to your chaff when I have the heavenly bread of Jesus Christ.

Now sanctification is the will of God. "This is the will of God, even your sanctification," says the writer to the Thessalonians. It is the will of God; and for you to say, "Thy will be done," and not co-operate with God in the working out of sanctification in your own life, is for you to vainly pray. "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." And it is the work of God to sanctify you. How do I know it? Because Jesus Christ prayed to God Almighty, "Sanctify them through Thy truth; Thy word is truth." Oh it is not necessarily rolling about on the floor; but it is going down in self-abasement before God that ministers to sanctification. It is not wandering around from tumult to tumult, and chaos to chaos; but it is just sitting at the feet of Jesus. And sanctification is induced and produced by the Word of God. So a fitting close to the discussion this morning is this Word of Holy Writ—"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly." You should remember the story of a tribe

somewhere in the South Seas who called themselves the Boyusook, and the word means "Men of the Book." They read the Bible, so they got that strange and suggestive name. May the Lord write down every member of this church and every Christian who has listened to me this morning among the Boyusook folk, the people who are Men of the Book. For these other things pass away, my friends, because they are all doomed; but the Word of the Lord abideth forever. I do not possess much in this world, and I am not much, but one thing I know. A great many years ago it came to my soul that the Bible was the Word of God. I believed it then and have believed it ever since, and I shall go out into the unseen believing the Bible is the inspired word of God, able to make me wise unto Salvation. "Sanctify them through Thy truth. Thy word is truth."

The Divine Commission

John 17:18.

"As Thou hast sent me, so send I them."

When first I read the one hundred and third Psalm, I noticed those two little words, "as" and "so," occurring in three verses of the Psalm. They impressed me very much then, and have blessed me ever since. For the first use of them was in connection with the mercy of God: "As the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy." And the mercy that o'ertopped the mountains and left the stars behind, was to me a vision of rare beauty. And then the second concerned the separation of the saved soul from his sin: "As far as the East is from the West, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." And again the thought of an infinite distance between the sin and the forgiven soul was a vision of perennial interest. And then the third perhaps impressed me more than did the other two: "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." And the hardness of the Psalmist in daring to interpret the Infinite heart of God by the finite heart of a time father, seized my fancy and arrested my thought.

And then long years afterward I noticed the text: "As Thou hast sent me, so send I them."

So I want you first to notice that God the Father sent Jesus Christ; and then secondly to observe that Jesus Christ sends you and me in like manner.

Now when Jesus received His royal commission from the great King, nobody knows, for that date is hid in the remote recesses of eternity. We only know that from before the foundation of the world Jesus was ordained to come into the world and effect the salvation of all believers. For let us never lose sight of the fact that we are not talking about the words

of the Son of Man merely, but we are talking about the words of the Son of God, Jesus Christ, who in the first chapter of the Hebrews is addressed by God Himself as being the One who is equal to Jehovah. Now we cannot be like Him because He is the unique Son of God. Jesus is God. Never lose sight of that. Never lessen your emphasis on that fact. Never be led astray by anything or anyone who would take away Deity from the Lord Jesus Christ. And because of that fact we can never stand alongside Him in this great commission. And yet in a sense, as He stood related to God, so do we in Him. "Come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and I will be a Father unto you and ye shall be my sons and my daughters." Adam let us down tremendously when he fell; but Jesus lifted us up infinitely when for us He died and rose again. And while it looks as though it could not be true, and sometimes after looking at ourselves we wonder if it is true, yet true it remains in spite of all our fears and our forebodings, that we have been brought by the Son of God into a relationship to the Eternal Father such as makes us His children, heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ. And therefore when the Apostle Paul says, "God sent His own Son," he means of course God sent Christ to do the unique work and to perform the unique mission. And yet I remember how in John we read, "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." And just as Jesus Christ came from God bearing the royal commission of His Father, so you and I, if we have been saved by Christ, have a commission also. And as God sent Christ into the world, so Christ sends us into the world. And while it was the privilege of Jesus to say to His Father, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God," and He did it in such a perfect way as to bewilder all the ages; yet also is it given unto us in our finite and therefore imperfect way to say, "We also come to do Thy will, O God."

Of the effect of this royal commission on Jesus you are aware if you have rightly read the Gospels; how it kept Him calm and un-fussed in the midst of all the turmoils of nature, the world, or hell; how it kept Him conscious of resistless power when His enemies gathered about Him and it appeared as though His foes

had Him at their mercy and their will. And we also know what this consciousness of being sent from God has done for men whom we have known. For have we not seen those heroes of a by-gone day—and possibly of this day too—whom no foe could intimidate and no darkness could quail, who stood as mountains stand, move as planets move, and are resistless because about them there is the very energy that has been given them by God. And what we need, my friends, in these closing days of the age is this same consciousness that comes from the realization that our life has in it nothing of accident or chance, but that we too have been sent with a clearly defined mission into this world; and if we inhere in the will of God, we are deathless until that commission shall have been carried out; for no foe can harm us while we remain in the purpose of the God who is infinite in sustaining and defending power. I looked last week at the time when Jesus Christ displayed this royal commission before His fellow townsmen in Nazareth. I saw how He went into the synagogue, as was His custom, and received the roll of Isaiah from the hand of the priest, and then carefully proceeded to find the place—not opening the book at haphazard, nor taking the first chance thought that came, but carefully selecting that which He desired to place before His audience—where by anticipation the prophet had put upon the lips of Jesus these words, “The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel, to restore those who have gone astray, to recover sight to those who have become blind, to bind up those whose hearts are broken, and to declare the acceptable year of the Lord.” And then He said, while the eternities hung upon His utterance as He said it—“This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears;” for the Spirit of the Lord is upon me, and the anointing of the Spirit of God is mine; and I am here not in the strength of Adam or of men, but in the strength of God; and I am here, not by chance or accident, but in the purpose of God that is hidden in the undiscovered recesses of eternity and has all things in its grasp. The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because I have been anointed to proclaim the good tidings!

And I looked last week at that phrase and said,

What a dullard I have been that I have not discovered more of that good tidings long ago! Good tidings from the great God; that the gulf made by sin between us and heaven has been bridged by Jesus Christ; that the handwriting against us that spelled our doom has been blotted out; that a way has been made across which man can pass from condemnation into liberty and light and heaven and a reconciled God. Good tidings that proclaim the release of those who have been made captive by sin, evil habit, foreboding, fear, the lashing of conscience, the thundering of remorse, and the grip of the devil! Good tidings of recovery, release and deliverance to all who will accept the good tidings of God through Jesus Christ! Good tidings of recovery of sight to the blind whose vision has been impaired by sin, so that they can no longer see into the open heavens! "I am come," He said, "in the purpose of God, and in the anointing of the Spirit, to pour upon the eyeballs of the blind the eternal day. I am come to give the vision into heaven; I am come to give the vision into the heart of God; I am come to give the vision into reconciliation and peace and glory; and I am come to heal the broken-hearted." That sounds like God, like the God who said, "The smoking flax I will not quench." And you know that means the wick that has very nearly gone out, but which He will not allow to be quite quenched. "I will heal the broken hearted. I will bind up the wound that bleeds and hurts, I will restore health to the soul; and all the injuries that sin has made, I will cover up in my love until they shall be forgiven and forgotten and pass out of the very heart forever." That was the royal commission that Jesus received from His Father when concerning it in His prayer He said, "As Thou hast sent me." He saw all that, and He saw infinitely more.

And I must pause one moment to say how gloriously Jesus Christ executed His Father's saving will. During late years there often comes to me a vision of Jesus as He moves along during those three years of His public ministry, like a man who is beating his way onward against the opposition of wind and rain and storm. But He ever moves breast forward. There is never a whimper falls from His lip; He never bows His head as though fearful of the issue; never does

a single plaint escape His lip; but ever onward He goes, until at last the pilgrimage ends in the little ascent as He climbs the skull-shaped Calvary. And then on the cross it is onward ever onward, upward ever upward, until He says in the thrilling tones of a conqueror, "It is finished." And then and then alone He resigned His spirit into the hands of His Father.

"As Thou hast sent me, so have I sent them." Just as certainly, assuredly, fixedly and for a definite purpose do I send you. I do not believe it was ever given me to see the depths and heights and breadths of that sentence till last week. "No more surely did God the Father send me," says Jesus, "than I am now sending you." Well that must be true, because you see Jesus Christ has made provision in no wise, outside His church, for the promulgation of His gospel and the carrying on of His saving purpose. He might have written John three, sixteen, in the flaming stars of the night sky, but He did not; He might have made the winds sob and whisper and thunder and shout His gospel, but He did not; He might have caused His truth to spring up in characters made by the blossoming mold, but He did not; He might have sent an angelic race to declare the truth of His saving grace, but He did not. He took fishers and assessors and doctors and ordinary frail sinful men who had been forgiven by His grace and blessed by His love, and He said, Now I am bankrupt if you fail, I have died in vain so far as the proclamation of my gospel over the world is concerned, unless you carry out this commission. I remember some years ago a bit of literature went all over this continent that represented a conversation between Jesus and Gabriel after the Lord ascended to heaven. And it mentioned Gabriel saying, "What provision have you made for the carrying on of your work down below?" And Jesus said, "I have committed it to a few men." "But," said Gabriel, "Suppose those men fail you. What have you in reserve?" And the Lord said, "Nothing, for I have definitely commissioned a few men to carry out my will, and I have made no provision for their failure, but I have believed in them and trusted them, and if they fail, all is lost." But the Lord who knew all things knew those men would not fail Him, nor did they. For all down

these ages from one to the other they have handed on the words of eternal life. I hesitate now as I have hesitated twice before this morning, whether I should repeat this word to you or not, but are you aware that all the God some people know in Portland is the God they see in you? They are not taking the trouble to find out God from the Bible, and they are not taking the trouble to find out God from their own conscience as it relates to Him, but they are looking at you; and they are judging the workman by the workmanship, the poet by the poem, the architect by the building. And I suppose it is true that there is no man here twenty-five years of age who has been a Christian for five years, but somebody has received a good or bad opinion of God from your life. I used to hear the old folks say in the conference meeting, "Read the Bible, but don't read me." It was a foolish remark, for people who will not read the Bible will read you, and people who do not know anything about the Bible have formed an opinion concerning religion from you. And if you say you are a Christian, I have a right to listen to you and watch you, and find out wherein a Christian's words and deeds differ from the words and the deeds of those who are not Christian.

Ah, the non-realization of this commission we have received from Jesus has been our undoing. I am talking to men and women this morning whose sole conception of the saving work of Jesus Christ is being saved from hell—and that is only a circumstance in the great redemptive purpose and plan of God. And so we are thinking of Christ with an arm long enough to reach down to the very verge of the pit and extricate us from our peril, and when He has done that He has done about all we should require Him to do, or all He purposes to perform. I tell you nay; but you have been saved to go out and carry on Christ's work in this world. And you have been commissioned, as certainly as God commissioned Jesus Christ, and upon the way you carry out that commission you rise or fall in the next world. For if you build upon the foundation a life only as hay, wood and stubble, a life that shall be destroyed at the last, you shall suffer loss is the solemn word of the Eternal God in the Scripture. And you shall forever be a poorer soul be-

cause you failed to rise up to the height of the text, "As Thou hast sent me, so send I them."

Is it easy to do it? Here I run counter to the prevailing thought of the age as I tell you it is not easy to do it. I hear them saying all the time, "Make a confession, that is all." But that making a confession is only the commencement, is the truth. For you commence the Christian life at a cross or you will never commence it, and then you ascend that cross and say with Paul in Galatians two, twenty, "I have been crucified with Christ." But do not think this evil world and the devil who has usurped the throne of it are going to be dead in your experience. There is going to be a struggle starting with your acceptance of Jesus, that terminates only when you reach heaven. For it is not an easy thing to do the will of Christ as Christ did the will of God. And if there is any analogy between you and Him, you will know the cross. And do not think, my young friend, that your fear is based on fact when because of the ceaseless struggle you wonder if you have ever been saved at all. For I would rather argue your salvation by the struggle. Someone remarked that I very poorly advertised the Christian religion when I said, In all probability when you leave home tomorrow morning to practise your business, whether it be in corner grocery store, doctor's office, or school room, you will meet and suffer some loss. Yet there is no business man here but knows he more than once lost money by maintaining his religion. We have heard how Robert Browning said it is a hard thing to be a Christian, and he knew whereof he spoke. And a Greater than Browning said, "If any man follow me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily, and then shall he be my disciple." My friends, it will do us a world of good this morning to just listen to the Lord's prayer in which He utters the text, "As Thou hast sent me, so have I sent them," and see the effect of doing God's will on Jesus. For we have seen that it made Him look like fifty, when He was but thirty-three. And what did it do for His great follower the Apostle Paul? Why Paul said, "I die daily." And what has it done for all souls in God's Hall of Fame? You know what it did for them. Oh let us thank God that we are living in the days of the

heroic; that the call is sounding for real soldiers and not for sham folk out on dress parade. Thank God that you can hear Paul say, "Put on the whole armor of God that you may be able to withstand in the evil day, and when you can withstand no longer, having done all, stand." I tell you, my brother, if you are afraid of the baptistry, I do not know what will happen when you get up so close to the devil you can feel his hot breath on your cheek. I tell you, my sister, if you are ashamed of having joined the church, I do not see how you will stand when you go out in this world that can test the courage of the bravest among us.

So now I come to the people who have followed me thus far, and who have been purposing in your souls as I continued this exposition that you are going to carry it out. And you are going to look up into the face of Jesus Christ and say in your own way—Master you are infinite, but I am finite; yet in my own way, even as you carried out the commission of your Heavenly Father and mine; I too will carry out your commission, trusting you for the wisdom, defense, courage, and endurance that are required. And so you and I today gather around Jesus as He prays, and we listen to Him with bated breath when He utters the text, "As Thou hast sent me, so send I them."

The Unique Christ

John 17:19.

"For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth."

The sanctification of the Lord Jesus mentioned in the text is clearly the first fact that should engage our thought.

Now that He was sanctified by having sin exercise an ever minimizing influence over His life, cannot be true. Or that evil gradually relinquished its hold upon His heart is equally false. Or that He was progressing as we progress on to the height where there will be no sin in us, is also wide of the mark. For evil never had any hold on Jesus. And sin exercised no dominion over Him, for He was the one perfect sinless man, and therefore is He ever unique. We gaze upon other great names in the wonderful book of God. We see how tall was Moses, but we remember how he fell. We think of that sweet singer David, and for him we blush. And all adown the sacred story we find the figure of gold has brass mixed in it. But when we come to Jesus, there is unalloyed perfection, unquestioned and unquestionable deity.

In the Bible we read He was the friend of sinners. And yet in that same Bible we read He was separate from sinners. He was not their friend because He was down on their level sharing in their weakness, for He was separate from them in their infirmity; and if He had not been separate from them in their sin, He could never have been their friend to atone for their sin and ultimately lift them up out of it. Oh it is an amazing truth we are now thinking about—that once there appeared a Man in this world, who lived our life and suffered as we suffer, and walked the whole trail from start to finish; and yet there never was in His experience one word spoken He ever had cause to

regret; never one deed performed for which He had to repent; and never a single hour spent in that entire life that He could wish had been otherwise spent. But at the close He was able, like the Son of God that He was, to dare heaven earth and hell to challenge His spotless sinlessness. For we have heard how in the hearing of heaven he said, "I do always the things that please God," and in the hearing of earth, "Who of you convicteth me of sin?", and of hell He affirmed, "The prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me."

Therefore I say His is the unique life. And as the Apostle tells us, we have a great High Priest who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities because He knows them all by His own earthly experience, for "He was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin." And to his affirmation all the ages of criticism give their assent that once a Man appeared—we call Him God, and rightly so—and when He ended His life, He had never drawn a single breath that had in it aught but spotless holiness and the highest deity. Therefore you cannot classify Jesus. You put Him among the good, and all the good say, "Depart from us, for we have sinned." You try to place Him among the bad and they all say, "Depart from us for Thy presence is a torture and a torment." And therefore He cannot be the sanctified person, as we understand and apply the term "sanctification" to our lives that are ever being purified and made better than they otherwise and aforesaid were.

Then what does it mean? Well the meaning I think is hinted at in the margin; for their sakes I "consecrate" myself, I set myself apart, I keep myself absorbed on one objective; for their sakes I consecrate myself that they may be sanctified. You know the cross was always in the heart of God. Men made it—possibly on the morning when Christ was crucified, but the cross antedates the stars and is older than the sobbing seas. I read, "He set His face stedfastly toward Jerusalem" one morning when He was in His flesh. But that was not the first time He had set His face toward Jerusalem. It was toward Jerusalem He moved at Nazareth and Bethlehem and all along the line of which the prophet spoke. And when He cre-

ated all things by the word of His power, His face was set toward Jerusalem; or ever the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy, the set face of Jesus was toward Jerusalem; and away in the unknown undiscoverable remote recesses of the eternal council of God, the face of Jesus was set toward Jerusalem; for everlastingly He was set apart, consecrated for His great redemptive work. And if He had not been set apart from all eternity, you and I should have remained apart from holiness and heaven and God forever more. For it is only through the consecrated apartness of Jesus, that you and I come into the eternal blessedness of being reconciled to God. He said one day, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, a bloody baptism." There never was a time in the thinking of God when Jesus was not facing that baptism, for the Bible says, "He is the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world." Oh they talk in some quarters as though redemption was an after-thought of God. But the Bible says we have been loved with an everlasting love, and saved with an everlasting salvation. And the baptism for which Jesus consecrated Himself was eternal in the thinking and the purpose of God. And He had said, "I am straightened until it be accomplished." But the hour of the accomplishment of that baptism was nearing. It had been approaching Him ever since He drew his first breath down in Bethlehem of Judea, but now the shadow of that cross fell with grim clearness across His pathway, and He knew into that baptism He was about to pass; and so He says, "For their sakes I sanctify, I consecrate, I set myself apart, I devote myself, that they may be sanctified through the truth."

Having said this much, clearly our next thought is the sanctification of the Christian. Now Jesus Christ died to rid us from the effect of our sin, and the great effect of our sin in one word was an ever widening and unbridgeable gulf between man and God. Said Isaiah long centuries before, "Your iniquities have separated between you and your God." That which makes it impossible for man to approach God is man's sin. And Jesus came to bridge that widening gulf between the soul and God. He came to be the new and the living way by which the soul can pass over from

condemnation and death into justification and eternal life. But He died to do more than that. If He had died to redeem us from the effects of sin, and left the sin, where should we have been? He died, according to an angel's statement, to redeem us from our sins—not merely from the effects of those sins. "Call His name Emmanuel, for He shall save His people from their sins." And in the saving of the people from their sins comes in this great work of our sure and certain, our progressive and perfect sanctification unto God, which means the absolute removal forever of all taint of sin upon our lives.

And our sanctification is effected by that cross. Oh when we talk about reforming and ridding the life of evil, and sluffing off the evil, and so becoming fit to approach God, we talk nonsense. The very seed and germ of sanctification adheres in the cross. I do not suppose the beam of the cross was a foot thick, but that cross had infinite breadth in separating the soul from the sin which caused the death of Jesus Christ. What was it you sang a minute ago?

• "I take, O cross, thy shadow, for my abiding place,
I ask no other sunshine than the sunshine of His
face;"

Now listen and see the effect of rightly beholding the cross and rightly accepting the propitiation of Christ on that cross—

"Content to let the world go by, to know no
gain nor loss;
My sinful self my only shame, my glory
all the cross."

I tell you a man cannot be content to let the world go by and know no distinction between gain and loss, until he has stood at the cross and seen the Christ dying thereon to effect an eternal gulf between the soul and the soul's sin. You have it in another hymn we often sing. Do you remember a few Sundays ago I told you how from that great hymn, "When I survey the wondrous cross," they have removed one verse from nearly all the hymn books, but it is retained in ours I am glad to say—

"His dying crimson like a robe
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;"

And when you see that, what happens? Why you say this—

"Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me."

Why is all the world dead to the Christian? Because of the cross upon which the world wreaked its last hatred upon Jesus. Therefore because of the dying crimson like a robe upon Him, I am dead to all the globe and all the globe is dead to me. But this is not merely a truth of the hymns, or I should not be putting stress upon it. It is the truth of Holy Scripture. This is the will of God, says the Scripture; that Jesus Christ should come and die upon the cross. And by that cross two crucifixions have come into view, for by the cross of Christ I am crucified to the world, and the world is crucified to me. If you are a believer in Jesus, you have never rightly seen the cross until you have seen three crucifixions on Calvary. You have seen the crucifixion of Jesus for you, saving you. But then you have seen the world crucified upon that cross, so far as your acceptance of it is concerned. And you have seen yourself crucified unto the world by virtue of the death of Jesus for you. And in seeing how the world is crucified to you and you to it in the crucifixion of Jesus upon the cross, you have received the great dynamic and impulse of an ever developing sanctification that culminates in your sinlessness before God in heaven.

"Sanctify them through the truth." Or it may read, Sanctify them in the truth. And which is correct? Both, for they are both right. Sanctify them through the truth. You cannot read that Bible without having sin challenged and virtue encouraged. You cannot go through the Psalms, Gospels, or Epistles, but there grows up in your soul a burning ardor for the things that are good, and a contempt for the things that are bad. So if you do not want to be sanctified, do not read your Bible. But you are sanctified in the truth also. And what is the truth? Oh change the word.

Pilate said, "What is truth?", and I imagine went to hell though he asked the question. He should have said, "Who is the truth?" For Jesus Himself affirmed, "I am the truth and the life." And your sanctification inheres in Jesus, for the Apostle Paul says, "Christ is made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption." But people are still teaching us that sanctification has to do with the Spirit and the Spirit alone. Yet the very first verse of Jude's Epistle says, "We are sanctified in God the Father." And the first chapter of Paul's First Letter to the Corinthians says, "We are sanctified in Christ." And we know how we are told over and over that "We are sanctified in the Holy Ghost." But you cannot divide God in this anomalous fashion, for the Lord our God is one God, and in Him there is no schism. We do not have to run away from an angry God the Father, to a conciliatory God the Son to rescue us from punishment. I know there are three dispensations; the dispensation of the Father in the Old Testament, and the Son in the Gospel period, and of the Holy Spirit on through to the present time. But we are sanctified in the truth, and the truth is Christ, for Christ is God and God is Christ.

Now for the pertinent inquiry: Is that verse true of you? By virtue of your consecration to Jesus, are you being sanctified through the truth and in the truth? I heard a man once say, "I am exactly as I was forty years ago." That was either a thoughtless expression or a very iniquitous one. He either was not thinking about the progress he had made in the divine life, or else if he had made no progress he was uttering a truth full of condemnation as was Sinai of thunder. How about this matter of making progress in the things pertaining to God? Now here every single one of us could sit down in absolute blank despair, when we think of what we ought to be and should have been and contrast it with what we are, and there is only one prayer bursts from the heart, and it is the publican's, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And yet when we give the second look, and when we realize this which I believe is true of every Christian in the house, that if today you had the power to transform every living soul upon the earth into the likeness of Jesus, you would do it, it shows you want other people

to be sanctified, does it not? And it is a good sign, that if now Jesus Christ stood here and said, "Every one who will stand up shall be made in the act of standing perfect as am I," we should all stand—should we not? Well that proves at the heart there is a desire stronger than any other desire, that we should have this perfect sanctification. Do you know what that does to you? It separates you from the world; for my friend, there are millions of people in America and the last thing they want for themselves or their fellows is sanctification. There are millions of people in America, and if they could make all America perfect before God, it is the last thing they would want to do. Do you suppose this Sanity League that wants to make void the prohibition amendment to the constitution, wants to make everybody in America sanctified? Do you suppose these exploiters and profiteers who fall off bloated from sucking the blood of less fortunate people want all the world to become perfectly sanctified? If so, great is your imagination but small your judgment. And do you not know, are you not aware, that you might go to man after man in America, until you had literally gone into the millions, and if you said, "How much will you give if I produce in you an absolute sinlessness?", they would say, "That is the last thing we want!" Ah yes, we are a long way from being what we ought to be, but we are a long way from being what we were before Christ took us in hand; and we are a long way from where we should be if He had never dealt with us. And as I have said, if He has not done anything else for you and me, He has spoiled us for hell. For it is not pleasantry when I say, what in the world would this congregation do in the pit? It may be profitable to ask that question. What would I do there—unworthy and imperfect though I am? It seems to me that I should stand up and say, "People, let's all shout John three, sixteen;" and if we did, we should change the temperature of hell. And He has spoiled us for this world. A young man intimated to me a little while ago that he preferred dancing to being a Christian in the strict sense of the word. There are some strange people in the world, and you cannot do anything with them. Do you know in this Bible it speaks of a certain class of

people as eaters of ashes. Soul of mine, if a man finds his sustenance in ashes, what are you going to do with him? It is no use offering him pineapple and sustaining nourishing pleasant food. He wants ashes! And this young fellow wanted dancing. And if all you can see in life is dancing—well God went to no extraordinary trouble when He gave you brains and that is all I have to say to you! But the Christian man has been spoiled for the world. You offer these Christians here this morning all there is in the world, and what would they say? I have already told you in the verse I quoted, "Content to let the world go by." Why? Because they have seen the cross and the Christ, and the consecration of Jesus has bred in them this desire for a holiness that is fleckless as the holiness of Christ itself.

There is the comfort. Let us carry it home with us. If God suddenly made you what you most want to be, you would be a conspicuous saint. Very good. He has put that in you that it may be gratified, and that it may be fulfilled, and that it may come into absolute perfect completion. And the day will dawn when—

"You shall be where you would be,
And you shall be what you should be,
And things that are not now nor could be,
Then will be your own."

The Inclusive Prayer

John 17:20

“Neither pray I for these alone, but for all them also who shall believe on me through their word.”

I call your attention first to the fact that Christ prayed for His disciples. He prayed though He was sinless. Do we not usually pray because we are conscious of sin? How much of the praying you did last week was done because of a realization that your life was wrong in the sight of God? And if you had not had occasion and cause for being penitent, would you have accompanied the publican up into the temple to pray? Therefore you see we must have higher ground than mere forgiveness when we contemplate prayer. What would you think of your children if they never approached you in converse except when they had done something wrong and were seeking forgiveness? Now God desires us not merely to approach Him when our sins are the constraining force compelling our approach, but also when we feel in our souls as did the little child who to her father when he said, “What do you want?”, replied, “Just to be near you.”

And quite often a consciousness of our need compels us to pray. We are like the prodigal in the far off country. While the money lasts and the friends are numerous, we do not recall the old home and the gracious father. But when the distress comes and there is nothing left but the swine and the swill troughs, then our thoughts revert to the happier times of the by-gone days. And as Jacob and his sons were driven into Egypt by the famine in Canaan, so we go to God that He may supply our needs. But very inferior is that as a conception of prayer that we should only go to God when we need something. For again, what would you think of your child, if that child never

spoke to you except to tender some request for a favor or a boon? Oh the great Father of us all desires that we approach Him when we have no conscious need of anything except communion with the God and Father of our spirits.

And so you see there was dissimilarity between the prayer of Jesus and our prayer. I think if you want to notice that dissimilarity you have only to ponder the prayer we call the Lord's Prayer, and the real Lord's Prayer that we have been discussing from Sunday to Sunday. He told us to say, "Our Father," but He never said it Himself. He always said, "My Father, your Father." And He bade us say, "Forgive us our debts," but He never repeated it once, for He had no debts to be forgiven. He could walk into the presence of God in His own majestic right, but you and I only enter into God's presence through the gate of forgiveness.

Yet is there some similarity between the prayer of Jesus and our prayer, for He bade us say, "Our Father," while He Himself says, "Father." We stand on an equality with all our fellow disciples when we say, "Our Father," using the plural, but He stands upon the mountain peak of His own deity as He says, "My Father and your Father." Yet the approach of both Jesus and Christians is to the Father. And He bids us say one thing He said Himself—"When ye pray, say, 'Thy will be done.'" And that was His own prayer all His life through, that He might do the will of His Father in heaven.

And He is our example in prayer inasmuch as He prayed at all times. I was reading last week how He rose a great while before day, and went apart from the disciples even, that He might pray with His God. And I wondered if conviction of sin might not strike into your heart and mine as we realize how much of the morning we spend—shall I say—foolishly, uselessly, extravagantly, as though we had an eternity in which to live. Oh let us learn when the day is young and when the life is fresh and when the heart is unjaded and the nerves are calm—let us learn in the morning hour to lift the heart to God and pray that as the dew is on the clover and roses, so God's blessing may be upon our spirits and lives.

And then I read also how He spent all the night in prayer; of how before some of those high enterprises of His He went away alone with His God and all night long poured out His soul in communion with His Heavenly Father. Now some of you—like myself—have to take shame because we cannot pray for any great length of time at a stretch, and we should go and watch Jesus Christ praying all the night through, and learn, as I have tried to learn, that if the heart were only more intent upon God, the very nerves, flesh and blood would be compelled into homage and service, and we should be able to longer pray.

And then He prayed in all places. He went up into the mountain and above the dust and the noise of the world He prayed, where the righteousness of God was reflected in the great mountain and where He might remember the Psalmist's remark about the strength of the hills where the peace and quiet have their abode. And there are mountain peaks in life, but alas, upon those mountains we often forget to pray. I tell you the great God can give steady and continuous prosperity to very few of us, because on the mountains where everything goes well we forget the Giver of every good gift, and so He has to let us down from the height to compel us again into prayer.

And then I read He prayed in the desert, and that impressed me very much. For there are desert places in life. There are long stretches when the soul says, "No man cared for me." There are lonelinesses where about us there is nothing but the hot wind, blistering sand, and unsympathetic star-filled sky; and if you do not pray then, you will go mad; and if you do not pray then, you will sin; and if you do not pray then, you will get near hell. So if you are in the desert place of life this morning, do not listen longer to my speech even, but lift your heart to God in prayer from the pew whereon you sit.

Yes, He prayed on all occasions. When He entered upon His public ministry, I read in Luke, "Jesus when He was baptized, prayed." He prayed as He accepted publicly the great commission of His God to be the Saviour of the world. And then when the shadow of the cross was falling blackly across His pathway in Gethsemane, He prayed. And I delight to believe that

the last thing He did in this world was to pray. For or ever His spirit fled to His God from the horrors of Golgotha, He said, "Father into Thy hand I commit my spirit."

And so by life, as by lip and precept, He sought to impress upon us the necessity that we continue in prayer. And just one other word comes, as a rush of sunlight over dun clouds, into my mind. As to His conception of God and His narration of that conception to His disciples, He has told us how we may evermore pray. For He says, If you have a child and the child asked for bread, would you give the child a stone? Or if the child asked for fish, would you give him a serpent? Well then, if ye being evil know how to be kind to your children and give unto them good gifts, how much more shall your Father in heaven give the greatest of good gifts unto all those that ask Him. And so you can reason up from your own self-sacrifice that you make in order that your child may be blessed, into the very heart of the eternal God, and realize there is nothing in all His heaven or all His creative infinite power that He will not freely bestow upon those who approach Him through Jesus Christ.

And for those disciples in this prayer Jesus Christ asked great things. He said, "Father keep through Thy name those whom Thou hast given me." I have reluctance in saying, "So you found Christ, did you?", to a convert. I would always rather say, "So Christ found you, did He?" And I am never glad to hear a man talk about keeping himself in the right road, but I am always glad when he says, "I pray that I may be kept by God." And you know Jesus had such a realization of the peril of those disciples that it appeared to Him as though nothing but the infinite power of God was able to keep them, and so He gives God His Father the task of keeping His disciples in the right way.

And then He prayed that they might be sanctified, separated from the world and from all that is evil: Separated, made unlike the men and women with whom they mingled; made unfit for the things rejoiced in by others; made too big for all the prizes and glories that the world values. Oh my soul, how we have dropped down from that high level! Did they not tell

you through the public press a little while ago that a coming minister was admirably equipped for the worship and service of God in this city because he was a good mixer and belonged to so many societies, organizations and lodges. And yet there was a day when the qualification of a preacher was a good come-outer, and he was a man who feared nothing North, South, East or West, but stood alone with his God, and never felt the need of any other support. And Jesus in His prayer asks that these disciples may be kept separate from the world.

And then He prayed that they might be one. Now there are some people think that means an organization, and they say we should all get under one church roof. Well I do not know about that, I am sure. Only a caricature of New Testament religion is the Roman Catholic religion, and yet as I say elsewhere the Catholics are largely one; but I have no desire to see Protestantism unified in the sense Catholicism is now. And I am not a bit sure Jesus meant we should all be even federated. But I believe He meant we should all be parts of the same organism, the same body of which He is the head, one in spiritualities and not in materialistic ways and methods.

And then He prayed that they might be homed with Himself. "Father, I pray that these whom Thou hast given me may be with me where I am." How Peter's heart must have fluttered when He heard that sentence. And how John must have rejoiced when He heard those words. "That they may be with me where I am, and behold my glory." It is no wonder to me they could stand where they had to stand in those coming years, because they had heard the great Christ of God say, "Father, it is my wish, my desire, my will, that they all may be gathered home where I am, that they may behold my glory." Why under such a dynamic as that, men could walk through hell unshod.

But now lastly, I want you to notice that Jesus prayed for us. Oh I thought about Him praying for the disciples, and I wished I could have been Peter, John, Matthew, or James, for if I could only have gone out from hearing Jesus pray, and said, "Now I know He has prayed for me," why my strength would have been as the strength of ten thousand. For ghastly to

me is it to remember that in that same prayer He carefully and deliberately omitted the world, as He said, "I pray not for the world but for them Thou hast given me." Oh how wonderful to think that the Son of God in the greatest prayer on record carefully excluded the world and said, "I am not praying for them, I am praying for these." But He went on to say, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for all those also who shall believe on Thee through their word." And that brings me in. Because if the condition were "all those high and mighty, devout and good, all those who have climbed the heights," why then I should know I am excluded. But when it says, "all them that believe on me," I am in the charmed circle of the Son of God's supplication. For if there is one thing I can claim all my own, it is a defiant challenging trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. "I know whom I have believed." And so you see He comes with a condition that you and I can meet. We dare not say we are saintly, or claim any eminent position in the Kingdom of God, but we do say, Lord, I have believed. And He says, "If you believe on me through the word that has come adown the ages to you, why then I pray for you."

Yes, and He has continued doing it ever since. O my friends, this morning you are the subject of the prayer of Jesus that is nineteen hundred years long, because in Hebrews seven I read, "He ever liveth to make intercession for us." And the argument of the Apostle in that verse is this: He is able to save us completely—not to the uttermost, but completely—because He ever liveth to make intercession for us. And while the tide of intercession flows from the heart of Jesus, the complete salvation of those who in Jesus believe is assured. And then I turned the leaf of my New Testament, and I found in chapter eleven of this same Epistle to the Hebrews it is affirmed that "He appears before the face of God for us." So always there stands before God the Father, the great High Priest of our profession, the One who for us died.

Now can you not hearten yourselves with this thought that for you He is praying? Oh I so often think how good it is for me that I am living in the prayers of people, who when they pray for themselves, pray that blessing may come down upon the man who

tries to find out the hidden truths of God and bring them to you. There is nothing I appreciate so much. And do you know, sometimes I have wished that I might have been a member of that church in Philippi, because its pastor, the Apostle Paul, said, "In every prayer of mine I make request for you." My, to be on the prayer list of Paul the Apostle! Just to look over his shoulder one day and see among those he prays for, my own name! Well, Christ has a prayer list, and the list includes all those who believe on Him. My Lord write me down there! For I say again I cannot boast of very much in this world, but I can boast of one thing—I have given all my life to the enunciation of the fact that to believe in Jesus Christ is the great thing in life. I have believed and I do believe and I will believe, though all hell break loose and the drunken mountains go staggering into the slippery sea, for I know Jesus Christ is the Saviour, as He alone shall be the King.

And He prays too that we may be separate. Oh the great cry today is, "Federate. Let us all get together. Our differences are as nothing." Pardon me, my brother, our differences are as wide as the ocean; and go up as high as the stars. Our differences are fundamental, vital, unbridgeable. For some of us believe Jesus Christ is the Son of God and the coming King, and some believe He was "divine as is a humming bird!" And I must believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Son of Man, who of himself affirmed, I and my Father are one.

And He prayed that we might be unified in Himself. And we are. You love the Christ you see in your brother or your sister. I am the brother of every Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Quaker man in the world who accepts Jesus Christ as revealed in this book; but I am not the brother of any man, even in the Baptist church, who does not accept these great facts. And that is why I am a fundamentalist. And that is why I say if a man is unsure of Jesus Christ, he has no right in a Baptist college or Baptist pulpit. And if I had the power, I would put him out. Let him go to the Unitarians where he belongs, and they need not thank me for having sent him, because it is a good riddance of bad rubbish.

And He prayed that he might be homed in Himself. And that is why I think I shall go to heaven. I have not a single reason for so thinking, except that I believe in Him. And I believe when He said, "I pray that they may be with me where I am, to behold my glory," He uttered a prayer that will be answered. I believe it was a King talking to a King and praying that you and I might at last, when the weary pilgrimage is completed and the hot sand has been trodden until we need tread it no longer, reach home, even the Home-land of which we were singing a few minutes ago. Therefore comfort one another and comfort yourselves with these words. The battle is long and fierce; and sometimes the flesh of the hand gets into the very hilt of the sword, and the clash of weapons is unmelodious music, and we know there is no quarter to be asked and there is none to be given. But you know, once we get home with Jesus and see the eternal glory that He had with God the Father before the foundations of the world were laid, we shall obtain an adequate compensation—the cup filled, good measure, overflowing—for all the tribulation that we have endured down here.

"For there we shall see His face,
And never, never sin;
But from the rivers of His grace
Drink endless pleasures in."

The Union of Saints

John 17:21

"That they all may be one; as Thou Father art in me and I in Thee, that they may be one in us; that the world may know that Thou did'st send me."

"That they all may be one." I have heard that sentence called the unanswered prayer of Jesus. And because He prayed for all Christians that they might be one in outward form and manifestation that prayer has not been answered! I should be disconcerted if I believed what I am told in this regard. For I know Christ prayed in the will of God, and I know He could never ask anything God would be unwilling to do, and therefore I cannot find it in my heart to believe Jesus uttered a prayer on that solemn occasion that has been disregarded by heaven. For to believe that would be to contradict His habitual experience. He prayed and said, "Father, glorify Thy Son," and swiftly fell the words of God, "I have glorified Thee and will glorify Thee again." And Jesus Himself said, "I know that Thou hearest me always." In addition to which if Christ prayed a prayer the centuries have never seen answered, it would contradict all His teaching about prayer to His people. He has told me, "Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." Am I then to believe that He can ask and not receive, seek and not find, knock and have the door remain unopened? If His prayer were disregarded by God, what assurance have I that my prayer will ever reach the ear and heart and hand of the Eternal? So I cannot believe that Jesus in that prayer was praying that we all might be one great organization, as people do believe who say the text is the unanswered prayer of the Lord.

You know I find as I look about me, the people who

talk most about a single organization holding all believers, are the people whose practice has never recommended their belief. For Rome once held within her grasp all those who were Christian according to her standards; and she fried men on red hot gridirons; she tied up women in sacks with snakes; she burned little children; and her adage is, "We never change." And the Lord push back the time when all so-called Christians have to be members of a church that talks about organic union and is herself split up into factions and has more politics connected with her than any other organization known on the earth to me.

And even on the so-called Protestant side of the study I have to say that those who preach most about our all being under one roof, behave themselves in such a way right often as to make us thankful we are not under their particular roof. The Episcopal church is all the time calling us to be one, yet in Portland we have had the sad and sorry spectacle of seeing leader go to law with leader in that communion, and leader being displaced by leader. And this church is not moving in Portland—

"Like a mighty army,
One in faith and doctrine,
One in charity"—

by any means. I place no blame. I only state the fact. And then Eddyism came along and told us we all should be one. One in what? Repudiation of the plain teaching of the Word of God and denying that Jesus is the Christ? Not while we can sanely think shall we ever be one with what they call Christian Science, which is, as somebody years ago remarked, neither Christian nor scientific. And I might say further, if they all want to be one, why do they not come our way? For the thing that distinguishes us from millions of believers is our mode of baptism. Yet they admit that we are right, for if I apply to these Evangelical denominations in Portland for admission into their fold, they accept my baptism. And I do not accept theirs, because it is not according to the New Testament. So let them observe the baptism they admit is the New Testament baptism, and then there is one

long step taken towards our all being one—if that is the desirable thing.

But I maintain the Lord said, "That they may be one in us," not in a creed or a church, but "in us." I do not think Jesus prayed there for one great organization that would embrace all believing souls. I do not think organization loomed on Christ's horizon when He prayed that prayer. It seems to me as though His thought went from organization to an organism in which believers should be so connected with Him that they would all be one in Him and not in mere adherence to a statement of belief, or a method of ecclesiastical procedure. For did He not say we are as branches of the vine? Now branch is united to branch in the vine, and whenever a branch is detached from the vine it is no longer united to branches that are not detached from the vine. It is organism and not tying the branches on with strings. And does not the Bible say, "The church is the body of Jesus." Then it is an organism. I did not bind with bits of wire these fingers to my hand this morning. There was no need of it. They constitute my hand. The church is the body of Jesus Christ. Well is the church, in this New Testament sense, one? I think it is. I know it is! I find when we sing great hymns about the cross, your heart beats with my heart and my soul throbs with your soul. And all we—who by experience know what the cross and the Christ and the blood have done for us, this mighty work that we call regeneration—we are one. And there is no need for anybody to tell us to be one. And these hosts who are indwelt by the Spirit of God, they are one already by virtue of that fact. You meet the man in the railway train and he begins to talk about the deep things of God and the mighty ministry and sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and you are one with him. You do not stop to ask what denominational banner he marches under. We have all had the most joyous communion with men and women and we never thought about their denomination. We found out in that fellowship that they belonged to God and they were in Christ, even as were we, and therefore we were one in Him. Do you remember the story of a missionary in the South Seas who had various dialects in which he talked. And

one day on the missionary boat he had two men from different islands, who did not understand each other's language, but he understood the language each man spoke. And he introduced them to one another as fellow Christians, and they looked into each other's faces and smiled, but they could not speak anything that each knew, until at last one man got an inspiration and quoted the word "Hallelujah," that had never been translated by the missionary but had been taken over bodily into his dialect. And quick as a flash the other man also thought of a word that had not been translated, and he said, "Amen." And they shook hands. They were one in Him, the Jesus of the Hallelujah and the Amen. There is no one here I judge who has had experience with conventions and associations of believing men and women who are standing for the Word of God, but is aware he has had more intimate fellowship in those gatherings where the denomination was a thing forgotten, than he ever had in his own denominational gatherings. And I have fellowship of soul today with men and women who do not belong to the denomination that possesses me, far more intimate soul relationship with them, than I have with some of those Baptists who are forgetting the Christ who redeemed them. "That they may be one in us." I am going to ask you to help support a missionary in South America, and that man goes out under the auspices of an undenominational—what shall I call it—society. But he goes out there to preach the verities of the Book of God, and I know by experience the church will co-operate in this matter. Why? Because we are one in Him. And an organism is better than an organization. That is what I am saying.

For Jesus goes on to say, "That they may be one in us, as I, Father, am in Thee." Now there are three persons in the Trinity. There is the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. In baptism we say, "I baptize you into the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit," and in the benediction we say, "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God the Father, and the communion of the Holy Spirit." But "The Lord our God is one God." "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." One in purpose; there never has been any schism in the Trinity, for what the Father

wills, the Son wills, the Spirit wills. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." "I will pray the Father and He will give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever." That is the oneness that exists in God, the triune God. Now you see how high up we are taken in this matter of spiritual union and spiritual oneness. We are called upon to be one as God is one. I hardly dare say more about that. That is a sacred place for a man to enter, a Holy of Holies, and one needs to take the shoes off the feet. And therefore I think I will pass back to the other word about the church being the body of Jesus. There is perfect harmony, oneness, in the Godhead, the triune Godhead. Now Jesus prays that we may be in harmony as is He with the Father, that we may be in harmony not merely with one another, but with Him; the effect, of which union to Christ is the cause. That is harmony with Him. For the union among believers is what He is praying for, an utterly different thing to being under one flag and uttering one Shibboleth. Oh this is the high calling, brethren, to which we are called by Jesus Christ, to be one in God—God's viewpoint your viewpoint, God's desire your desire—so that really your whole life may be an expression of the clause in the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done;" not merely done in Russia, but done here by and in me, that I in conjunction with all other believers may be doing the will of Jesus, the great Head of the church.

Tell me, is not this a discussion upon the hilltop, while talk about mere oneness in organization is being down in the valley. This is being up in the heavens with God, where by virtue of being partakers of the Divine nature we come into participation with the divine plan, and where we in our finite degree are endeavoring to further that which in His Infinite degree the Eternal God is ever-more working.

And then lastly He prays that we may be one in Him as He is one in His Father—"that the world may know that Thou did'st send me."

I repeat that I do not know anything more serious than the fact that all the God some people in Portland ever see or know is the One they see and find out in you and me. How do I know this? Because when a Christian stepped out of the right path, do you know

what I heard Portland say? "Aha, there's your Christ!" You see, it was not Christ who stepped aside; it was you. But this man knew no Christ except the Christ he saw in you, and when you made the break, he blamed Jesus for it. I used to hear people say, "Don't read me, read your Bible." My friends, all the Bible thousands of people in Portland read is you. They do not know whether Habakkuk is in the Old Testament, New Testament, the Maccabees or Shakespeare; but they are reading you, and you are their Bible. And when you short-weighted the child, the mother did not blame you except as incidentally she said, "There's a Christian for you." You see she got Christ dragged into it! Now that makes the Christian profession a tremendously responsible thing—almost terrible. Take you deacons of this church. For aught I know, you are all good men and true. But the solemn awful responsibility rests upon you of representing Christ to Portland. And I wonder—honestly I wonder—that you dare assume such a responsibility, just as I wonder every Sunday that I dare preach. I thought a little while ago if I should stand up here and deny the deity of Jesus and the efficacy of His atonement, people would not stop to read the Bible to find out if those denials of mine were right or wrong, they would simply say, There is the Bible thrown over by another preacher. This makes living under the profession of Christianity a solemnly important thing, for the world can know from a sincere Christian that Christ is real and true. For mark me, so long as there is one Christian on earth, that Christian necessitates Christ, for there cannot be a Christian without Christ. There can be a member of a church without Jesus; but there cannot be a member of His body, which is the Church, without the Head energizing that member. So a Christian is the evidence and the proof of Christ. Now that does not lessen the responsibility but it makes it peculiarly blessed, does it not. That so long as I live a Christian life, I prove to all the world the reality of Jesus Christ because a change has been wrought in me that could be wrought in me by nobody but God. And while I am evidencing that change, I am proving God. Do you remember where Whittier says, "The dear Lord's best interpreters are happy human souls."

That is what you are, interpreters of Jesus. And by the way you kept your temper the other day, you interpreted Jesus. And by the way you walk straight in the midst of a crooked generation, you evidence Jesus. And by the fact that you stand by the truth and will not budge, you glorify Jesus.

Yet while the world may know Christ because of the Christian; the world will not know Christ through the Christian. Do you know why? Why the men of the world do not want to know Christ, because the god of this world has blinded their eyes, and they cannot see straight. What the world wants is an oculist to fix up its eyes so that it can see; but there is no oculist for it, except the One it constantly repudiates who said of Himself, "I am the Light of the world." Why so true is this, that Collins the skeptic to Byron another skeptic said, "There is one argument for being a Christian I could not break down if I tried, and that is my mother's Christian life." "That the world may know that Thou hast sent me." But whether the world will heed it or not, your business and mine is to deliver that kind of testimony. Oh sometimes to me the world is a court room and I am called up here to live for a few years as a witness. For whom? God! And what is my business? My business is to tell what I know about Jesus Christ. My function is not to get a great congregation, a great following. My business is not primarily to get people to join my church. My business is to tell what I know as Christ's witness. Now I know a few things about Him. I know them if nobody else in the world knows them. I know He is the Saviour of my soul! And I am not going to stand up and talk tentatively about a thing concerning which I have positive knowledge. And when these people come to me and want to question whether Jesus was a mild-eyed Judean peasant or the Son of God, I say He is the Son of God because He saved my soul, and no one could do that but the Son of God. I know that, and I keep on knowing it and will not be moved; and if heaven drops, I will say it; and if hell comes up, I will say it. They call that bigotry, and they may call it what they like, but that is what I have practiced a good many years, and will practice to the end. "I know whom I have believed."

Now then let us go out to our legitimate work. "What do you do?" they asked a commercial traveler, in a Pullman car. And he said, "I am preaching Christ and selling shoes on the side. But my business is preaching Christ." The man was right! "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord." And that is a wonderful statement. For to a very great extent Jesus depends on me and on you as witnesses. He stands today in this great court room of a world. And Unitarianism says He is a good man and Universalism does not quite know what He was; but my business is just to be Christ's witness. For while He has gone up to heaven, He has left me down here to tell what I know about Him, under all circumstances and at all times. And this makes life simple and single instead of complex. You see I have not to do a thousand things, but I have just to tell what I know about Jesus. I have not to explain Him, or to defend Him, but I have as a witness to testify concerning Him. Now let us go out to do that. I believe I am right as a Baptist or I should not be one for ten minutes. But I am not calling you this morning to the Baptist church, but I am calling you to Jesus Christ, who prayed we might be one with Him in God as He is one with the Father, that we might deliver our testimony to the world. And whether the world hears or refuses to hear, our business is to be witnesses and tell what we know about Christ, and He will look after all the results.

The Christian Family

John 17:22

"And the glory which Thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one even as we are one."

He stood there a weary man and the shadow of the cross fell darkly about Him. For He was near Gethsemane. And beyond it loomed the cross. Now what will He say? This—"The glory which Thou gavest me I have given them!"

It was Eternal glory God gave to His Son Jesus. If ever you find yourself getting proud and behaving jauntily, just fix your mind on a few great words and try to understand them, and meekness will be restored, and humility will take up her abode with you. Words like the word you just heard—Eternal! What do you know about it? The human mind needs something to rest upon when computing time, so we say, "A century ago, a millennium ago." But where you have nothing to rest upon, computation becomes impossible. The only way I can ever think about eternity understandingly is by using this poor phrase of mine, Eternity, that is to say, the lifetime of God. And there never was a moment in the lifetime of God when the eternal glory did not rest upon Jesus.

Here is another of those words calculated to keep us lowly in thought. It was Infinite glory. What do we know about that again? I can imagine gathered together in one place, all the roses of the city, of the state, of the nation, of the world, of the past years. But an infinite number of roses—there I am lost! I can let the thought expand until the horizon continually shifts backward and space is still capable of measurement. But when there is no horizon left and I reach infinitude, I am lost. And so Jesus has unthinkable glory, because the glory God gave to His Son was infinite.

Yet one other word, Perfection. What do we know about it? Was ever a flower so fair that you could not imagine a fairer? Was ever a day so beautiful that you could not think about increased beauty being added to it? Was ever a song sung but the singer's heart sang a sweeter? Was there ever a rhyme rung but the poet thought of one in which more melody took up its abode? Perfection!—

Ah, never on earth shall we find the best,
But it waits for us up in the land of rest;
And the perfect thing we shall never behold,
Till we pass through the portals of shining gold.

The glory God gave Jesus was perfect glory. And the Lord incarnated a part of that glory in His perfect work. Could anyone be alive this morning and not believe that a good and perfect God made the world? And yet in spite of it all, the world is a poor spoiled ruined thing. And when He remembers what it was as it emerged from His hand on the creative dawn, and sees what it is today, it is like looking from the glory of mid-day to the darkness of midnight. For an enemy has been abroad in the land. You do not know anything about Satan? Well why did you spray your rose bushes last week? If there were no devil, you would not have to do it. Yet the world is fair, in spite of the havoc and the ravage made by Satan. But what must it have been when God the Perfect looked at it and saw in it no fleck of imperfection anywhere, and He the incomparable Critic said, "It is very good."

And He has the glory of controlling the whole universe. I thought this morning of the marvelous truth of the Bible that Jesus Christ has a name for every star in the heavens, that He knows the location of every burning orb as it goes rushing along its orbit; that if the universe should last another million years He would know exactly where each of those flaming stars would be at the end of that time. And they have no cut channel through the sky along which to travel, but He moves them with His finger, and He controls the whole universe. Paul has a matchless phrase here where he says, "In Jesus all things hang together."

And if He were to remove His hand, His eye, His loving care, they would all fall apart into confused ruin. Oh but you say, it does not look like it, this world today. It does not appear to bear the marks of the control of Jesus. But wait till tomorrow. And what will happen tomorrow? Oh let me turn to it—"Then cometh the end when He shall have subdued, when He shall have smitten with death the last enemy," and the Kingdom without a rebel, the melody without a dissonance, the poem complete in its beauty, shall be handed by Jesus over to God the Father, and—listen—"God shall be all and in all." That is the glory of Jesus.

And it is God-given glory. It is a gift from a God to a God. When kings make gifts to kings, the gifts are royal in beauty, worth, and high value. And when God the Father will make a gift to God the Son, what will it be like? "The glory which Thou gavest me." And the gift of God is unending in existence. Tennyson sings beautifully about the glory of the warrior and the glory of the orator, but they are all passing glories. They live but for a moment and are gone and forgotten. But the glory which God gave to Jesus is the unending, ever living glory. Ah, but I have only led you a little way up the hill yet.

For Jesus Christ possesses the glory of grace. God in the person of His Son hath all His other works outdone. And the glory of Jesus is never seen in creation as it is seen at the cross. That is Christ's great glory. For you know on the golden floor of heaven when the redeemed want to sing a rare song they sing, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be the glory." And it is not merely redemptive glory, but it is transforming glory. I had a vision given me a minute ago as I looked into your faces, and thought how you who are saved glorify Jesus Christ. It is not in this church you would be found seated this morning, some of you, but for the grace of God; but you would be in a penitentiary, or walking the long wards of a hospital or may be an asylum, and some of us might be among the dead. But divine grace came along and lifted us up from the miry clay and the dark pit, and what are we now? Sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. You

may not have five dollars to your name, but you have a mansion in heaven, and the title deeds are all yours, and they are held for you by the Elder Brother, Jesus Christ. And think of the rare privilege that is given you. You can so live your little life down here as to enhance and increase the glory of God up in heaven. Oh my life never gets so barren and void of interest, but I can find comfort and inspiration in that fact. And when I am down where it seems there is no standing ground for me, I say, "Hold on, I can go out now and increase the glory of the Eternal God by the way I behave in the storm, by the way I meet the common enemy of the race, by the way I seek to minimize the evil of the world, by the way I stand four-square for the eternal truth." It is a great thing to live, when by the transforming grace of God in your life you can actually glorify Jesus Christ.

I told the people last Wednesday night that Dr. Torrey, a man whose words always carry weight, said, "The greatest sentence in the Word of God is this: 'If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come and take up our abode with him.'" That is a great sentence. "My Father will love him, and he will come and abide with him." To me it is not the greatest sentence in the Bible; but I can easily understand how it might be to another. But what possibilities open before us as we think of that statement. Can I love God? Can I with my breath in my nostrils, unsure of a minute's life, go out and keep His Word? And can I come where, as the sun shines upon the world at this moment, the love of God streams and beams about me; and into this poor shack of a life will the King of Heaven condescend to come and dwell? I told you the glory of grace was larger than the glory of creation. Do you see it?

And yet one other word. When you see the perfected glory of Christ's grace, you will have better sight than you have now, or you would never be able to bear the dazzling glory of the vision. Oh think of it. We value gold, and the streets are paved with it. We like the sparkle of the jewel, and they build the walls with them. We love the light, and the light up there is as endless as the smile of God. "The glory which Thou gavest me."

I wonder how He felt when He used that phrase in His prayer. I only know, contemplating it in your presence this morning I have lost myself in wonder at what He meant when He said, "The glory which Thou gavest me I have given them."

And now we study the glory of the Christian. Now when I got thus far in my meditation, I said, How shall I tell those people about the glory of the Christian? I had better go to the Bible and find out what it is. It is said of Augustine that one day he was meditating on God, and he saw a little child with a vessel of small capacity, lifting up water out of the ocean and bearing it up the sandy slope. And he asked, "What are you doing?" And the child said, "I am emptying the sea." Well when I looked into the Bible to see what is the glory of the Christian, I looked at a great shoreless sea and was lost. So I said, I will take a single book of that Bible, and I took Romans, my great book—Oh but I love Romans! If I thought they had not a copy of it up in heaven, I would want one buried in my coffin. But I found another sea! For I looked at Romans eight and saw we had a place in God's eternal thought; that there never was a time but God was thinking about us. Because Paul says, "For whom He did foreknow." Now I do not know how long God has been thinking about the stars, but I know He has been thinking about the saints from all eternity. And then I looked again, and saw we always had a part in God's plan; that in the ages untabulated when He thought about some time creating the universe, I was in His plan. For I read, "Whom He did foreknow, He also fore-ordained." So I am no after-thought of God! He had me in His mind and in His heart when there was no angel to sing His praise. But still these pictures kept coming before me, and I found I had received the special call from God. "Whom He did foreknow, He also did fore-ordain and called." Old John Bunyan quaintly says a hen has two calls; the common call to which the chickens do not pay any particular attention, simply a general way of saying everything is all right; and then she has the special call, and when they hear that "cluck," the chickens all go scuttling towards the mother hen. Well we have received the special call of God. He

came one day and stood before Nathanael and said, "Nathanael, I saw you under the fig tree when you were alone," and He gave him a special call. But He never called me by name! Yes He did. He called you by name. But He did not! But He did. Let me tell you what happened when I was a boy. I was listening to an evangelist, and a poor one he was. And this evangelist said, "God now speaks to you by name." And I thought, I know He does not! And the evangelist said, "Now my name is George Freeman. And suppose I read in the Bible, 'If George Freeman believes in Jesus he shall be saved.' That would not be half so good as reading, 'Whosoever.'" And you know at that age a boy knows everything, and I knew to read "George Freeman" in the New Testament would be a good deal better than to read, "Whosoever." But the evangelist continued, "If I read my name I should begin to think there may be another George Freeman in the world and it might mean him." And there in front of me sat a boy named George Freeman! And then I saw "Whosoever" is your name and mine, and the name of everyone, and we have received the special call of God. For on that June night of my conversion there were only two people in the world—God and myself. And God spoke to me as though there were nobody else in existence, and said, "Sinner, I died for you and I want you to live for me." And I said, "I believe it, and I will do it." We have been called.

"And whom He called, He also justified." Personally I feel of little worth this morning. And yet while I am not worth much to anybody under the sky, I was worth so much to the God who built the sky that He gave His own Son to die for my soul. He justified me, but He did not stop there. "Whom He justified, them He also glorified." Now do not put too much off into heaven, for He has glorified you. And Jesus says, "I have given them Thy glory." Oh my friend, we have the glory now. It is yours to say when circumstances threaten and would depress anybody outside of God's grace—"Circumstances are nothing to my Father, and I am my Father's child." And it is yours to walk in the midst of fire as did the three Hebrews, to go to sleep among the lions as did Daniel,

to be composed as was Peter in the jail, and to put your head down placidly on the block, as did Paul on the Appian Way. You have the glory!

Will you bear one other word? As I then looked in Romans eight to see the glory of the Christian, I found Paul began to talk to himself, and said, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" And I saw the lordly smile of contempt on the face of the Apostle as he looked at hostile Nero of Rome, and hostile Satan of hell, and said, "Who are you to be against me when for me is the Eternal God?" And I listened and heard him say another word to himself, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is Christ who justifieth." Why he says, You little critics of earth and hell, you shut your mouths! Jesus Christ has made peace between my soul and God! And as I listened, he kept on talking and made use of an expression that I found long years ago in the Book and have treasured ever since. He said, "Who is He that damns? It is Christ who died and rose again and is at the right hand of God interceding for me." And so when Satan said to Paul, You are a sinner and you are lost, he said, You lie! Who is he that damns? It is Christ who died for me and shuts the mouth of every assailant of my soul! And he kept on talking to himself. "Who shall separate us from the love of God? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" And I said, Well, you have piled up a good many formidable foes, Paul. And then he laughed and said, "Nay in all these things we are conquerors through Him that loved us." Just think of it! The glory of it! That a little limping scarred man enumerated his foes; famine, persecution, nakedness, sickness, death, anything, and triumphantly he shouts, "I not merely conquer you, I more than conquer, I humiliate you down into the very mud, I put my feet on you." "We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." And then you know he comes to that string of pearls that very few of us can correctly repeat, because every word is so wonderful we get confused in it. "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth,"—and then talking to

himself I heard him say, I wonder if I have left anything out—Well if I have, I will include it—"Nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." And then he stopped because he could not go beyond that. And that is the glory of the Christian given him by Jesus the Saviour.

"And the glory which Thou gavest me I have given them, that they may be one as we are one." And we are also all one in the glory of Jesus. Do you know that. Where did you say the revival broke out? Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopal, Nazarene Church? Who cares where it broke out, so far as it was a revival to glorify God? We are all one there. Do you ever think about the church on the earth? Oh if you do not, people, let me give you a good thought to go home with. Think about the church that is North, South, East, West, every single Christian; and think how they all bow and say, "Our Father," to God, a prayer taught them by Jesus; and how they all say, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," with a great upspringing of love in the heart; and how they all pray every day of their lives, "Thy Kingdom come." And do you ever glory in the whole church, and really for the moment actually feel as though you were gathering up the separate up-springing rills of praise from all the Christians on earth and you are presenting them all in your own exultation to the God of glory. All are one there.

I had a lot more to say to you, but the time is gone. So think this week about the glory God gave Jesus; and then think about the glory Christ gave you; and in the contemplation of the endless glory of Jesus, find your hearts all brought and knit together, in the great bond of loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Spiritual Union

John 17:23

"I in them, and Thou in me, that they may be perfected into one; that the world may know Thou didst send me and lovest them, even as Thou lovest me."

"I in them"—that phrase expresses the identity of Christ with His people. For He does not say, "I with them" merely, but "I in them."

Now I would like to very clearly state that you must be identified with Jesus in His death on the cross, or you can never be saved. You have to move on from Bethlehem where He was born; through Nazareth where He was brought up; past the Jordan where He was baptized; through even the Garden of Gethsemane right up to Calvary where you can see Him in His loneliness bearing your sin, and dying in your stead; and there you must say—

"My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine"—

or you can never be saved. If this New Testament is true—you have to stand by that skull-shaped hill just outside Jerusalem, and when you hear that wildest cry that ever smote upon the ear of God go ringing from the cross, "My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken me?", you have to know that every separate sin of yours was an accentuation of the darkness that brooded about Jesus when He bore your sins in His own body on the tree. Oh I have never been to the Holy Land and never wanted to go. But I have been to Calvary and have stood there many a thousand times and in faith have said, "I accept all Thou art doing, O Christ, as being done for me." For we are not saved by a creed or a system of theology or a church, but we are saved by a real living personality

named Jesus Christ, who of Himself said, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."

And that union of the Christian with the Christ is the uppermost fact in your baptism. It is not the water, but it is the fact that you are there declaring your identification with Jesus Christ, are being buried into His death and into His resurrection, and are there proclaiming the solemn fact that in Him you are willing to die to the world about you and to rise up to live the new life that characterizes the citizens of the Jerusalem yet to come. And this identification with Jesus is the secret of your increasing sanctification. I deny that you have to go to any convention to hear any person in order to be sanctified. You might live in conventions and do nothing but listen to these exponents of the victorious and overcoming life, and yet go to hell. Your sanctification depends upon and is exactly proportioned to your identity with Jesus Christ. For the more of Him you possess, the more sanctified you become. For "He is our sanctification," is the statement of the Apostle Paul.

Now the closeness of this identity of Christ and Christians is such I hardly dare mention the figure Jesus Christ used Himself to describe it. He angered a great congregation one day by preaching a sermon on the Bread that cometh down from heaven. And I do not wonder that He angered them, for this is one of the things He said, "Except ye eat my flesh and drink my blood, ye have no life in you." There He stood and affirmed that the identity between a Christian and the Lord is such that it may be compared to becoming a partaker of His very body and blood. Do you not see why I said I hardly dare to mention the illustration Christ used to show the sacredness of this close intimacy between the man who is saved and the One who saves him! And the Apostle Paul affirmed that believers are members in the great body of Christ, of which He is the head. So then the identity of Christians with Jesus is the identity of our members to our bodies. Nothing can be closer, more vital, or more easily understood. As my finger is a part of myself, so the Apostle Paul says all believing souls are parts of the great body of Christ which is the church invisible and existing all over the earth. Now let us

be clear on this. I am not saved because I walked a sawdust trail or signed a card or held up my hand, neither am I saved because I pray or repent or read the Bible, or because I have been baptized, or go to the Lord's Supper, or because I preach; but I am saved because Jesus Christ has assumed the responsibility of my soul's life, and He has incorporated me into this body which is His Church of which He is the Head. I say let us be clear this morning that if we are saved, we are saved by virtue of our identification with Jesus Christ.

But then the next phrase is one that startles us. "I in them," He has said, "And Thou in me." Now without that latter phrase, the first is absolutely useless. Let me show you this. Suppose the Apostle Peter had said, "I in them." We should smile and pass on our way, possibly making a chance remark about the lunacy of a man who would talk about being in the great church scattered the world over. Therefore if Jesus is only a man, he has uttered a beautiful statement, but the cold glitter of uselessness is upon it. For unless He can say, "I in them and Thou in me," there is no potency in the first clause of the text. The reason Conan Doyle says Jesus' death is too much spoken about, is because Doyle thinks Jesus Christ was only a man. And if it be true that He was but a man, then we are making too much of his death. And so until you bring in the second clause of the text, "I in them and Thou in me," you have failed to find the solid rock upon which a man conscious of his sin may rest and be unafraid.

Now they say in some quarters that we are too insistent upon a few doctrines of that Book, and among them is the deity of Jesus. I wonder all the time they have not sense enough to see that the whole building we call Christianity falls into abject ruin unless Jesus Christ be God as well as man. I occasionally speak to the shame of Unitarianism. Let me say the one thing about it that I do think is praiseworthy—it is logical anyhow. It has no God in Christ, and therefore it has no Saviour for sin. For you cannot have a Saviour unless you have the Son of God, the possessor of infinite merit, who for our sins died and rose again. And remember that Jesus is all the time

under the dominance of one strong desire, and that is to fix the thought, the faith and the emotion of everyone to whom He speaks upon Himself. It is all the time, "I am the Bread of Life, I am the Water of Life, I am the Way, I am the Truth, I am the Life." And He has so little to say about anything except the one thing that He evidently thought fundamental and vital—even my soul's relationship to Himself the Son of God. You remember how the Apostle Paul says "In Christ dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead." An astounding statement! And you remember he also said, "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." My friends, you have to hold fast to the identity of God with Christ, or else all the comfort out of Christ's identity with you becomes as a spent sound on the night air.

"I in them, and Thou in me, that they may be perfected in one;" that they may form the union that is perfect in the sight of God and man. Another wonderful statement, but the relevancy of it you can easily see. I in them as the uniting unifying force that brings them all together; and just as the head taking control of all the members of the body forms them into one perfect union desirous of obeying the behest of the head, so Jesus Christ says, "I will be in those Christians, and in me they shall be perfected into one union." I therefore continue to differ with all those who say Jesus Christ prayed that we all might be one denomination. But He did pray that we should all be one in Him; that the Church should be an organism, a living thing, instead of an organization, a dead thing. For suppose the whole world became Baptist, what have you? You have only an organization in which there is confusion and rift as was demonstrated in Indianapolis when a majority of Baptists voted against having a creed, putting some of us outside their territory most assuredly, for the man I shall soon baptize has to subscribe to a creed or I will not baptize him. For I shall ask him in that water, "Do you believe Jesus Christ is your own Saviour?" And if he said, "No," he would go out unbaptized. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," said the Apostle to the Philippian jailer. And the Philippian jailer's statement of acceptance of Christ was his

creed. So if you had all believers in Jesus in the Baptist denomination, you have no more union than you have among the Masons, for it also is a united organization. No, when my Lord in His great prayer began to talk to His Father—He was not speaking of a mere organization like those the men of the world can inaugurate and perpetuate, but He was mentioning something closer and more vital. He was talking about all those in whom He dwells; all those with whom He has identity—that they may be perfected in one.

And they are one. For that great church invisible, scattered the whole earth over this morning, is one church, unbounded by any denominational walls or barriers. And wherever Jesus Christ has come into the soul, so that He has identification with that soul, there is a member of the body, the church of which Jesus Christ is the head. And my friends, whatever else you may be, unless you have that identity with Jesus, you are not a member of His church.

I know how obnoxious this is to some of you who are listening to me. But not as a coward do I say I am not responsible for the truth I am asserting. I thought again last week as I noticed how I was being placed in a minority by things that have happened recently, I am placed there by that Book. Let me say whatever else I do not believe, I believe the New Testament is the inspired Word of God. I have had no care for the last forty years to find out anything except the truth that is imbedded in that Book in which I most firmly believe. And I freely assent to the statement of my critic that I am a fool if the Bible is not inspired. For in all the years that have gone by, if I can find "Thus saith the Lord," I have stood upon that as being sufficient, and therefore I say Christ must be identified with me and I with Himself, or else I am an unsaved soul.

And this word ere we stop. "I in them, and Thou in me, that they may be perfected in one, that the world may know Thou hast sent me." I do not know what that meant on Christ's lip. But it looks as though He were saying, If all these people are perfected in one, there is a sufficient argument presented to the world that I was sent by Thee to be the world's

Saviour. And I know that is true. For if you will without prejudice undertake to read those four gospels, you will find such proof that Jesus Christ is the Son of God as will make of you a believer in the deity of the Lord Jesus. The argument is there. For the writer of the last gospel says, "I wrote it that you might believe that Jesus is the Christ." And he succeeded in his purpose. And I often think you must deny the inspiration of that Book in order to retain the position that Jesus Christ is not the Son of God, for the argument is there. Yet among the evidences of the Christian religion, there is no evidence like the live evidence—the Christian. For while there is one Christian in the world, there is the evidence that Jesus Christ is the Divine Saviour. Some children were discussing a tree. And some said it was an oak tree and some said it was not. And they compared the leaves with the tree they had known bearing leaves elsewhere. And they talked about the shape of it. But a wise man reached up his hand and broke a spray off that tree and it had acorns on it. And the acorns demonstrated the fact it was an oak tree. And from that simple illustration I come into the great mystery of the prayer of Jesus as He says, If you come into this union with myself and be perfected in one, there is an argument presented to the world that the Father hath sent me which is complete and sufficing. "There is nothing in it," said a foolish globe trotter who happened to be born in England, as he talked to a native Australian who believed in the Bible. And that uncivilized man said, "Come with me." And he took him to a great stone hollowed out. And he said, "My father and his fathers used to kill captives on that stone, drink their blood and eat their flesh. I don't do it. Let me tell you why. Jesus Christ has come into my soul." And the Englishman was silent. There is the argument. You cannot find an understudy for the Son of God. You cannot find anybody who can bend His bow. You cannot find anyone else who by changed lives and characters can so demonstrate that He is God who came into the world for the specific purpose of saving trusting souls. Oh I could prove that from the audience that I at this moment address. Let me in a word sketch one of you. Into

my study he walked, a man down and out—they might well say that about him. And he talked about suicide. And I told him of Jesus Christ, the great Saviour. And on bended knee that man accepted Jesus. He is better off than I am today, for he drives an auto, and I trundle a wheelbarrow! And he is a member of the church, and it would not do for me to look his way or you would know by the light on his face of whom I am talking. Give me a replica of that if you can produced by aught save faith in Jesus. Well the God that answers by your changed character, let Him be God. And there is only One who does it.

But I do not have to go to my brother. O no! One night at eight o'clock I had no more use for Jesus Christ than I have for a man up the Congo River whom I never saw. And that same night at nine o'clock I said to that same Christ, "You are my Saviour, and you are my Lord." And inside that hour there took place in me the revolution that is comparable to nothing but a change from the East to the West, from hell to heaven. Who did it? "That the world may know by these Christians being perfected in one, that Thou hast sent me."

Will the world ever know it? No. The world does not want to know it. The world has made up its mind it will not know it. You might as well hold a rose to the nostrils of a man who has no sense of smell, as to present the mighty argument of a saved church to a man of the world—who Nelson-like puts the glass to his blind eye and says, "I do not see anything." But now hear Jesus. If I had not come, they might have had an excuse. But now I have come, and they have no cloak for their sin.

The last sentence of the text I merely quote. "And hast loved them as Thou hast loved me." Men and women, I bowed before that sentence last week in silence. I think I do so again now. There He stands, and talking to His God He says, "As You love me, so You also love them." I never saw it before last week as I saw it then. "Love them as I am loved!" In the same degree? No, He cannot. Christ being God is infinite, therefore He can receive more of the love of the Father than I the finite ever can. But with the same quality of love with which the Father loves Jesus

Christ, He loves me. And how did He love Jesus? With an infinite love, an eternal love, a perfect love. And that is the way He loves us this morning. Got pain of body, have you? Well God loves you as He loves and loved Jesus! Straightened in circumstances, are you? Well God loves you as He loves His Son! As Matthew Arnold puts it, 'Weary of yourself and sick of asking what you are and what you ought to be' are you? Well here is the word of Jesus, that God loves you as He loves your Saviour! I would not dare say it if it were not written down there in the Book. It would be a thing for which I might well be flung out of the building, the absurdity, the blasphemy of it, if I were not authorized to declare it. But Jesus says in that Book, John seventeen, twenty-three, "And that Thou lovest them as Thou lovest me."

O Christian, let your heart at this moment be as a well from which there springs up the glad waters of joy while you think of the love of God, and bring your finite capacity to that infinite love, for though Jesus, by virtue of His deity, can receive more of that love than can you, yet you may receive until filled with the infinite eternal perfect love of God. "Comfort one another with these words."

The Divine Love

John 17:24

"Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory which Thou hast given me; for Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."

In calling your attention to this part of the prayer of Jesus, I commence by saying it is the request of the Son of God, even of Him concerning whom the Almighty says in Hebrews one, "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of Thy hands: They shall perish; but Thou remainest: And they all shall wax old, as doth a garment; but Thou, Lord, shalt not change, and Thy years shall not fail." It is the request of the Son of God.

And it is the request of the Son of God of His infinite Father; of the Father in whom He always delighted; of the Father to whom He stands uniquely related. For I would remind you how He always differentiates between God as His Father and God as our Father; so that He accentuated this difference after His resurrection by saying, "I ascend to my Father and your Father, my God and your God."

And it is the request of the Son who loved the Father. "I delight to do Thy will, O God." Such was the continuous watchword of Jesus throughout His earthly life. And at the close one can easily see how exultantly Jesus thinks about the great joy of soon going home to bask again, as He had done from all eternity, in the presence of His infinite and eternal Father.

And it is the request made by Jesus who loved God, of the God who infinitely loved Jesus. Oh, God the Father loves God the Son in a way clear beyond our

imagination. And it were foolishness for me to attempt to describe that which can never be even imagined. "The Father loveth the Son," exultantly said Jesus, "and hath committed all things into His hands."

Yes, and it is the request from the Son of the Father, concerning the gift the Father had made to the Son. For of those for whom He prays, Jesus aforetime said, "Those whom Thou hast given me." Now God the Father would never give to God the Son a transitory gift that would pass away like hoar frost under the warmth of a rising sun. And if God the Father gave the Church to Jesus Christ, then the Church being the gift of the Father whom He loved, would be dearly prized by Jesus Christ. Oh what oceans of comfort are opening to us! What horizons of confidence! He said one day, you remember, "I give unto my sheep eternal life and they shall never perish." And that were enough. But for our eternal satisfaction He went on on say, "And no man is able to pluck them out of my hand." And surely that were more than enough. But still He goes on to say, "My Father who gave them to me is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." And so three times over He assures us of our everlasting salvation. For He says we have eternal life, and we are in His hand, and His hand is in the hand of God the Father. Thus we drop our anchor in the great sea of deity upon the rock of the divine purpose, with the lighthouse of Calvary in full view and the red lights of home appearing through the mist, as we listen to this clause of the real Lord's prayer. Oh, He had assured those disciples in the prayer preceding the text, for He said, "I give unto them eternal life. This is life eternal that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." And then He guaranteed our final preservation as He said, "I pray for them." What devil, I would like to know, can break down the prayer of Jesus Christ for His people? What arm is there strong enough to hurl down the barrier of Christ's prayer between my soul and hell? I remember a great word concerning the Christ that I love to think about—"Having loved His own who were in the world, He loved them unto the end."

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death."

He loved them unto the end. You remember how the woman in the Old Testament story prayed that David might be bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord. Well that is where we are, bound up in the bundle of life with Jesus Christ. For has He not said, "Because I live, ye shall live also;" a round-about way of saying, "And until I die, you will not die; and until I am discomfited and perish, your salvation is fixed and sure." Yes He prays that we may be with Him. He looked at those bronzed men and He saw them through eyes that were tender with pity, and He called them orphans. Oh I wonder if looking at us this morning He has the same thought concerning us. They hold this Jesus very lightly in some quarters. For there seem to be multitudes of people who would in no wise be orphaned by losing Christ. How is it with us? I heard a man in a Bible class this morning say, "If we lost Him, we should lose everything." Please God may I be under the roof that holds the people who would be orphaned if they lost Jesus! "That they may be with me," He says.

And then the Apostle Paul you remember, affirms, "They who sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him." So they succeeded in getting there, did they not? For God is going to bring them with Him.

"Oh I bless the Christ of God,
And rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart
I call this Saviour mine."

He prayed that we might be with Him.

And did you observe the purpose for which He prayed that we might go to heaven? "That they may behold my glory." Now the angels beheld the glory of Jesus long before man did. Away in that remote past, or ever He had located the lights, or caused the ocean to retire to its bed, there existed the great universe of God. And what glories were manifested

there before Satan and his hosts spoiled it, no man can tell. Bring forth your fossils, but when you have brought them all and arrayed them, and tabulated the millenniums that have elapsed since they became fossilized, bear in mind, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." And then when He saw the earth was waste, He commenced the second time and prepared it for man. And when His voice went pealing through the chaos and He said, "Let there be light; let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters; let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed and the fruit tree yielding fruit, and animate life prevail;" surely the angels then beheld His glory. And when He made man, they again beheld God's glory. And unto Moses it was given to see the remote fringe of the glory of God in the mountain when God hid him, so that even that fringe of the garment God wears might not blind Moses' eyes and slay his life. And David had a revelation of the glory of God when exultantly he cried, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." And Isaiah saw that glory when he said, "He taketh up the isles as a little thing, and weighs the mountains in scales, holds the oceans in His hands, and calls every star by its particular name." And the disciples saw His glory when He walked the water, hushed the wind, checked the ravages of disease, and pulled out of the very jaws of death its prey. They saw the glory of that life. No deed ever done except that which was perfect as the thought of the eternal God. And they beheld His glory after the resurrection until the ascension, where He moved about and among them, yet separate from them. They beheld His glory when majestically He ascended to the throne. And John beheld His glory afterward when he saw Him standing with His countenance blazing as the noontide sun and His voice was as the roar of great waters. John saw Him too as King of the city whose walls are jasper with pavements of gold and gates of pearl.

Yes and John then saw His glory in grace, for he said, "I fell at His feet as if dead, and His right hand lifted me up." The glory of the grace of Jesus Christ! But do you know, my people, why we read about jasper

walls and golden pavements and harps and crowns and thrones. It is because God was in a difficulty to convey the real glory of heaven to His people, and so He had to come down to the level of our infinite understanding, and because we prize jewels and gold and music and thrones and harps, He said all these things only typify and illustrate the great heaven Jesus Christ is preparing for those who love Him. And there will be ever widening horizons of this eternal glory of Jesus Christ. And there will be ever increasing capacity granted to us as God's saved men and women, to take in more and more of that ever increasing glory of the Son of God, as it is written in Ephesians two, seven, "In the ages to come He will show us the exceeding glory." No dull monotony in heaven; no stale accomplishment when the soul is able to say, All I can ever get I have; but an eternal progress in the discovery of Jesus Christ who for us died on the cross!

And then in the last place do you notice where the roots of this prayer go down. "I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which Thou hast given me, for Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." Now we can reason up from the lesser to the greater. What is there of worth that love will not give to the beloved? Well suppose infinite love undertakes to give glory to the infinitely beloved, what sort of glory will it be? You see where Jesus leads us? "Father, gather them home, that they may behold my glory, the glory which is in preparation by Thine infinite and eternal love for me." For as I have hinted, the love of God the Father for God the Son is an infinite love. Now take a single drop of water, and think of all the drops of water since God made the world gathered into one great sea, and you have a faint illustration of the infinite. And because it is infinite, it is eternal. God never commenced to love Jesus. He has loved Him—here is my poor speech coming in again—He has loved Him ever since there was a God, and that means forever and forever. An eternal love! Now tell us again, what sort of glory has God given to Jesus whom He loves with an infinite and eternal love? It is the love of God for God.

It is the love of the Infinite for the Infinite. It is the love of the Eternal for the Eternal. That is the glory, the product of that infinite eternal love, that Jesus Christ prays your poor eyes may some day see. Ah, through this little rift we can see the exceeding love of God for us. Did God give the Son whom He so loved, to be the propitiation for our sins? Why did He not say to some angel, "You go and do it." Why did He not say to an arch-angel, "You do it." But no! Listen—"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son" for the world's sake.

And looking through this same rift, how we should love Jesus Christ and value Him with an exceeding high value.

"Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more might die."

You know some men stood and watched the tears stealing down the cheeks of Jesus at the grave of Lazarus, and they commented thus—"Behold how He loved him." But in fancy this morning I see Jesus laying aside the glory which was the gift of the infinite eternal love of His Father, and I say, Behold how He loved us, to give up all that glory and become a man, and to die that He might save us. And we are going to see that glory. You know in the olden time at the door of the temple of Diana in Ephesus, there stood a man whose sole business it was to cry to the assembled worshippers, "Beware of your eyes." The glory of the temple was such that it actually menaced the sight. But all the glory of the world, the glory of the dawn and of the noontide, the glory of the sunset and of the midnight, the glory of the rushing wind and of the sobbing sea, all glory pales into insignificance compared to the glory of Jesus which some of the members of this church are going to see inside the next seven days, for I visited them yesterday and they can see the beautiful lights of their welcoming home drawing very very near.

Now this is the love God has for us. This is the mighty love of Jesus Christ for us. This is the love that draws out our hearts towards him. For we love Him because He first loved us. And you cannot get the

soul absorbed in a meditation of the love of Jesus for you, but you find the soul moving out with an enlarged love for the Jesus whose love you have been contemplating. And if you are saying as the choir sang this morning, "More love to Thee, O Christ," I can tell you how to get it. Think more and more about His love for you; and then or ever you know it, your love for Him will have become larger and fuller. You cannot help it, for the more you contemplate His love, the more love for Him will be possessed by your heart.

But let us come down to earth again as we stop. There He stood and prayed. And His prayer—Oh how good it is for us to think about it—His prayer concerned you and me. And He said, "Father, I will; Father, I desire that these whom Thou hast given me shall be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, the gift of an infinite and an eternal love."

That is His prayer for us. And I think we do well to behold in fancy the Son of God as He prays to His Father, and listen and hear Him say, "I pray for them, not for the world." And then He adds—and I would not lose this, for if I did I guess I would lose my soul—"Neither pray I for these alone, but for all those also who shall believe on me through their word." And that includes you and me. And then He says, "Father, I desire that these shall be with me where I am, to see my glory, the glory which Thou gavest me, for Thou lovest me before the foundation of the world." Here is the dignity and the grandeur and the unspeakable glory of being a Christian. So lift up your heads and strengthen your hearts. You do not amount to much in Portland, but you amount to a whole lot in heaven. The newspapers will not say much about you when you leave Oregon, but Jesus will say something to you when you reach glory that will make your very soul elate with satisfaction. Do not pity yourself. Do not let anybody else pity you.

"Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the border of the land."

Jesus Christ has prayed for you that you may see His glory. Now I know what made Paul write one of his marvelous statements. Yes, I know now why he said,

"This light affliction which is but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding weight of glory." We must fight a little longer, and then comes the victory; tread the wilderness way a few more hours, then comes the home; face the devil a little longer, and then he will be shut up in hell forever and we shall be shut up in heaven for the same time. Why the glory actually begins to break about us as we think of it. Who cares for a few pains in the body when it is eternal health we are hurrying to? Who cares for a few deprivations now when we are going to have the eternal fulness in a little while? Oh how blessed a Saviour He is, that He renounced all that glory and emptied Himself and became of no reputation that He might bring many sons to glory. If you are among those sons, care for nothing and fear nothing. That glory will break about you before the sun sets, for aught I know to the contrary, and you may hear the shouting heralds proclaim the nearing Christ in the clouds of the air. Or someone may say of you suddenly, "He is gone," and up in heaven they will say, "He has arrived," and you will begin to see the glory. Ah, that is a great gospel, and it is as sure as God.

The Highest Knowledge

John 17:25.

"O righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee: but I have known Thee, and these have known that I came forth from Thee."

The Lord makes a declaration concerning the world when he says, "The world hath not known Thee." But is not a builder revealed by the building? And is not a poet revealed by his poem? Partially. For the Apostle Paul in the Romans says, "The invisible things of God that are seen in His works which He has made are His eternal power and Godhead." Yet that is an insufficient revelation of God for all saving and Christian purposes. I do not forget that David said, "The heavens are the work of Thy fingers." But my soul has not been saved by God's fingers. I have been redeemed by the blood of Christ's heart. Oh yes the mountains may be the raised letters spelling out the word God, but the revelation of the mountains, while declaring His righteousness, lacks the saving power of Calvary. I know the winds as they are ever rushing the world around have a voice to those who can hear it, but the hurricane never mentions John three, sixteen. And all the gilded stars of the night sky do not reveal to us the fact that God is our Father and we are reconciled to Him by Jesus. "Oh that I knew where I might find Him," cried the ancient seer, but the deep cried, "It is not in me," and the height answered, "It is not in me." And Jesus Himself said, "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him." Solomon asked the startling question, "Will God in very deed dwell upon the earth?" God must in very deed dwell upon the earth; or how can I ever know who God is? I tell you the supernatural fact of the incarnate Jesus Christ is a necessity of logic as well as a

revelation of scripture. For all the hills and all the constellations can never reveal to me how God feels towards man. And unless He can incarnate Himself somehow in the likeness of man, and get down on to my level, He will never be able to lift me up on to His level. The world by wisdom knew not God. Therefore it pleased God in the fulness of time to reveal Himself to man by Jesus Christ, who was Son of God and Son of Man.

And what a marvelous manifestation is Jesus. Imagine God incarnate walking in Palestine and as He saw a dead bird, halted and stopped His disciples in their walk and said, "Notice that dead bird; no man saw it fall, but that bird did not die without your Father's notice." What a manifestation! And little children like your's and like my grandchildren were brought by their mothers into the sacred presence of Jesus, and the strong disciples, careful of their Lord perhaps, said, "Take the children away, don't trouble Him with them." And He who poised the milky way and dug the channels of the oceans said, "Suffer them to come." And I think He put His beautiful fingers upon their heads, and I know He blessed them. God and the children! What a manifestation!

And then He wended His way up the little hill that they called Calvary and He laid Himself down upon wood that He Himself had grown. And with spikes made out of iron that He had originated in the hills, He was made fast to that wood and He hung up there and died. The Son of God, mark you! The Son of God! What a revelation!

But it was an incomplete revelation. Not even Jesus Christ within the limitations of our humanity could fully reveal God. And He will never be fully revealed, for one of the dazzling delights of eternity will be our continuous discovery of God, in the ever receding horizons of His power and love and majesty! For only God can comprehend God and only God can know God.

But what a sufficing revelation of God is Jesus. Oh they tell me in the Unitarian church that I must stop short at the deity that has been incarnated in Jesus. Stop short! Has anyone yet put his hand on a boundary and said, "Christ stops there." Has anyone ever

dropped the plummet of his thought into the great words of Jesus and seen the cord slacken, indicating the bottom had been reached? Ah Jesus suffices as all others in the world fail to do! And we might well say with Augustine of old, "The soul is restless till it finds its rest in Thee." And so there He stands, the Man of Sorrows and says to all the world, "You cannot discover God."

But then He makes a statement regarding Himself that is even more startling. "The world hath not known Thee, but I have known Thee!" What all the world has failed to do, seers, prophets, psalmists, saints, what all the generations found it impossible to perform, I have done. "I have known Thee." And He said it in prayer, when ever our utterances are carefully considered. He looked up into the eyes of Deity and said, "I have known Thee." And He does not say, "I know Thee now," for within those limitations of our humanity He did not know God as He had known Him in the days before He was confined in the flesh. But He says, while His eye wanders down the endless slope of the lone eternity, "I have known Thee," and He commenced saying that very early. Talking to a man one day He said, "No man hath come down from heaven except the Son of Man who is in heaven." What did He mean? "I have known Thee!" Men and women, let us think often about Jesus and let us love Him with a tremendous love, for apart from Him we could never have known God. "I have known Thee."

Now I find this falling like healing balm on my hurt soul. For I do not want any Unitarian Jesus. And my soul never cries out for Peter, Paul, John, James, David, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Abraham, or Moses. But my soul is like a harp, and no music can come therefrom until the Great Musician of Bethlehem touches it. Then there comes the satisfaction and the solace. And you have only to come to this Christ and make the surrender of your soul to Him, and you need not worry at all about your acceptance of His deity. For His deity will exhale from His personality like perfume from a violet. And as you become acquainted with Him, you will no more think about questioning His essential deity than the reality of the solid earth upon

which you rest your feet. "I have known Thee," He said.

And you know, there is rising up in front of me while I speak, the figure of the Person who said this text in His prayer. A few hours before He had girded Himself with a towel, and filled a basin with water and washed the disciples' feet. And yet He says, "I know God." And a little while hence He will bow in Gethsemane till His brow grows red with blood in the moonlight, and He will go on from there to Golgotha and will make the great sacrifice to save us. Oh man, hide this great Christ in your heart, and whatever else you get, be sure you win His "Well done"; and never mind what you lose if you only retain Him.

And then, lastly, He made a declaration concerning the disciples. He said, "These have known that I came forth from Thee." Now let us think of them for a moment with clearness of thought. There they stood, a few men who had possessed an acquaintance with Jesus for about three years. How they felt when first they approached Him, I am not competent to say. I do not know what charmed them. I have my guesses that I have made, but they are unimportant. But somehow they were attracted to Him, and they began to follow Him about. I wonder if they knew why they were doing it. And then there grew up, I suppose, a feeling of affection for Him and loyalty to Him, until in their hearts they began to think, "Who is He?" And perhaps one man would venture to say to the man he loved most, "What do you think about Him?" I do not know, I am only speculating. But one day this great Jesus called them to an avowal as He said, "Who do these people say I am?" And the answer fell on His ear: They say you are John the Baptist resurrected; or you are Elijah come back from heaven; or you are one of the prophets. And He said, "What do you think about it? Does that satisfy you? Do you think I am John, or Elijah, or Jeremiah?" Now you see the fateful moment has come. They have been thinking about Him. Possibly they have been talking about Him. They have been making up their minds regarding Him. They have been reading their own hearts and finding out what they really felt towards Him. Now the moment has come. "Who am I?" And through their spokesman they said,

"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Now they did not say it with eyes upturned toward the heaven of heavens wherein is God, but they said it with their eyes looking into the eyes of a Man who stood no higher than did they. They said it looking at a Man whom they had seen asleep, whom they had seen eat food and drink water, whom they had watched when His sandaled foot struck a stone on the wayside and as He puts His hand to His foot His face was marked with pain. They said, "You are Christ the Son of the living God." Well, you say, we too should have said it, had we possessed their advantages. For they had seen Him walk on water, hush wind, kill a tree, make the blind see, deaf hear, dumb talk, lepers be cleansed, lame people walk, dead people live. Yes that is all true. And they had seen the wonderful life that He lived among them. That is equally true. And Oh may I not be over-bold when I say they had a serious handicap in all that. I must be a fool, for sometimes I have watched men eating and drinking and I have said, "Could I ever have brought myself to believe that anybody who ever had to eat food and drink water like I do, could be the Son of God?" And I have looked at a man asleep and I have said, "Could I ever by anything possible have brought myself to say, That sleeper is the Son of God?" So they had a handicap as well as an aid. And I have their advantages; and other advantages which they lacked; and their hindrance is not mine. For I too have the record of His life; and no fool on this earth is ever going to rob me of it. For in this Bible are the words He spoke and the record of the deeds He wrought; and I will go down to my grave believing and cherishing those words, and I will rise up in judgment believing them, and I will make no excuse ever or to any for believing them. I have the record. And in the record I too have the story of His life. I can see how friend and foe asserted His sinlessness. I can watch Him as He assumes that He is God, and then rises up until He fills the assumption and becomes a reality and a fact. I have that. And then I have something else, even the fact of His resurrection. They had not that knowledge when He prayed my text. And I have His ascension into glory. And they knew nothing about that when they heard Him

pray. And I have two thousand years wherein He has exercised His gracious saving helping ministry among men.

And so I humbly take my stand among His disciples, and I look up into His face as He says, "These have believed that I came from Thee." And with my sin-blistered, pain-quivering lip I say, "Jesus Christ I believe that." And so Peter may make his own confession of Jesus, and I will make mine.

I think that is all I have to say to you unless it is to ask—Will you not take that same stand and make that same avowal? There He is, the Lordly Jesus. And He says the whole world could never know God; but He knows Him. And if you press Him for His reason why He knows God, He will answer you by saying, "I and my Father are one." And then He puts out the arms of His loving kindness and tender mercy, and He encircles a great group of people; and as He draws them up to Himself says, "These have known that I came from Thee." Does He encircle you? Do you believe He does? If you do, you can no more keep that great fact from having its legitimate effect on your life than you can keep the day back when the sun rises over the Eastern hills. For the acceptance of that revelation will change your very intellect, causing you to think otherwise than you once did. And it will touch the springs of your heart, and you will have emotions such as you never had before. And you will go out to be God's man, moving about in the consciousness that you are among those who believe Christ came down from God. But if these great facts and truths do not touch your mind, your heart, your soul, your life, you may depend upon it you have never yet come up to Jesus Christ and said, "Thou art my Saviour, my Lord, my God."

The Continuing Love

John 17:26.

"I have declared unto them Thy name and will declare it; that the love wherewith Thou lovedst me may be in them, and I in them."

We close this morning our series of sermons on the true Lord's prayer. I shall never commence another series, for life is too uncertain for you and me for us to start on any lengthy study. I thought out this series of sermons in the hospital, not knowing whether I should ever preach them or not. And I have preached them with a great deal of wonder whether we should see the close of them, and now with a feeling of almost sadness I lead you through the last meditation on this most wonderful scripture, as I bid you remember that Jesus in the text gives us a revelation of God's name; and then He gives us a revelation that is contained in God's name.

In the first chapter of John, Jesus mentioned the wonderful name of our God which He came to disclose as He said, "No man hath seen God at any time, but the only begotten Son who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath revealed Him." It always solaced and heartened Jesus to remember He was in the bosom of His Father. He had been there from all eternity, and He was there while He walked the earth; because once in the love of God one never moves out of it, and especially is that true of the Christ who was Himself God.

Then in the second chapter He said to money changers and traders in the temple, "Take these things hence: Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise." So Jesus realized that the temple was His Father's house. And I wish more and more that the same realization might possess our minds and hearts. For sometimes there is wrong behaviour in God's house,

disturbances that would not be tolerated—so I am told—even in a theater. "My Father's house," said Jesus.

And then in the third chapter we read, "The Father loveth the Son and hath committed all things unto Him." When the storms broke about the head of Jesus He always fled for shelter into the love of His Father. When the stones were near, He thought of how His Father loved Him. And you and I shall never do much on this great trail of life until we learn that the love of the Father is a strong tower, into which we can flee and be safe.

In the fourth chapter He said, "The Father is worshipped wherever in spirit and in truth the soul approaches Him." What a beautiful fact, that on the sea or the land, in the sick room, anywhere, the soul has only to stretch out its hands and it touches God; for wherever there is a holy reverence and a sincere feeling out after Him, God is there to bless.

And in the fifth chapter Jesus affirmed, "He that honoreth the Son, honoreth the Father." I wonder what the Unitarian thinks of that, and especially as He goes on to say, "He that honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father." Jesus so identified Himself with the Father that you cannot possibly separate the two.

Then in the sixth chapter He said, "The will of the Father is that everyone who beholds the Son and believes in Him should have eternal life." Oh how exclusive is that verse. No matter what I do, if I fail to do this one thing—to behold the Son—I fail to apprehend and possess eternal life.

In the seventh chapter there is no mention made of God the Father as such, but Jesus spoke of His Father as "the One who sent me."

But in the eighth chapter He said, "I am not alone, but I and the Father are one." I think He felt His loneliness so far as friends in the world were concerned, and He solaced Himself under it by saying, There never can be any loneliness to my soul because I am always with the Father.

In the ninth chapter there is no mention of the Father because the whole chapter is taken up with the description of the man who had been blind and had received his sight.

But in the tenth chapter He said, "I give unto my

sheep eternal life. Neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand: My Father who gave them me is greater than all, and no one can pluck them out of my Father's hand. Now just allow yourself to be placed where Jesus will place you if you ask Him, even in "my Father's hand."

And then in the eleventh chapter, by the grave of Lazarus, He prayed, "Father I know that Thou hearest me always." Oh I think some little understanding of the undisturbed poise of Jesus must come to us as we remember that He always knew He lived and moved and had His being in the Father.

And then in the twelfth chapter when the Greeks came to Him, He said, "Father, glorify Thy Son." And there came the audible voice of God that some of the people misunderstood and thought to be mere thunder.

In the thirteenth chapter we read, "Jesus, knowing the hour had come that He should go unto the Father." Now I do not know whether I am right in this or not, but I think and always shall think that Jesus, as He neared the end of the pilgrimage, had an ecstatic delight in the realization that He was nearing that communion with the Father which was disturbed in a measure when He came down to Bethlehem. But I do not know much about that.

Then He said, in chapter fourteen, "In my Father's house are many mansions." But if you do not know where that is to be found, I pity you, for you have missed such a wonderful revelation if you do not know the whole of John fourteen.

In the fifteenth chapter He affirmed, "I am the true Vine and my Father is the husbandman." Do you people who are being chastened realize that? I have bunches of beautiful grapes on a vine today, but they would never be there only in the spring I went around and pruned the vine, and since then I often took the leaves away that were between the sun and the grapes. "My Father is the husbandman."

And in the sixteenth chapter He declared, "Whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my Name, He will do it." The Father hears no prayer that is not offered in Christ's name. Sometimes I hear a prayer when I am away from this church that ignores Jesus.

My friends, "Whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name," said Christ, "He shall grant it."

And then in this seventeenth chapter He said, "I have declared unto them Thy name." Now we never had that name for God before. Oh I am not forgetful of the one hundred and third Psalm where David said, "Like as a father pitieth his children," but that is not the Fatherhood of God as revealed by Jesus. And I am not unmindful that in Malachi I read, "Have we not all one father? Hath not God created us?" But even that is not the Fatherhood of God as revealed by Jesus. For the Fatherhood of God is the unique revelation of Jesus Christ; therefore He says in this prayer, "I have declared unto them Thy name."

Now there is a little clause which you may have overlooked that is full of blessing, where He says, "And I will declare it." What does that mean? Oh it would not have taken Jesus two minutes to have come into this world and say, "Now call God, Father." But that would not have been declaring God to the world. Jesus had to come and live in such a wonderful way that when He said, "God is your Father," you would understand what He meant. He had to—I wish I could find the right word—reveal, declare and disclose the Father, so that we all might know what He meant when He bade us say, "Our Father." And so He says, I will keep on disclosing this name of Father.

And how wonderfully He did it. For after praying that prayer He went into Gethsemane, and with the bloody sweat on His brow He prayed, "Father, Thy will be done." What a disclosure of the content of the word Father! And then when Peter drew the rash sword, Jesus restrained the foolish ardor of the disciple as He said, "The cup which my Father gave me, shall I not drink it?" And then He affirmed, "My Father would give me twelve legions of angels if I asked for them." And on the Cross He again prayed, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." And at the last He said, "Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit"—and so He declared the Name of the Father, even unto death.

Yes, and He declared it after His resurrection, for He said as He talked to the woman, "I ascend to my Father and your Father, my God and your God." And

then He told them to wait for the promise of the Father at Jerusalem and receive the power. And He kept on through His Spirit revealing the Fatherhood of God to Christians so that the Epistles in this New Testament are fragrant with allusions to God our Father. For the burden of the Epistles is to carry on the work of Jesus in disclosing the Father. And He is doing that to us still through His Holy Spirit. I humbly thank God that I have a keener revelation of the Father than I had last Monday when I commenced the study of this sermon. And I suppose the endless task of Jesus throughout eternity will be to keep on disclosing the Father so that we shall be evermore passing into a larger, more glorious and blessed understanding and realization of what our Father God actually is to His children.

Well now there is one other thing ere we close, for in this revelation of the Father, there is also a revelation of the Father's love, as He goes on to say, "I have declared unto them Thy name and will declare it, that the love wherewith Thou lovedst me may be in them." You know Jesus spoke once—and I am all the time thankful for it—about a father on the earth, who was imperfect as all fathers are. But He said, "You being evil know how to give a good gift to your child." The earthly father knows how to withhold a gift from the child that would be an injury and not a blessing, and he knows how to give the thing that would be a blessing and not an injury. Well Jesus states that fact, and it is a beautiful fact I remark again. But then He leads on up and says, "Now your Father has in Him no evil at all, so how much more will He give good gifts, even the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" And He reasons from the imperfect father on earth up to the perfect Father in heaven.

Now love is at the basis of fatherhood; yes, at the basis of real fatherhood. Never will a word of detraction fall from my lip about mother-love being greater than the father's love. But many times have I heard people err when they relegate the father love to the rear, as some of them do. Do not love your mother any the less, but love your father a little more, for he has his own mode of manifestation, but you will

never find a more secure hiding place in this world than in that old man's heart.

Well love is at the basis of the Fatherhood of God. Now I am going to attempt a task I tried to do some mornings ago, and I am going to fail as signally as I did then. I wonder how God the Father loves God the Son. I wonder what that eternal and therefore infinite love of the Father actually is for the Son. Oh that is foolish talk for we cannot imagine it. But I want to try to show you what it is, in order to tell you how much He must have loved us that He gave up that Son, whom He infinitely and eternally loved, that we might be saved. For I never valued the cross more than when I saw the cross in the light of God the Father's love for Jesus Christ. "God was in Christ." I should think He was. He loved Him so that He was really in Christ when Christ on the cross died to save us. That is His love for us.

But Jesus does not talk merely about the love of God for us, but He is talking about the love of God in us, "that the love wherewith Thou lovedst me may be in them;" that in our degree we may have the same love in us, that He had in His infinite degree; that as He knew in His infinite way how God loved Him, we may know in our finite way how God loves us. You begin to see what this word Father as it refers to God really means. It means you not only have a Father, but you have the infinite eternal love of that Father in you. Oh this is the rich fruitage of the Christian life. Therefore when Paul in Galatians talks about the fruit of the Spirit he instantly affirms that the outstanding fruit of the Spirit is "love." And you possess not the fruitage of the Spirit until you have the love of God in you. And when Peter talks of the beautiful melody of a Christian life, he says—after mentioning faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness and brotherly kindness—"and love." You cannot get any higher. But this love of God is in you. So if you have the love of God in you, to that extent and degree you will feel towards other people as Jesus felt when He had the love of God in Him. For listen to John, "He that loveth Him that begat, will love those who have been begotten by Him." You do not love your fellow Christian? Do you know the

reason? You do not love the God who begat your fellow Christian. Therefore you are not begotten of God yourself. Yes I know I have to prove that because you will not get all the good of it unless I do. So I quote from the Book, "If a man say, 'I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar! For he who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God whom he hath not seen.'" Perhaps you have been cherishing some bit of hatred towards someone in your heart. Then this scripture I have recited says—If you are unloving and unforgiving, you are wrongly adjusted to God. Oh but you say it is so difficult for me to love my brother. Yes, and it is equally difficult for your brother to love you! But you both must do it. And I will tell you how you can do it. You can do it when you remember what you are and what your brother is. Do you know what you are? Well you are a sinner saved by grace. You are a man who has been forgiven by God for sins heavy enough to sink you into hell. Now your brother is loved by God and has been saved by God in the same way, and God loves him as much as He loves you. That is the way to learn to love your brother. If I had two sons and I saw them hating each other, I think the pang would rend my heart in two. So I hope God will not look down this morning and see any two brothers in Jesus Christ occupying the relation to each other that brings pain to the Father's heart. I am not making rash statements, but if I had anything in my heart towards a single Christian soul in this house, I would tear it out and say, "Now God I am clear towards Thee because I am clear towards him."

Thus Jesus comes to you and says, "I bring you a Father in God; even a Father who loves you, and who so loves you that He has placed me in your heart." For listen to the text—"I have declared unto them Thy name, and will declare it, that the love wherewith Thou lovedst me may be in them and I in them." So "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me," even loving my brother.

This is the close of these studies of Jesus' prayer. And I think we should go out with one thing plainly shining before us. We have reached the end, and we have found what? We have found we have a Father

in God; and our Father God loves us; and He is a Father whose love is in us because Christ the Son of God is in us. Now let us allow that love to well out in our life. For remember the Good Book says, "The world will know we are Christians when we love one another."

Thus we come to the close of these little expositions of the prayer that is our Lord's prayer. Our hearts have glowed as we have pondered the wonderful sentences He uttered when nearing the end of His earthly life. And we have become even more sure—more rooted and grounded in the fact that He who is our Saviour is the Son of God. And perhaps as never before we are ready to acknowledge Him as the alone Lord of our life and the Master of our soul. Therefore as we close our profitable and happy study of this marvelous chapter may we not say the creed we recite at every Communion service, "I believe Jesus Christ is the Son of God and my Saviour."? Amen.





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